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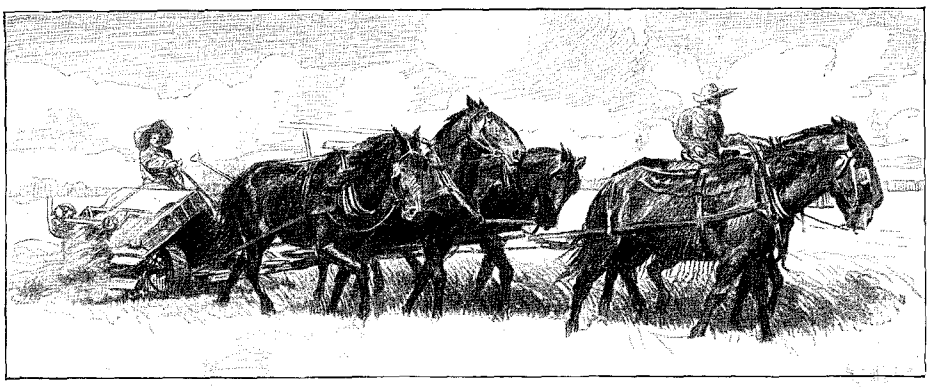

JOURNEYING WITH HARVESTERS

By Charles Moreau Harger

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN B. CHILD

I

DAY after day the dispatches from the wheat-belt grew more hysterical.

"Late frost has caught it now," read the doctor at breakfast; "won't be half a crop." The next morning: "Wheat wasn't hurt so bad after all, the paper says—but Hessian fly's mighty thick." And then: "Rain has killed the Hessian fly—but look out for rust! Th' leaves are turning yellow." At last: "It's all right—wasn't rust at all—just th' ripening. Heads are filled, kernels big—want twenty thousand extra hands—th' chance of a lifetime."

"Chance for what?"

"To get up at four o'clock in th' morning and work till nine at night, get two dollars a day—and found—cure my attack of the blues, and come to enjoy my meals."

Harvest was ready. Rich fields stretched away to the misty horizon, dimpling, smiling like seas of gold. Shadow-waves chased in riotous courses over the undulating surface and great cloud-islands moved slowly upon the sunlit expanse. It was the Middle West in its glory—the perfect fruitage of the farmers' year.

How they came, those harvesters—a motley company, gathered from a dozen States and as many occupations. We watched the train as it drew out of the distance.

"Hope they'll know what they're tryin' to do," remarked Farmer Mangold, who sat in his wagon waiting for a load of men needed on his ranch fifteen miles from town. "Th' lot I got last summer hitched th' horses up wrong end first and called the sod barn a 'mud house' and th' cyclone cellar a 'hurricane hole'."

Not all were of this kind. The farmer loaded up his wagon with well-tanned,

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The farmer loaded up his wagon with well-tanned, strong-armed men.—Page 1.

strong-armed, whiskered men from Illinois. They had come from a coal town and were blackened with the soot.

"Mighty clean out here, Jim," remarked one to his fellow; and his eyes drank in the fair prairie landscape joyfully. They were the first comers—men used to these summer excursions for wheat-gathering. They knew which end of a horse should bear the breeching and never referred to the mowing machine as a "lawn mower."

"They are going to be pretty hard to keep up with," declared the doctor, as the springless wagon jolted over the rough highway. "I'm going to look for an easy place," and he moved up close to the farmer, engaging him in earnest conversation on X-ray development. Shrewd man, the doctor!

"Going to get another load when th' freight comes in," the farmer announced as we reached the ranch. "Lot comin' from Kansas City." It was after dark when they arrived; they were town men, laborers on the streets and at the back doors of packing houses.

"No big money in this 'ere job," was the dictum of the leader. "Yes'day's *Star* said wages was three-fifty a day. Th' boss says it's only two plunks."

"But there's livin' yer know, Mart, an' that's somethin'."

"Course, we'll have ter stand it awhile; but I'm goin' ter git 'em all ter agree t' strike after a bit."

"We'll have a harvest hands' union," laughed the doctor. "I'm going to be a walking delegate." He always did like the easy jobs.

Not all were in yet—the college boys were on the way. They, too, had heard the Macedonian cry—and the reports of big wages. They needed the money to continue in school—and they wanted the fun. So they came—pale students wearing glasses, swarthy football players, solemn postgraduates—bewildered, brittle, untried. They travelled in groups and at every station gathered on the platform with a "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, H-a-r-v-a-r-d!" or a "Ray, ray, ray, Tiger, tiger, tiger!"

Seven came out in the early morning to

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Maple Hill ranch—so called because once a grove of maples had struggled, shivered, and died on the sightly knoll by the windmill.

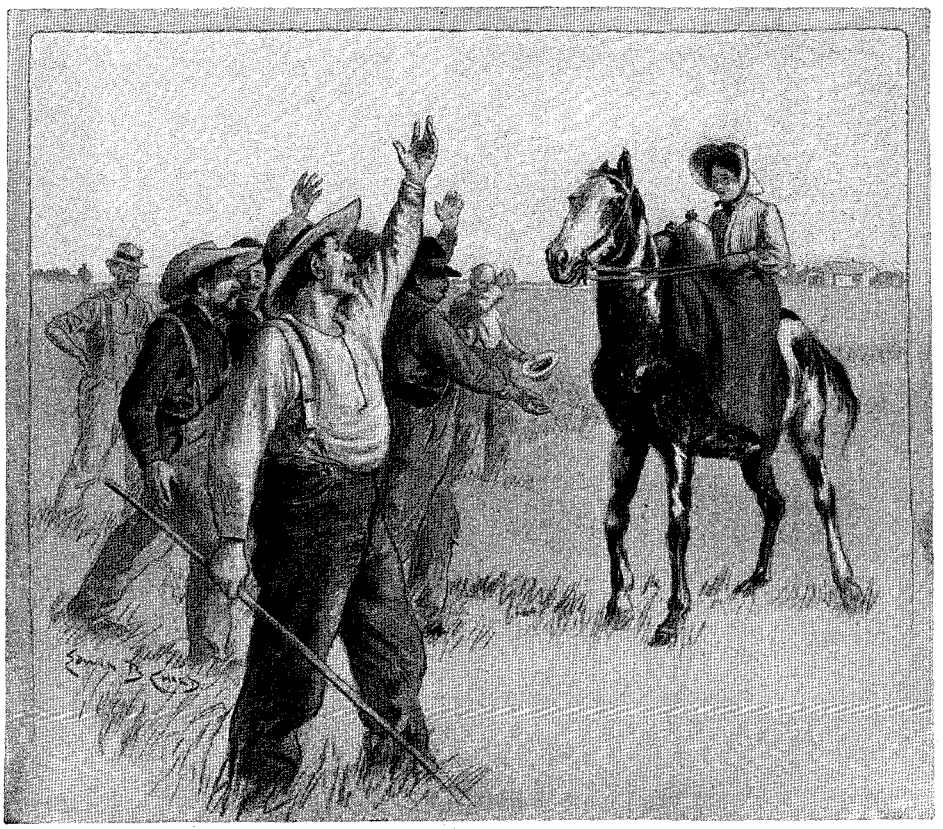
"Who's coming next?" queried the doctor, eager to be on good terms with the brawny ranchman.

"Nobody—got enough. Have all I kin do to break this aggregation in," was the uncompromising response. The doctor's hopes of a soft place fell seventeen degrees.

"What you got there?" The farmer turned on one of the college boys and pointed to a suspicious bulging in the rear of the youth's hip pocket. "Fish it out here, quick."

The young man was dressed swaggeringly with "rough rider" leggings, cowboy hat, yellow and black sweater. But his bluster faded when he shamefacedly dragged to light a fierce and threatening revolver.

"Give it to me;" and Farmer Mangold reached for it. "This ain't no San Ju-an hill." He threw out the shells and tossed the weapon on the floor of the wagon shed. The others laughed, and Mr. Swaggerer slipped to the rear. Poor fellow! he thought the West was infested with Indians, and his mother told him to come prepared. Instead, most of the people in the county had never seen a Redskin, and there were more schools and churches to the population than in his home community.



A little brown-haired maiden brought two cool jugs.—Page 6.

II

"WELL, come on, boys," and the procession started for the big field. The doctor, because of his soft, white hands, was driving a team; the swaggerer was armed with a three-tined fork instead of an uglier weapon, and the union organizer was put behind the reaper. His enthusiasm would soon be softened.

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One square mile of wheat. Ever see it? Transcontinental trains used to stop in the Smoky Hill valley of Kansas to allow passengers a view of such a wonder. It realized all the travellers' dreams of agricultural splendor. Hundreds such visions now mark the great grain area of the plains—but their beauty is none the less. Six hundred and forty acres of wealth; six thousand dollars' profit—perhaps more!

At every station they gathered on the platform with a "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!"—Page 2.

It shimmered beneath the perfect opalescent blue of the sky, the tall straws bending with their weight of grain. Standing on the seat of the reaper one might see in the distance a glimmer of green pastures, and catch glimpses of rustling fields of corn—but here was the heart of summer.

"Them machines look dangerous," remarked the doctor. "Believe I won't drive until I see 'em work." He joined the union forces in the rear.

The farmer laughed, took the seat, cracked his long whip and started five eager horses. "Whir-r-r, rattle, swish"—harvest had commenced!

Another self-binder, and another, followed the leader, each taking great armfuls out of the huge square of gold, tying them in twine with marvellous rapidity, and tossing them contemptuously to the rear.

"Life treats some people just that way," mused the doctor—then jumped to escape the revolving reel of the fourth reaper.

"Go to work there!" called out Farmer Mangold. "Shock back of the machines."

With good-will the little company entered on its two weeks' task. It was a helter-skelter beginning. When the clattering reapers had completed a toilsome round and overtook us, Farmer Mangold stopped his straining horses with a stertorious "Whoa!" Then: "What in the name o' common sense are you a-doin'?" This was addressed to the college boys.

"Bunching the wheat, sir," replied the swaggerer.

Farmer Mangold chuckled audibly. "Somebody show 'em," he ordered. "They think they're pickin' potatoes."

The college youths had thrown the bundles together, regardless of position—simply tossing them into loose and topsy-

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They attacked the heaps of bread and the dishes of pickles as if to annihilate the entire board.—Page 7.

turvy piles. The union man—so the doctor had dubbed him—knew better.

"Here, look 'e," and he placed two bundles side by side, their tops intertwining; then two others; then others, and some as a capsheaf covering. "See that? That ther' shock'll stand a two days' rain, an' won't blow away in anything less'n a cyclone."

The students saw. "They're developing by th' new education—learning by doing," chuckled the doctor.

Too many were following the reaper, and a new plan of attack was taken up. There came from the barns a different sort of grain-cutting implement. It was like a battering ram to force down the walls of wheat. Four horses pushed it in front of them, and the driver was behind all, steering the docile

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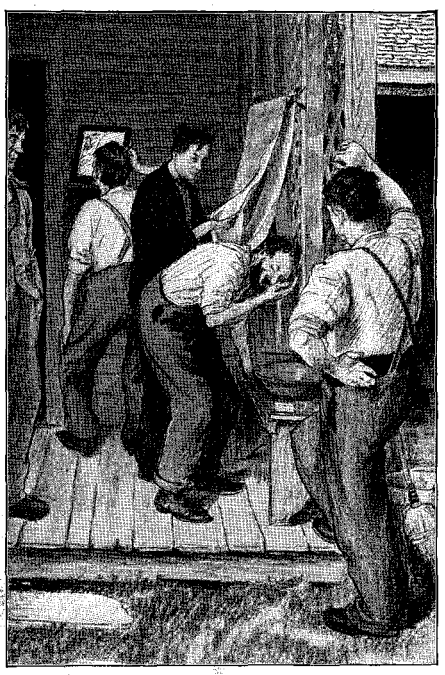
but awkward affair by a tiller attached to a heavy wheel.

"Just see it cut!" exclaimed one of the college boys, as a huge twelve-foot gash was made in the waiting grain. Then: "See the floats; we'll have a carnival parade!" as two wagons with great platforms, well walled, drove after.

"Hurry up with them header boxes!" called Farmer Mangold.

"Click, click," went the long row of knives; an endless carrier received the grain, cut just below the heavy heads—hence a "header"—and dumped the steady stream of riches into the platformed wagon. When the receptacle was filled, it was driven off to the stack and another took its place.

"That suits me," said the doctor, and he applied for a place on a wagon. It was granted. No one else cared, and now that the whole brigade was disposed of, Farmer Mangold returned to his seat, cracked the whip once more, and the slaughter of the grain went on more swiftly than ever.



The splattering of the clean-up process commenced. —Page 7.

Hot? It seemed to us that the sun had concentrated its force upon that particular section. The south wind, racing over a thousand miles of plain, brought with it all the accumulated caloric of the far-reaching surface. Sunburn was already showing on our wrists. What a delight when a little brown-haired maiden rode a spotted pony across the stubble and brought two cool jugs—one with buttermilk fresh from the creamery and one with water!

"What's your name, little girl?" queried Mart, the union man.

"Ruth Mangold, sir;" and of course the college boys yelled, "What's the matter with Ruthie—she's all right!" At which the tanned little face flushed, and the brown eyes glistened with pleasure.

Around the field again! The sun seemed softened, the wind less biting. But there was a goneness that would not down, a growing faintness that would not be quieted. Had the women-folk at the farm-house forgotten our existence? The tenth time we asked it—and then, welcome summons, a far-off tinkle! Even the horses knew what it meant. As for the men, they shouted "D-i-n-n-e-r!" and made a bee line for the kitchen chimney, marked black against the cerulean of the sky.

III

HARVEST is not an unmixed pleasure to the Western household. By the time its duties have been apportioned, the housewife doubts if the comfort of an extra dress the coming winter will offset the presence of a hungry horde of workers. But it is not a choice; it is a necessity. In preparation for this event, Mrs. Mangold had been buying sacks of flour, slabs of bacon, pails of fish, pecks of beans, dozens of packages of breakfast food, and boxes of canned tomatoes. The county paper's "Maple Hill Mutterings" had announced: "Miss Susan Kittredge will help Mrs. Mangold through harvest." Susan taught a country school in Flora township last winter, but she was not above helping her neighbors in a time like this.

A long table had been built of sawhorses and boards, and was placed on the screened porch. The rustle of honeysuckle and Virginia creeper, and the soughing of a tall cottonwood made pleasant music; softened by vine and leaf was the mid-day glare. A red table-cloth added a dash of color to the picture. To the eyes of

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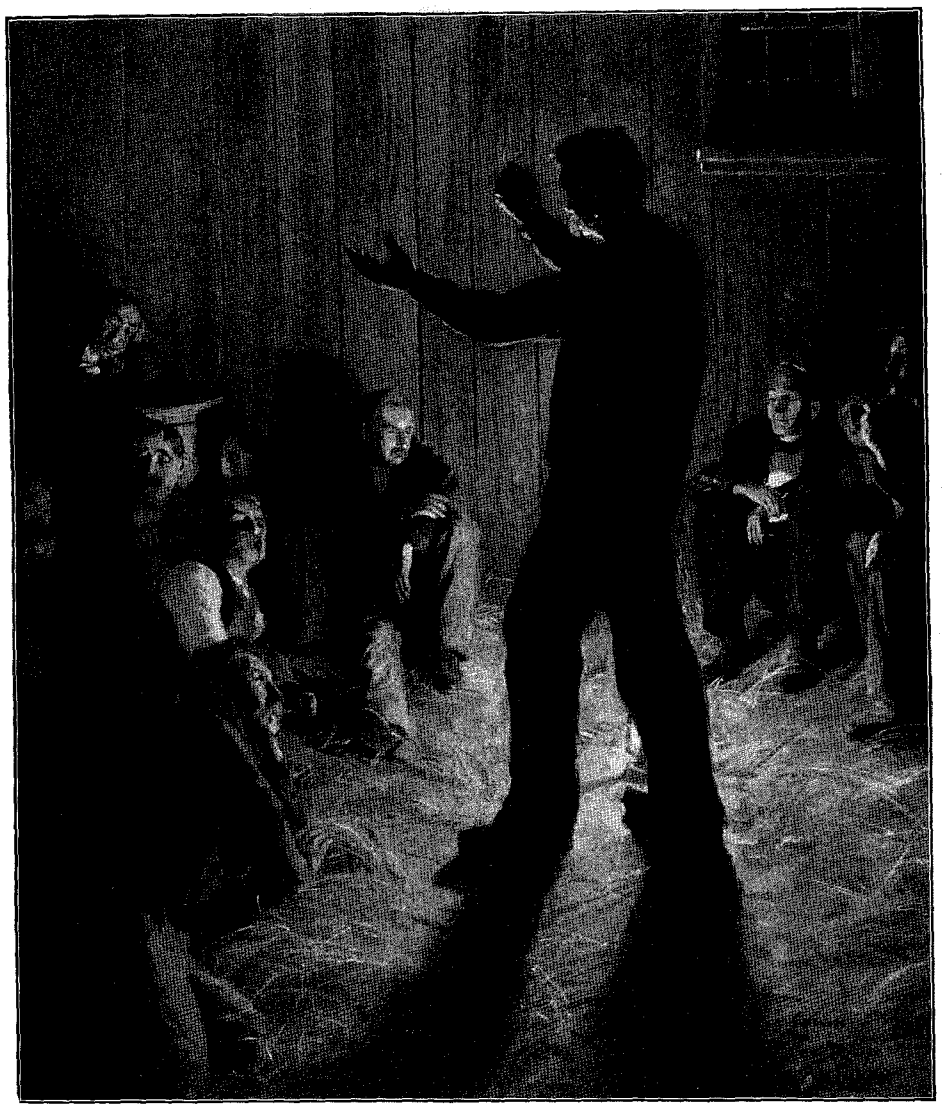

The toilers of the harvest field were fast asleep.—Page 8.

the hungry company that tramped up from the wheat-field it was exceedingly good to look at.

"Washbasin an' soap on th' bench ther'," announced the motherly presiding genius of the kitchen. The splattering of the clean-up process commenced.

The doctor had his team to care for and was last to come to the table. But the others did not wait for him. They were already seated, a blue-shirted, coatless, starving gathering.

"Don't be bashful," was the farmer's orders.

They attacked the heaps of bread and the dishes of pickles as if to annihilate the entire board. The generous plates that came down from Father Mangold's end of the table were cleaned with little regard for the niceties of polite society.

The college boys were pleased with Susan's red cheeks and black hair—anyone could see that except Susan; she did not seem to notice. She distributed the plates of bread alike to the just and the unjust.

"Hearty family you've got, mother," remarked Mr. Mangold as the second helping of meat and potatoes vanished.

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"There's more where this came from," she smilingly but somewhat irrelevantly returned, and then asked the doctor if he were tired.

"Not now, ma'am; can't you see how hard I am working for the love of it?" It passed for a joke and the crowd laughed.

Then came the apple pie—but Mart, the union man, would take it in his hands and eat it boy fashion.

It was soon over, and the men stretched themselves in the shade of the cotton-wood tree or sat in little groups discussing the prospects of harvest.

"I wanted ter git a gang that would do th' work an' board themselves, without makin' th' women folks so much worry," remarked Farmer Mangold. "But it couldn't be done. Lots of th' farmers are rentin' their farms and movin' to town just because they can't get help. Then they put the wheat land into grass, an' git along that a-way. Don't know but I'll have ter do th' same thing."

The college boys stayed by Susan, and one even helped her "rid off the table."

Next the call from refreshment to labor, and the procession returned to the section of wheat, now showing the results of our morning campaign.

Tom Whitney.—Page 11.

Strange how long are harvest afternoons! The wind carries a pungent, warping heat that makes every pore smart; leagues of dancing wheat before, leagues of coarse stubble behind. It seems that the sun has stopped midway in the western heavens. Singing of reapers, click of headers, swishing of horses' tails as they attack eager flies, and now and again the skurry of a startled jack-rabbit, or the huddled terror of a quail family suddenly made homeless—it is monotonous, wearying, typical of the plains.

The swaggering college youth had shed his sweater, and his arms were streaked with perspiration and dust; the coal heavers had little lanes of moisture amid the waste of sooty cheek-bones. The doctor had stopped talking—sign enough that he was pretty well used up.

Even after we had decided that it was supper time, around and around went the reapers; and not until the sun touched the rim of wheat-land did Farmer Mangold halt, with a welcome "Time to unhitch, boys!"

There were no cheers—simply a stolid turning kitchen-ward.

Supper was eaten in silence.

Martin tried to hold a meeting in the rear of the wagon-shed. He wanted to organize a strike. "We ain't gettin' our dues," he declared. "If all the farm-hands 'll get together, they can jest as well hev three dollars a day—an' found. It's worth it——"

"It's worth a hundred," interrupted Jim.

Martin frowned and went on, describing the possibilities of a world-wide harvesters' union. His auditors had brought armfuls of hay and straw for resting places, and were lying easily thereon, looking up at the spangled dome. His voice grew fainter—and fainter. Suddenly he discovered, to his disgust, that he was addressing the stars—the toilers of the harvest field were fast asleep.

Scarcely had eyes been closed, it seemed, when there came Farmer Mangold's cheery voice: "Get up, boys, breakfast'll be ready in a minute!" So soon? How could it be? Muscles stiff the night before were stiffer now; eyelids seemed pasted together. Breakfast was doleful, compared with the jollity of the day preceding.

Then we saw the sunrise—a rare experience to some of the party. With wide reaches of green and gold, with sparkle of

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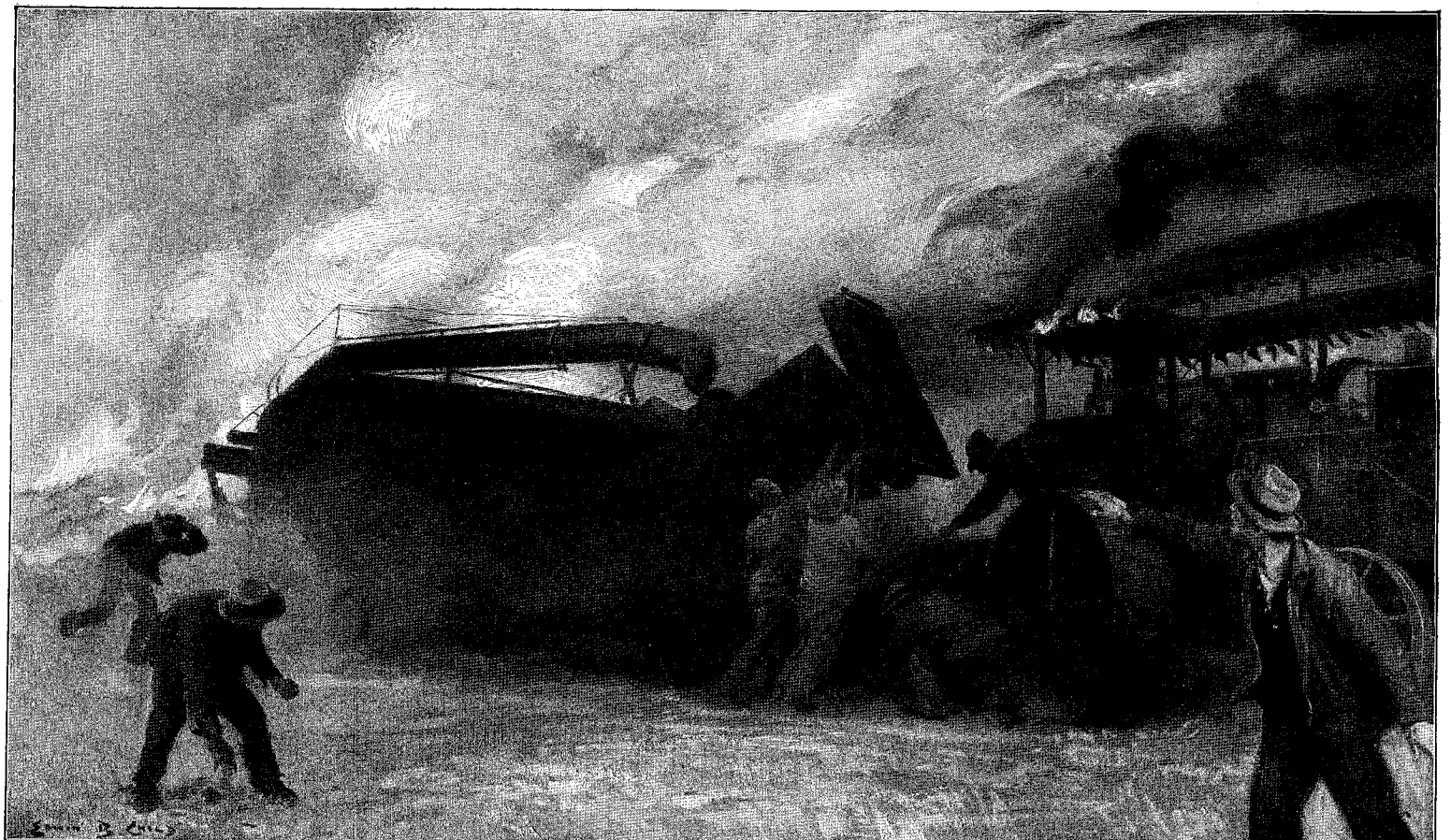

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

He reached down and made a coupling.—Page 13.

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dew on stretching fields, with sweet breaths of ripe wheat and clear calls of waking bird-life, summer morning on the plains is an inspiration to the most laggard brain. No tall peaks are there to be tipped with glory, but the slanting rays fly over furrow and range, over pasture and stubble, with magic pace. "Hot winds" and dust storms and tornadoes may come when the day is old; but now, in its youth, it is marvellous in its beauty. It thrills the soul with wonder at the miracle of Nature's handiwork.

Martin's "strike" came four days later. Ruth had brought out her welcome jugs of water and buttermilk; the workers were gathered beside one of the shapely stacks enjoying a brief recess. He made a speech declaring independence, and demanding a "raise" before the next square mile of grain could be touched.

"Jest as ye please, boys," was our employer's ultimatum. "A train-load of men is comin' in this afternoon. Let me know how many of ye want to go." Martin blushed under the tan and dust; the college boys gave a yell that was a mixture of the mottoes of three universities, the drivers cracked their whips, the machines rattled —the strike was ingloriously ended.

As days went by, the awful stiffness of those first mornings vanished; strength of muscle and cheer of heart accompanied growing familiarity with our surroundings and a better understanding of our work. Two of the college boys proved to be good stackers; the doctor was promoted to driver of the leading reaper.

Hannah waved the table-cloth in mid-afternoon.—Page 14.

One night, part of the force, having rested during the afternoon, took a change of horses, hung lanterns to the harness hames, and ran the machines until midnight; then another company came out and kept up the cutting until dawn. The slight dampness of the night air made the loss from the ripe grain's shelling much less than in the blistering sunlight.

Steadily we whittled down the golden squares; stack after stack lifted its solemn

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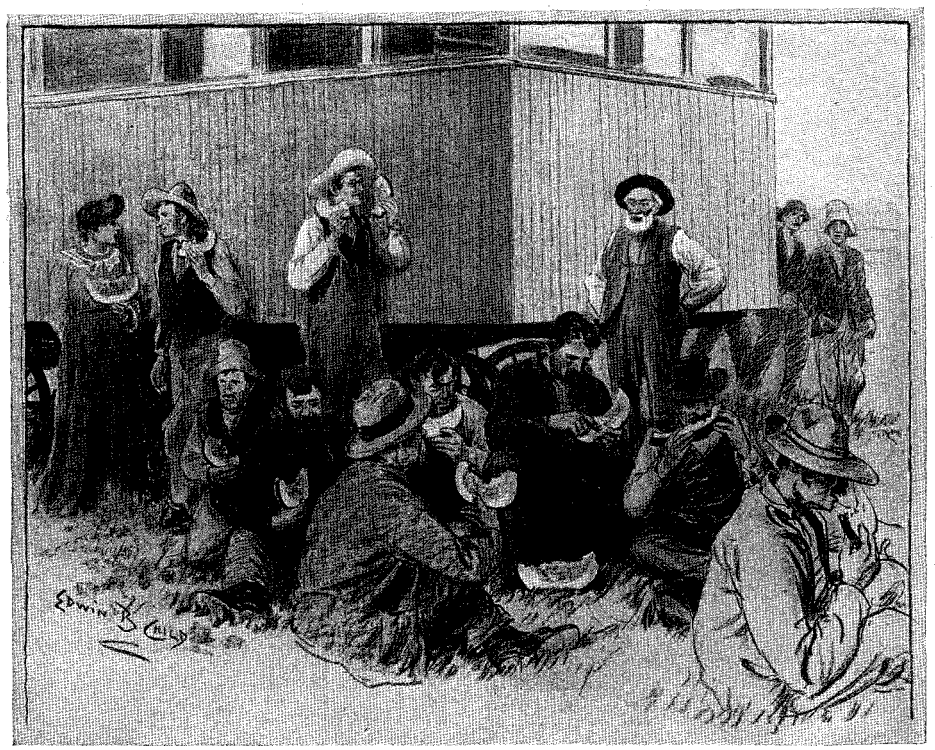

"It's my treat, boys," was the announcement. "Help yourselves."—Page 14

cone heavenward. On other farms and ranches was the same process.

One day the farmer came among us with a generous roll of greenbacks. Martin, some of the town workers, and a part of the college boys walked down the road, caught the north-bound freight, and followed the harvest as it went on to higher latitudes.

As the train puffed noisily beyond the horizon, another trail of smoke came from the east—threshing days were at hand.

IV

"Look at the auto—with trailers," called Jim, the leader of the town men, now that Mart, the union organizer, had moved on.

Sure enough—over the crest of a little slope it came, sturdily pushing its way at the beck of a grimy engineer—the touring car of the plains, a traction engine. The driver was protected by a spacious canvas, and the crew of the outfit, dusty but contented, sat in apparent ease on the unwieldy separator, the neat cook shanty and stolid water wagon attached in single file to the rear.

Six of the "hands" were kept busy on the ranch to help in the threshing, the doctor among them. He had won the farmer's heart by prescribing for a lame horse, so saving the purchase of another.

"Going to be harder work to keep up with that than with the reaper," he remarked, as the engine and its dependents turned into the yard.

Then there was much discussion of location, some shovelling as the true level for the machine was sought, unloading of coal, and search for water. At last all was in readiness for the beginning the following morning. Tom Whitney, the rotund, strong-shouldered owner of the "outfit," looked it over proudly. "There ain't a better one in the West," he declared. "Th' cook shack's th' best ever made in these parts—and th' machine's a honey."

After supper, while the men of the farm were milking, the doctor and I walked out to the windmill, and gazing across the plains caught a view of the silent stacks,

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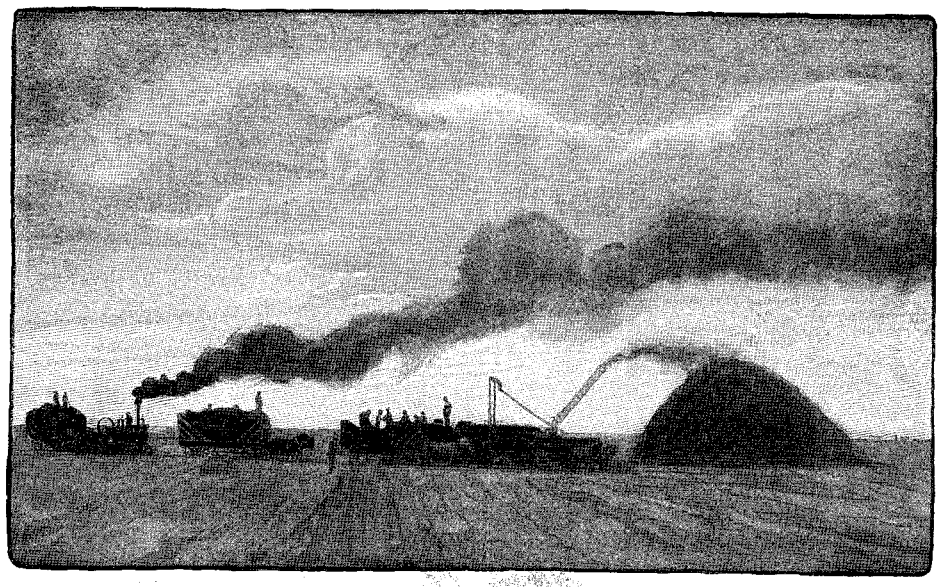

A Modern threshing scene.

standing, like misers, defiant to the world's demands, with their garnered gold fast in covetous grasp. It seemed a veritable sacrilege to rob the sombre group of its possessions.

Summer evenings on the plains are marked by a hush that seldom comes to domains of thick hedgerows and many orchards. The west loses its orange as a curtain of blue creeps up the eastern sky; the twinkle of a light in a farmer's dwelling, three miles away, is the only touch of kinship with humanity—but the sweep of the winds is a benediction, and the breath of the fertile lands is a joy.

"I'm up against a real union this time," mused Farmer Mangold, as we returned to the house. "The threshers have combined."

"Are they on a strike?"

"Not yet—but it's eight cents a bushel or let it rot. I'm going to pay."

It was decided that all hands should board at the cook shanty, which was placed beside a hedge in the lower part of the field. Susan had finished her term as helper at the ranch.

The doctor tried to get the position of water-wagon driver, but lost out. He went on the straw stack—at the business end of a very steady toiler, the carrier. "But it's not so bad as it was when I was a boy," explained he. "Then th' straw came up in a broad stream that kept two of us sweating to pitch it away. Now it's poured out of a pipe where you want it." He meant the long tube with a powerful fan at the bottom, driving the straw and dust by the force of the air, to the far stacks—hence "wind" stacker.

For my own part, I tried to steal a march on the doctor, and applied for the place of weigher and measurer at the side of the machine.

"Ain't no such thing nowadays," laughed fat Tom Whitney. "This machine measures and weighs every bushel of grain itself without any help. Likewise it puts it in th' wagon."

"Then, I will cut bands at the front end of the concern."

"Don't need ye. We've got a self-feeder—all you have to do is to shove th' bundles in and th' machine does th' rest."

He was right. The modern threshing machine is an automatic contrivance. It has shared the advancement of the age.

The harvesters became plain, every-day heavers of straw. Armed with pitchforks they began their onslaught on the heaped-up gleanings of the fields.

More than one column of smoke vexed the clear skies. On adjoining farms other engines were puffing and other machines

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were rattling. It was a busy time. Work commenced at daybreak and it ended with sundown. The long-drawn, low note that used to sing between the bays of my father's big barn in western New York in boyhood years was softened by the great out-of-doors surrounding the group of stacks—but it was yet the same key of labor. It rose and fell, as in the old days, and I stood reminiscent, seeing the friends and surroundings of youth.

"Hurry up ther' on th' left stack!" It was Tom Whitney. His reward depended on the amount of grain the machine turned out during the twenty-four hours. He could not afford to pay for periods of retrospection. Very unpoetic man, this Tom Whitney.

The mistress of the cook shanty waved a table-cloth from the rear door of her castle, and the engine slowed down, the wheels ceased their whirr, the men tumbled from the stacks, dusty, worn, perspiring, hungry.

The cook shanty was a beauty. It appealed more directly to the men who tramped up from the machine than ever did the most perfectly equipped café on the boulevard to an after-theatre party. Its screened windows and doors, the long white table that extended through the middle, the big roast of beef, the smoking rolls, the steaming cabbage—they needed no hunger-sauce to appeal to the guests of the occasion.

"Say, Susie," exclaimed one of the college boys, "you're doing fine."

"I'm not Susie," was the response. "I'm Hannah."

"What's th' mat—" began the listening group, but Tom Whitney interposed: "Boys, I hope you'll like my gal's cookin'."

They were glad they had not concluded the yell. They did like her cooking; they ate until it seemed that she must begin another batch of supplies. There were apple dumplings with cream and——

"Fire! fire!" Everybody jumped from the table. Tom Whitney had seen it first and was already running, bareheaded, toward the array of stacks, where the red separator and the black engine waited in helplessness.

"Guess I didn't cover up the ashes right," muttered the engineer, as he joined in the chase.

Farmer Mangold did something else. He and his sturdy sons hurried to the horse sheds, and strong teams were hitched quickly to ploughs. Then helter-skelter, ploughs bumping and jumping, back and forth they turned the stubble under chocolate ribbons of earth to protect other stacks on the farther edge of the section.

But Tom Whitney thought only of saving his "outfit." The engine was yet steamed up, the fires only banked; clouds of smoke covered both it and its industrious companion. He leaped to the low platform at the rear, turned on the power, and started the "auto" through the blurred atmosphere in the direction of the machine. He veered, backed, and halted. Flames were scorching the canvas cover over his head; they had already caught the rear of the machine. But he reached down and made a coupling—then pulled steadily out of the furnace, and came with his three-thousand-dollar possession safe into clear air. Quick hands put out the fire on the varnished machine, and the regular engineer hurried on, taking all to a safe place beyond the protecting barrier of hastily ploughed ground.

The stacks burned. That night, a score of miles away, farmers watched the red glow of the embers.

The threshers moved to another position. By mid-afternoon the "whi-r-r-r" of belts and the thuds of bundles thrown on voracious feeding tables came as familiarly as before.

"Got you now," whispered the doctor that evening, as he lay on the knoll, smoking. "I'm going to drive a wheat wagon."

"Ah—couldn't stand real work?"

"Not that, but I am so far recovered that I feel like travel. In fact, I've prescribed it for myself."

He started with the first load the next morning—fifty-five bushels, the product of two acres of prairie soil. Four other loads went at the same time. It was a long, slow journey, with little variation in the level of road or experience.

The prairie elevator rearing its ungainly form beside the tracks had no capacity commensurate with the demands upon it.

"Sorry, sorry, boys," was the manager's greeting. "We can't get cars enough, and th' elevator's full to th' top. You c'n do like th' others an' dump it on th' ground

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out ther' if ye want to—that's th' best I c'n do."

They did it. Out on a clean piece of buffalo grass they found forty thousand bushels of the red-brown grain, a drift of wheat, the overflowing largess of Nature's bounty. It would lie in the sunshine of late summer and early autumn, unharmed. None could steal it, and there was little likelihood of rain to do it injury.

The cook shanty had been moved twice, and was down near the workers. The last lot of stacks was going through the greedy separator, and was giving up its hoarded wealth. Hannah waved the table-cloth in mid-afternoon. The men stopped—was she in danger? Tom Whitney hurried as rapidly as his style of architecture would allow. Then she waved some more, and Tom stood by her side. The machine was deserted—certainly this was an important occasion. All was quiet as the company approached.

Where was Tom? On the other side. But that was not all—with him, piled in luscious greenness, were a dozen of Farmer Mangold's best watermelons, and the farmer himself, laughing, was helping Tom Whitney cut them in generous slices.

"It's my treat, boys," was the announcement. "Help yourselves."

The last stack was fed into the devouring cylinder. Instead of many symmetrical mounds of grain-laden bundles on the shorn acres, now were great misshapen heaps of discarded straw, later to light winter nights with beacon blaze, as they returned to ashes in destroying fire.

Company after company of harvesters had moved on; only those joined to threshing crews remained.

"Which shall we do—go north with th' harvest or go home?" asked the doctor.

We stood at the station, and two ways were open: On one track was a freight, bound east with creaking loads of grain; on another, a line of inviting passenger coaches headed toward the hard-wheat region of the Dakotas.

No word was spoken, but with one accord we walked along-side the waiting cars of wheat and climbed up the steep steps of the little red caboose.

For us harvest was ended.

BETWEEN THE WORLDS

By Louise Chandler Moulton

THOU hast gone on so far I cannot find thee—
  Above the Golden Stair to the Great Light—
Old dreams, old hopes, all thou didst leave behind thee,
  Forgotten, as the Day forgets the Night.

Oh, must it be that when I follow after—
  Vagrant among the millions of the stars—
The scornful Worlds will mock with careless laughter
  My lonely strife to reach Heaven's sundering bars?

Did Time and Space, stern foes, have power to sever
  The hearts that used, we thought, to beat as one;
And thou and I say our good-bye forever,
  When thou did'st take that path beyond the sun?

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THE DISFRANCHISEMENT OF THE NEGRO

ONE FACTOR IN THE SOUTH'S STANDING PROBLEM

By Thomas Nelson Page

AMONG the various factors that have contributed to bring about the recrudescence of the Negro question in the last year or two a prominent one is the movement in the South to disfranchise the ignorant element of the Negro race. This is usually termed the "Disfranchisement of the Negro." But although the object of the movement is frankly to disfranchise a large element among that race, while the corresponding element among the whites is left the ballot, the term is by no means exact.

Few things are rarer and nothing is more important than accuracy in definitions. In the matter under consideration much misapprehension exists as to the extent of the disfranchisement, and possibly more as to its effect.

Reams of paper have been covered with frantic denunciation; courts have been appealed to; threats have been made against the Southern States of reducing their representation in Congress, and still the movement has gone on under the direction of the most enlightened and conservative men in the South. And so far as has yet been tested, it has proceeded by legal methods.

The disfranchisement-clauses have not only caused an outcry on the part of the politicians, white and colored, and the *doctrinaires* who were brought up on hostility to the South, but they have excited unfavorable comment even among some friendly enough to the South, who, while conceding that the former experiment has proved a disastrous failure so far as the South is concerned, yet believe that a manifest injustice is done to the rest of the country by one section holding a representation in Congress which, according to the votes cast there, appears to be in excess of that held by the rest of the country.

A singular feature of the case is that the division-line of opinion for or against the measure is not so much that of party affiliation as that of familiarity with the conditions that have brought about the changes in the constitutions of the Southern States.

Within the last year, a man of national reputation, a gentleman of high standing, of broad sympathies and much learning, whose affiliations are with the party that is dominant in the South, in an address before the New England Suffrage Conference, warmly approved the reconstruction measures of Thaddeus Stevens, setting aside the governments in the South, putting the Southern States under military control, and providing for the Congressional system of reconstruction based on Negro suffrage. "The measure finally adopted was," he says, "of proved necessity. Thus, and thus only, could the lives of the colored men and white Union men be protected. They needed every weapon that we could place in their hands, and this weapon was among them."

This statement presents clearly the basic error which underlies all others. It is that the Negro needs weapons with which to oppose the white, and that "we" must place them in his hands.

Yet another gentleman of varied experience and extensive general knowledge, whose affiliations have at times been with the same party, has recently published a paper written with all his well-known ability, based, however, mainly on a study which he made of conditions at the South during a rapid tour in 1865. Neither of these men has added much to his knowledge of the Negro question since that time. That men of these gentlemen's standing can really believe at this day the facts stated by them demonstrates the hopelessness of ever having the matter clearly viewed by a large body of well-meaning people.

The weapon which the advocate of universal suffrage applauds himself for having helped to place in the Negro's hands has been his destruction. It was a torch placed in the hands of a child, with which he has

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ravaged all about him and involved himself in the general conflagration.

Happily, this somewhat outworn view is not the view of the body of the American people who have any familiarity with the subject or of any portion of them who have had experience of the conditions which existed under the Negro *régime*.

A respectable element among the white Republicans of the South have given it up. One of the most distinguished and thoughtful Northern men in the country, a life-long Republican, a man of approved Republicanism, declared before the leading Republican club of the country not long ago, that the experiments entered on with so much enthusiasm had undoubtedly proved a failure.

Looking back on this period, it is impossible for the open-minded student not to see that whatever the motive, the result was disastrous to both races. The South was devastated and humiliated beyond belief; the Negroes were misled in matters where right direction was vitally necessary to their permanent progress. And the consequence was a riot of civic debauchery which brings shame to every honest man of the African race and will prove a bar to the possibility of Negro domination hereafter.

Whether it be recognized as yet or not, the whole country owes a debt to the Southern people who withstood to the end the policy of the misguided fanatics and politicians who would have put the South permanently under Negro domination. But for the resolution and constancy of the Southern whites, one-sixth of the then existing States of the Union would have become Negroized had the system obtained permanency, and we should possibly have had by this time several States of the Union substantially what San Domingo is to-day.

As the realization is becoming more common that the "experiment" which was entered on with so much enthusiasm a generation ago, of arming the Negro with "the weapon" of the ballot, has proved a disastrous failure, it is also gradually being recognized that the kind of education on which so much money, both from public taxation and from private philanthropy, has been lavished, and so much care has been expended, has not only failed to bring about the results which had been expected, but has, so far as the great body of the race is concerned, been an absolute failure. The Negroes at large and the *doctrinaires* will not accept this, but it is recognized by those who know the Negro best and have sufficient breadth of knowledge to look at things as they are. The sanest and most broad-minded among the Negro leaders of to-day has recognized it, and the foundation of his success is his recognition of it—the recognition of it by him and the recognition of it by the whites of the South, who have, because of it, sustained him by their sympathy and their aid. It is because of this that he has become the best proof of what the Negro race at its best may produce, and is the most unanswerable argument adduced since the war of the value of Negro education.

He believes that the Negroes at large should be taught, first of all, to work; and that they should begin by being made trained laborers and skilled artisans, and that then they will develop themselves. This principle, though sound, is strongly attacked by a considerable element among the more advanced Negroes. And the riot in the Boston church in July last, when the Principal of Tuskegee spoke on the industrial training of the Negro, was precipitated by an educated element who believe in agitation rather than in Principal Washington's pacific and rational methods. The latter asserts that in the main, the education of the Negroes as hitherto conducted, has not been generally a success. Those who espouse the other view assert, on the contrary, that the education has been a success and that the Negro is the equal of the white. And to prove their case they use red pepper and razors.

The limits of this paper do not admit of even the most cursory discussion of the comparative equality of the two races. It may be stated, however, that notwithstanding exceptional instances, the case of the South rests frankly on the present inferiority of the Negro race to the white race. Its superiority is a dogma of the white race wherever it may have established itself, and without doubt it has been one of the sources of its strength.

Much injury has been done the Negro race by the misdirected zeal of those who continually preach about their right to equality with the Whites. In 1865, when the Negro was set free, he held without a

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rival the entire field of industrial labor throughout the South. Ninety-five per cent. of all the industrial work of the Southern States was in his hands. And he was fully competent to do it. Every adult was either a skilled laborer or a trained mechanic. It was the fallacious teaching of equality which deluded him into dropping the substance for the shadow. To-day their wisest leader is trying to emulate his great teacher, Armstrong, and lead them back to the field which they so carelessly abandoned. Men who are the equals of others do not go about continually asserting it. They show their equality by the fruits of their intellect and character. Among the whites, the poor class are not always haranguing and adopting resolutions as to their equality with the other classes, any more than are the well-to-do class always insisting upon their equality with the wealthy class. They know that they are equal, if not superior, and do not feel continually called on to assert it offensively. The same may be said about the best educated, best behaved, and most worthy among the Negroes. It is the blatant demagogue and "mouthy" Negro—a term that was well known during the period of slavery—who is mainly heard on this subject. Happily for the Negroes, the major portion of them have retired from the struggle for political power, and except when excited by agitators, live harmoniously enough with the whites; and the industrious element are saving, and building themselves homes.

While, however, the body of the Negro race are going about their business in good-humored content, generally in good fellowship with the people on whose friendship they are most dependent, the so-called "leaders" and their so-called "friends" are spending their time in lurid resolutions, asserting their equality and calling on everybody outside of the South to help them prove it.

The phrase usually employed is that the Negro is "robbed of his vote," this formula being equally applied whether he is restrained from voting by the unlawful act of one or more individuals or by the most solemn act that a people can perform—the provision of a duly ordained constitution.

It may be well, at the outset, to call attention to a fact somewhat generally overlooked: that the right to vote is not an inherent right. It is a privilege conferred by positive enactment on those citizens possessed of certain specified qualifications.

Further, the right to determine the qualification for the suffrage—that is, to declare on what condition a citizen shall exercise the suffrage—rests with the several States; the only limitation to this being the restrictions contained in the Constitution of the United States bearing on the subject. Where a State duly enacts a law it stands until changed by law or is declared invalid by the proper court of competent jurisdiction. Its provisions are the law.

It is not necessary to go largely into the history of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. They were the offspring of ignorance and passion. They were adopted partly to punish the South, partly to arm the Negroes with a weapon which would enable them to hold their own against the whites, and partly to perpetuate the ascendency of the radical wing of the Republican Party. Prior to, and even for some time subsequent to the war, the idea of endowing the Negro race with the ballot had not been seriously entertained by any considerable portion of the American people.

Mr. Lincoln again and again, during his debates with Douglas, declared his opposition to the idea. He said in one of his speeches: "I am not nor ever have been in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races; I am not nor ever have been in favor of making voters or jurors of Negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office or intermarry with the white people; and I will say in addition, that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which, I believe, will ever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality."

This he reiterated in a speech delivered at Columbus. The furthest he ever went was when, on March 13, 1864, in his letter to his provisional governor in Louisiana, Governor Hahn, he said, "I barely suggest, for your private consideration, whether some of the colored people may not be let in: as, for instance, the very intelligent and especially those who have fought so gallantly in our ranks."

Of the thirty-four States which formed the Union in January, 1861, thirty excluded Negroes from the franchise by Constitu-

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tional provision; while in the four States whose constitutions contained no such provision—New York, Vermont, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire—owing to the small number of Negroes among their population, and the property and educational qualifications, the Negro vote was so small as to be a negligible quantity.*

The opposition to universal Negro suffrage was so great throughout the North during the agitation of the question which was subsequently embodied in the Fifteenth Amendment, that, excluding the enforced acquiescence of the Southern States, it was when submitted to the people defeated in every State except Iowa and Minnesota. (See Notes 1, 2 and 3, following.)

It is probable that, had the South not been so intractable in matters relating to the Negroes, the admission of the Negroes to the suffrage would have been along the line suggested by Mr. Lincoln to Governor Hahn. But at that time it was deemed necessary to quell the South though the heavens fell. Moreover, there was grave danger that the South might again hold the balance of power in the National Assembly. With stern and reckless determination the implacable leaders of the radical wing of the dominant party created what one of them termed a force of "perpetual allies."

Having been drilled by years of slavery to follow the lead of their masters, and being reasonably apt at imitation, these allies followed slavishly the direction of their new leaders. It was perfectly natural that they should at that time have given themselves unreservedly to the representatives of the agencies which had emancipated them, which stood for them, and which held out to them such glittering rewards as complete equality with, and finally domination over, their former masters. Possibly, it was not unnatural that they should have followed with unexceptional credulity the most unprincipled among those representatives who steadily held out to them greater and greater rewards. However it was, this was the history of the exercise of the suffrage. With the weapon of the ballot, the Negro soon exceeded the expectation of the most sanguine advocate of Negro suffrage. Only the supreme constancy of the Southern whites saved the Southern States.

From this, every question became a race question, until to-day no question can arise which is not regarded by the Negroes from a racial standpoint. It may be asserted that this is quite natural. But the fact that it is so is the best argument for the Southern view.

It is a somewhat curious if not pertinent fact that in the place where Negro suffrage was first established by Act of Congress, the District of Columbia (where it was established by the Act of January 8, 1867), which has always been under the direct

*In 1860 there were, of Negro men of voting age in New Hampshire, 149; in Vermont, 194; in Massachusetts, 2512, and in New York, 12,989. In New York alone, prior to 1868, was a Negro allowed by express provision to vote; but a Negro voter was subject to a property qualification of $250 not applicable to the white voter.—Thorp's Const. Hist. of the U. S., p. 226-7.

NOTE 1.—See "The Fifteenth Amendment. An Account of its Enactment, p. 5. A. Caperton Braxton." *Everett Waddy Co., Richmond, Va.*

NOTE 2.—The Reconstruction Act forced through Congress in August, 1864, by the radical wing of the Republican Party and vetoed by Mr. Lincoln by a pocket veto, expressly limited the franchise to adult whites. The platform of the Republican Party on which Lincoln was renominated and re-elected in November, 1864, made no reference to Negro suffrage. During this year (1864) the Union people adopted new or amended old constitutions in Arkansas, Connecticut, Kansas, Louisiana, Maryland, Nevada, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Virginia, but no mention was made of Negro suffrage except to exclude it. See *Id.*

NOTE 3.—The following is taken from the valuable account of the enactment of "the Fifteenth Amendment," written by Hon. A. Caperton Braxton, of Staunton, Virginia:

"In December, 1865, when the question of the establishment of Negro suffrage in the District of Columbia was submitted to the voters there, the vote stood, in Georgetown, 1 vote for and 812 votes against the measure and in Washington, 35 votes for and 6521 votes against the measure. *Id.*, p. 27.

In September, 1865, the question was submitted to the voters of the Territory of Colorado. The vote stood 476 for and 4192 against it. *Ib.*

In June, 1866, the people of Nebraska adopted a constitution which limited suffrage to whites. In October, 1867, the proposition for Negro suffrage in Ohio was voted down by over 50,000 majority. In November of that year the people of Kansas and Minnesota "voted it down by large majorities." *Id.*, p. 29.

In November, 1868, the people of Iowa voted to strike out the word "white" from the Constitution. In this State by the census of 1870 there were 289,162 whites and 1542 blacks. The vote, however, on this measure was 22,000 less than that for the Republican ticket. *Id.*, p. 39, citing *Tribune Almanac* for 1869, p. 75.

In November, 1868, the people of Minnesota once more voted on the measure, and this time it was carried through by only about three-fifths of the majority given the Republican ticket. By the census of 1870 there were 114,344 adult white men and 246 adult Negro men. *Id.*, p. 40.

In 1868, in Missouri, the measure was voted down by 18,000 majority. *Ib.*

In Michigan, in 1868, when the Republican Party carried the State by nearly 32,000 majority, the question of Negro suffrage was voted down by nearly 30,000 majority. *Ib.*

In 1869 the people of New York defeated the proposed measure by over 32,000 majority, and the Legislature of that State rescinded a former act of the previous Legislature, which had, by a majority of two, ratified the Fifteenth Amendment. *Id.*, p. 65.

On the 4th of March, 1869, in Indiana, seventeen senators and thirty-six representatives resigned from the Legislature to break a quorum and prevent the ratification of the Amendment. Every one of these, with a single exception, was subsequently re-elected by the people. *Id.*, p. 66-7.

Meantime, under the "Reconstruction Acts," the Amendment was forced on the South. Seven of the Southern States ratified it by the Negro vote, the whites being generally disfranchised, while in three of them—Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas—ratification was assented to as a condition of readmission to the Union. *Ib.*

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control of National Government, subsequent conditions became so insupportable that it was deemed necessary to do away with the ballot altogether.

In all the years that have passed the same unhappy condition has continued. The Negroes remained solidly banded against the whites. To meet this condition, one method after another was resorted to. At times, force was openly resorted to to prevent the recurrence of conditions that rendered life unbearable; at times shifts came into vogue that no one pretended to excuse except by the argument of necessity—such, for example, as the system of having separate ballot-boxes for each candidate, with a view to shifting them about; the system of "understanding-clauses" unequally applied; the system of ballot-box stuffing; the system of bribery, whether of leaders or of individuals.

In some places the question was seriously debated whether it was worse to use force or fraud, the necessity for one or the other being simply assumed. In others, some Negroes substantially auctioned off their votes.*

The result of such conditions was the retirement of many of the best men in the South from all part in public affairs, the withdrawal of the South from due participation in all other questions of the national life, the menace of the debauchery of public morals.

In this state of affairs the Southern people resolved to eliminate by law, as far as possible, the ignorant Negro vote. How universal the conviction was of its necessity may be judged from the fact that it has been attempted in nearly every State in the South. How legal it may be is a question for the Supreme Court of the United States. The new movement is being followed by stringent laws striking at all debauchery of the ballot.

It has been proposed to cut down the representation of the Southern States in Congress, and resolutions have been introduced in Congress to carry out this idea. Possibly the movement has not been as serious as it has appeared.

This proposition, which is intended to be partly monitory and partly punitive, is warmly advocated by most if not all of the Negro leaders and their *doctrinaire* friends.

It would undoubtedly be strongly opposed by the majority of the white people of the South, and possibly by some of the more far-sighted friends of the Negro race outside of the South, who, looking a little beyond the immediate disfranchisement of ignorant Negroes, see that the ultimate effect will be to establish a general and impartial electoral system, based on the disfranchisement of ignorance and vice.

Before the proposal is carried into effect, it might be well for its advocates to consider certain facts.

In the first place, it is a grave question whether the section of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution, on which such action must be based, is now valid or whether it was not repealed by the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which prohibits disfranchisement on account of race, color, etc. The latter view was taken and was ably argued in the recent notable address delivered in Albany in June last, by Charles A. Gardiner, Esq., of New York, before the Forty-first Annual Convocation of the University of the State of New York. He maintains that "a State can discriminate against Negro suffrage only by an organic or statutory law," and that before Congress can penalize a State such a law must be adopted and it must be a valid law. But (he argues) since the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, no law which violated its provision could be valid. It would not merely be voidable, but void *ab initio*. "And a void law is no law."*

But even assuming that the Congress might have the authority to cut down the representation under the present law, it is a question whether the disfranchising clauses of the New Constitution in the Southern States afford any basis for such an attempt at reduction in their representation.

The qualifications for voting in the various States of the South would not seem to be in any way improper on the face of their constitutions. The impropriety charged against them is based wholly on the fact that they disfranchise more of one class of citizens than of others.

According to the tabulation of the "Qualifications for Voting in each State in the Union," published in the World Al-

*For such an instance see Dr. H. M. Field's "Sunny Skies and Dark Shadows."

*1 Cr. 137; 118 U. S. Rep. 142.

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manac for 1904, and "communicated to it" and corrected to date "by the Attorneys General of the respective States," all the States except the two Carolinas have the "Australian Ballot Law," or a modification of it in force, and all the States require that the "Voters shall be citizens of the State or of the United States, or an alien who has declared intention to become naturalized"; and all the States except Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire and Vermont, exclude from the right of suffrage those convicted of felony or infamous crime, unless pardoned.

Besides these, paupers and persons *non compos mentis* are generally excluded. These provisions are general.

Arkansas, however, excludes from the right to the suffrage those who have failed to pay the poll-tax. California excludes every one unable to read the constitution in English and to write his name. Connecticut requires for citizenship that a man shall be a citizen of the United States who can read the English language. Delaware requires the payment of a registration fee of $1; Georgia requires the payment of all taxes since 1877. Louisiana admits only those able to read and write, or who own $300 worth of property assessed in their names, or whose father or grandfather was entitled to vote on January 1, 1867. (This last is the celebrated "Squaw Clause.") Massachusetts admits only those who can read and write. Mississippi admits only those who can read or understand the constitution when read to them. Missouri requires voters to have paid their poll-taxes for the current year. Pennsylvania requires a voter, if twenty-two years of age or more, to have paid taxes within two years. South Carolina requires that a voter shall have paid six months prior to the election any poll-taxes then due, and be able to read and write any section of the State Constitution, or to show that he owns and has paid the previous year all taxes on property in the State assessed at $300 or more.

Tennessee requires that a voter shall have paid his poll-tax for the preceding year. Vermont excludes from the suffrage "those who have not obtained the approbation of the local board of civil authority."

Virginia's qualification for registration is as follows, until 1904: "First, a person who, prior to the adoption of the constitution, served in time of war in the army or navy of the United States or the Confederate States, or of any State of the United States or of the Confederate States; or, second, a son of any such person; or, third, a person who owns property upon which in the year next preceding that in which he offers to register, State taxes aggregating at least $1 have been paid; or, fourth, a person able to read any section of this constitution submitted to him by the officers of registration, and to give a reasonable explanation of the same, or if unable to read such section, able to understand and give a reasonable explanation thereof when read to him by the officers." Those registering prior to 1904 form a permanent roll. After 1904 the soldier's-son clause and the understanding clause are done away with, and a poll-tax must be paid.

Thus, it will be seen that Arkansas, Missouri, South Carolina and Tennessee require the prepayment of a poll-tax, while Delaware requires the payment of a registration fee of $1; that Georgia and Pennsylvania require the prepayment of taxes, while South Carolina, Louisiana, and Virginia require the payment of taxes in the alternative, another alternative being that the voter must, in South Carolina and Louisiana, as in California, be able to read and write, while in Virginia, as in Mississippi, he is required only to be able to read or understand the constitution when read to him, though in Virginia this last requirement was only for two years; and after two years the voter must be able to read and write.

Louisiana excepts those whose father or grandfather was entitled to vote on January 1, 1867, and Virginia excepts until 1904 those who were soldiers or seamen or whose fathers served as soldiers or seamen in time of war.

Vermont, on the other hand, has the singular requirement that the voter must "obtain the approbation of the local board of civil authority"—a requirement which would seem to place the qualification wholly at the mercy of the party in power.

Though the representation in Congress of the Southern States would appear at present to be greater than the recorded vote of those States would entitle them to, the inequality is by no means so real as it appears, and is not greater than that which

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exists between some of the Eastern and Western States.*

It has been well shown by the same distinguished member of the New York Bar already quoted, that "the disparity between the Southern States where the ignorant Negro vote has been practically eliminated and the Eastern States, though glaring, is less than that between the Eastern States and some of the Western States. For example, "Rhode Island's vote is 1.59 times as great as Alabama's, but South Dakota's is 3.39 as great as that of Rhode Island. Vermont's is 2.22 times as great as Florida's, but Utah's is 3.01 as great as Vermont's. Maine's is 2.36 as great as Georgia's, but Colorado's is 3.48 times as great as Maine's.†

The figures cited fail to give the strength of the Southern vote. The small vote in the Southern States is due partly to the fact that the ascendancy of one political party is so great that voters do not feel it necessary to attend the polls.

In the next place, though it was frankly admitted that the motive of the disfranchisement clauses was to disfranchise the ignorant colored vote, while the ignorant white vote was admitted for a time, provided the voters or their fathers had been soldiers, this is but a temporary inequality; and that the ignorant colored vote does not come within the grandfather-clause or other saving clauses, is an accident of the time. In a comparatively short time the effect of these saving clauses will have passed away and the suffrage will be based on a purely educational or property qualification.

It may also be well to consider the effect of such a penalizing measure on the future of the Negro himself. To adopt it would be to violate the one principle on which the permanent advance of the Negro race must be founded. That is, the recognition, even at this late hour, by the Negro that he must stand on his own merits and is to be left to work out politically, as well as economically, his own future. To adopt it would mislead him into thinking he is still the ward of the nation and is to be supported by it, irrespective of his conduct—an idea to which may be traced a considerable portion of all that has retarded the Negro's advance in the past. It will tend to divert once more his aim from the paths of industry to which it is being turned by the wisest of his friends. It will engender a new hostility to him on the part of the stronger race, on whose friendship his future welfare must depend.

Finally, should such a measure be adopted, it may lead the whites of the South to do what they have hitherto steadfastly refused to do—apply the money derived by taxation on the property of each race exclusively to the education of that race. It has been publicly alleged and appears to be generally assumed that the recent election in Mississippi was in a measure reactionary. The ground for this assumption seems to be that the successful candidate for the governorship had declared himself to a certain extent opposed to a continuance of the prevailing system. The writer, while recognizing the disappointing results that have followed the large expenditure for the education of the Negroes, would deplore immeasurably any backward step in the matter of education in the South. Light, however glimmering, is far better than darkness. The present system of education may be a poor one, but it is infinitely better than none. Every consideration of public policy would seem to urge its continuance until a better system can be devised. And one consideration would appear unanswerable. The Negroes will always have their own leaders, and it is better that these leaders should be enlightened rather than ignorant. No more deplorable disaster could befall the South than in this age of advancing enlightenment to have a great pariah class hope-

*For example, in 1880 the vote of

North Carolina	was	81	per cent.	of	its	voting population.
Massachusetts	"	56	"	"	"	"
South Carolina	"	82	"	"	"	"
Rhode Island	"	37	"	"	"	"
Mississippi	"	49	"	"	"	"
Vermont	"	66	"	"	"	"
Alabama	"	58	"	"	"	"
Florida	"	83	"	"	"	"

Maryland's vote for each Congressman at the last Congressional election averaged:

Maryland	44,085
Illinois	45,275
New York	41,826
Pennsylvania	36,662
North Carolina	29,267
Virginia	26,409
Massachusetts	29,628
Rhode Island	28,284
Vermont	28,108
Maine	26,430
South Dakota	96,131
Colorado	92,167
Alabama	17,731
Florida	12,677
Georgia	11,155
Louisiana	9,770
Mississippi	7,388
South Carolina	7,259

†Address of Mr. Charles A. Gardiner, cited ante.

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lessly and irrevocably ignorant established within her borders.

In this view he believes the great body of thoughtful Southerners will unite. But no one can foretell what effect on public sentiment a crusade against the South, based on her attitude toward the Negroes, might produce. It might sweep away the last remnant of good feeling that remains, and with it every dollar raised by taxation on the property of the whites to educate the blacks. The South is now spending on the education of the Negro race by voluntary taxation of the property of the white race, over five and one-half millions of dollars annually. It would be a poor bargain to exchange for the figment of a right which ignorance should never have had, the remaining good-will of the whites of the South and the sum they annually expend from their own pockets in trying to uplift the Negro and fit him for the exercise of that right.

It is the conviction of the writer, and he gives it for what it is worth, that the disfranchisement of the main body of the Negro race in the Southern States was a measure of high necessity. He further believes that this disfranchisement is for the permanent welfare of both races. It removes for the time being what is the chief cause of bitterness—a bitterness from which the Negro is a greater sufferer than the white. It will turn the Negro generally from the field where, in his present condition, he has proved a failure, and leave him to develop himself in a field where he may be the equal of any other man.

One of the fundamental errors has been in considering the Negroes as a special class, to be regarded, discussed, legislated for, aided and sustained as such, instead of as plain human beings who, judged according to certain universal standards, belong to various classes in which those standards would place other members of the human family. This was the fundamental error of the *doctrinaire* in the first instance, and, unfortunately, the Negroes themselves have gotten it so firmly fixed in their minds that they have long regarded their race as a special species, to be considered from quite a special standpoint; judged by different standards, and dealt with in a different manner from the rest of the world.

Nothing could be more unwise, because nothing tends more to mislead the Negro and to keep up the misunderstanding which blocks the way to a proper solution of the question.

If a white man is a brute or a blackguard, all whites do not feel it necessary to defend him. If a white man commits a crime, all whites do not conspire to shield him and aid him in escaping the law. If a white man is arrested, even illegally, all whites do not assail the arresting officers; he is left to his remedy at law. If a white man has committed rape and murder and a mob catches and lynches him, all white men, however they deplore and denounce lawlessness, do not feel it necessary to declare the miscreant innocent and a martyr.

A great step will be taken toward the correct solution of the problem when the Negroes shall be considered not "in the lump," but as individuals, just as any other members of the community are considered; not as a separate class, but as part of various classes to which their standing morally, mentally, and personally would assign them —when they shall be judged by the same standards and governed by the same rules; when the malefactor shall be dealt with as a malefactor; the reputable man shall be esteemed for his good character: in other words, when every man shall be judged on his own merits and shall stand or fall on his own showing. This must be the work of both races. It is what the more enlightened Negroes say they desire; but unfortunately, not a great many of them act upon this. Their acts, their addresses delivered at Afro-American meetings, their writings all tend to show that those who claim and would appear to be the leaders among them regard all matters wholly from a racial standpoint. They clamor for recognition and for assistance as Negroes; make inflammatory speeches; call on Congress to intervene, and at times even suggest, in case Congress does not interpose, that an appeal be made to foreign nations.

It is worth while to note that most of the appeals, addresses, resolutions and other things that tend to stir up the Negroes in the South come from those who are outside of her borders, and consequently are beyond any direct suffering from the oppression and other outrages against which they protest. In the main, the Negroes in the South appear to get on fairly well with their

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other fellow-citizens; and the resolutions and addresses that emanate from these are much more temperate and reasonable than those which come from the outside. Compare, for example, the addresses and resolutions of the Negro Convention held last year at Louisville, with those in some of the Northern cities.

A sentiment has developed in parts of the South since the recent agitation to repeal the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, but this has not been strong enough to lead to any concerted attempt to promote the movement. On the contrary, the leaders among the Southern people have hitherto firmly opposed the suggestion of such a measure. One reason undoubtedly has been the practical difficulties in the way of carrying it through; but another has been that they have generally not wished to exclude from the suffrage the best element among the Negroes.

Personally the writer does not, under existing conditions, believe in repealing the Amendment. He would, indeed, rather have it repealed than have a perpetual continuance of the evils that have resulted from unrestricted suffrage. But he believes that these evils will to a large extent be done away with by the new constitutions, and he believes that proper restrictions being provided, the rule should be applied impartially to all; and those individuals, whether white or black, should be admitted to the rights of citizenship who measure up to the full standard of citizenship.

A certain element among the Negroes are good citizens, and are becoming better citizens all the time. When this element shall have broken away from the false teaching which has been their bane, they will have no need to ask for outside aid. The South will recognize their value, and their reward will be the clear distinction between them and the ignorant element which now weighs them down.

It has long appeared to the writer that the prime necessity of the Negroes is to learn to distinguish between Negroes and Negroes; between the law-abiding and self-respecting Negro and the law-breaker and blackguard; between the honest man and the thief; the decent man and the dive-frequenter; the good citizen and the tough. In other words, to create for themselves some standard of virtue and right living for both men and women. Not the least evil of the solidifying of the Negro race during the period of reconstruction was the destruction of all distinctions between virtue and vice, as a qualification for civic promotion. After thirty years the upright, law-abiding, conservative Negro is bound by that manacle to the thief and the evil-liver, and strangely enough he mainly appears unwilling to help break the shackles which hold him down.

These laws give him a chance to break away from his burden, if he but has the sense to see it. It will tend to break up the dense solidarity of the Negroes, and will give the best among them—that is, the conservative, the industrious, the thrifty and the enlightened—an opportunity to rise and range themselves in a class where they will be freed from the burden of the ignorant mass which weighs them down, and may form a better class to which the others may aspire. And this the writer esteems a supreme necessity. It leaves open the avenue by which all who are capable may re-enter the former field, not as Negroes who are admitted simply as such, however feeble and dull they may be, but as men who are admitted because they are strong and intelligent.

The Negro as a race, considered and acting solidly, may be a burden and a menace; but many Negroes are good men and good citizens. They contribute their part to the public wealth and are on every ground of justice and sound policy entitled to consideration.

This upper fraction of the race, relieved from the incubus of the great body which they have been forced to carry, would inevitably secure political representation in the South precisely as they have secured it in the North. They would before long probably have the intelligence to divide upon all economic questions just as any other race divides, and the whites, released from the necessity of maintaining a solidarity, would likewise be free to divide, in which case there would always be an inducement to secure rather than to repress the Negro vote.

A possible step in reaching the solution of the question might be for a reasonably limited number of representative Southern men to meet in conference a reasonable

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number of those colored men of the South who are more familiar with actual conditions there, and thus are representative of the most enlightened and experienced portion of that race. These, in a spirit of kindness and of justice, might confer together and try to find some common ground on which both shall stand, and formulate some common measures as to which both sides shall agree and which both shall advocate.

One principle should be, that having established a law to eliminate forthwith the ignorant Negro and henceforth all ignorance, this law should be administered honestly, bravely, and impartially.

It is not imagined that such a conference could settle the question, but at least it would throw some light on it, and it would serve two good purposes. It would be a starting point for securing information which would command respect, and it would show what the most conservative and broad-minded element at the South, both of the whites and of the blacks, who know the subject thoroughly and have no personal interest to subserve except the just and reasonable settlement of this vital problem, think of it, after they have had the fullest means of information.

Meantime, let the politician and the *doctrinaire*, if they are truly the Negro's friends, hold hands off. The direst injury the Negro's worst enemy can do him is to perpetuate hostility between him and the Southern white. Left to themselves they would settle the question along economic lines, and this it must come to at last.

However one side or the other may dogmatize, it is safe to assume that any final settlement of the problem must be one that will commend itself to the body of the intelligent whites at the South. No other settlement will ever be final.

AN ILL WIND

By Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

I WAS with Osborne when he got the telegrams. We were standing near the little station at Santa Lucrecia, watching the broken-winded engine of the Tehuantepec railroad puff asthmatically up to the platform, when the station agent came out of the telegraph office and handed them to him. Of course he opened the wrong one first, and had to resort to the second for a key to the puzzle. As he stood there reading and re-reading them in the blistering sun—it was January and the tropical heat was fierce—the perspiration trickled off his frowning brow and a vexed despair was apparent in all his features.

"By George! what an ill wind," he groaned. "Read these," he went on disgustedly, handing me the two pieces of paper. One was dated Mexico City and had been sent to Qsborne by Richard Coleman, the owner of the big coffee plantation which Osborne was managing. The native operator had made a wonderful mess of the English of both, but I managed to make out their meaning.

Just learned my youngest brother Arthur has eloped. Both on way to hacienda. Entertain them well as possible. Can't get down for a month. RICHARD COLEMAN.

It had been delayed two weeks in transmission, after the fashion of tropical telegrams.

The other, from Coatzacoalcos, was addressed to Richard Coleman and signed Arthur Coleman:

My wife and I are here. Want to go to hacienda for honeymoon. Can you meet us, old man?

As I read this ebullition of irrepressible high spirits and young love I could not refrain from a short laugh. Osborne turned on me savagely.

"Well," he said, "what do you make of it, Randolph?"

"Why, it's very simple," I replied sooth-

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ingly. "Mr. Coleman's kid brother has evidently run off with some nice little girl, and in their desire to escape from New York and irate parents, they naturally thought of taking refuge with their—let us hope—sympathetic brother in his hacienda in the wilds of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Of course, it never occurred to them that the said brother could be inconsiderate enough to be in Mexico City indefinitely at such a crisis in the affairs of their cosmos, and so they have come serenely on their way, never doubting that they would be met and taken care of."

Osborne wiped the perspiration from his streaming brow.

"Such confounded ill luck, Randolph! Here I've only had a week of your visit, and what pleasure we might have had together in the remaining two weeks is to be spoiled by the arrival of these two young idiots!"

An attack of tired nerves on the completion of a particularly difficult piece of engineering in Montana had sent me off on a six weeks' vacation to Mexico, where Osborne, my old chum at Sheffield, was living. We had always been the best of friends, and my hurried telegram to him had been answered by the most cordial invitation to come down to the big coffee hacienda which he was managing on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. I secured passage on the *Vigilancia* immediately, and ten days later, after a delightful, restful trip, I had been met in Coatzacoalcos by Osborne and taken to the Coleman hacienda. We had had only a week of riding about in the fragrant coffee *fincas*, shooting alligators and otherwise enjoying ourselves after a semi-tropical fashion, when business had called Osborne to Santa Lucrecia. I had gone with him so as not to lose any of his companionship and to enjoy the doubtful delights of a two days' trip in a dug-out canoe, the naphtha launch being temporarily disabled. To be met with these telegrams announcing the arrival of the young runaways and foreshadowing the finish to our much-talked-of plans for a hunting trip was distinctly aggravating.

Suddenly I gave a low whistle. An idea had just struck me.

"Don't faint, Osborne," I said softly. "I have just thought—I am almost sure I came down on the same steamer with them! There was a young bride and groom aboard named Coleman who had the whole ship interested in them and—let me see the telegram—yes, it would have been just about that time. I suppose they have been fooling around Orizaba and other romantic spots since landing. Oh, my boy, we are in for it! They are just about the spooniest couple you ever set eyes upon! They had some sort of a tiff one day, and the whole outfit, from the Captain to the cook's scullion, was unhappy until they made up. I kept out of their way religiously, I can tell you!"

As I finished speaking another idea suddenly flashed through my brain, and I turned in distressed amazement at my own stupidity to look at Osborne. He was leaning against the door of the little telegraph office, gazing out across the yellow road blistering in the fierce heat, with the most bitter expression on his face that I have ever seen.

"So they are a pair of love-sick young fools, are they?" he said contemptuously, feeling my eyes upon him. "I wish to God they had not chosen to come to the Providencia hacienda for their honeymoon!"

I laid a detaining hand on his shoulder as he half turned away.

"Forgive me, Osborne! I had forgotten. It is hard on you, old chap. But they don't know, probably; and after all, he seemed to be a nice, manly sort of fellow, and she——"

"Oh, don't bother. I dare say I shall survive it all right. We will have to take the two o'clock train for Coatzacoalcos. I'll send back a couple of *mozos* in a canoe with instructions to Enrique to have the place in readiness for them."

He turned away definitely and walked down the road toward the river bank where the long dug-out canoes lay moored, and the Indian boatman lolled about in the shade of the mango trees. As he swung along, his hands in the pockets of his khaki riding trousers, his whole miserable story came back to me, and there were few choice epithets I did not apply to myself when I recalled what I had said.

Two years previous Osborne had married a very beautiful, spoilt young girl without the consent of her family, and a year later they had quarrelled and parted, and he, seemingly anxious to sever every

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connection with his past life, had disappeared into Mexico, that kind land where so many ruined lives are quietly obliterated. I think I was one of the few of his old friends with whom he kept up any communication; but he was an unapproachable man when he wished to be, and we had not spoken of his affairs in the week we had been together. I loved him, though, and I was desperately sorry that our holiday was to be spoiled and our good-nature sorely tried, in all probability, by the presence of the runaway couple. As for Osborne, when he came back from the river he said never a word, but went grimly about getting the tickets to Coatzacoalcos and ordering our things put up by the Indian servant we were to take with us. Nor did we say much to each other all the long, hot afternoon, while the hard-worked little engine rocked forward in fantastic curves and hair-raising leaps and bounds over the palpitating rails of the *Ferro-Carril de Tehuantepec*. There was no getting away from the meeting before us; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Coleman were to be the guests of the Providencia hacienda, and as they were unequal to getting there alone in a country whose language and customs were strange to them, they had to be met and taken care of. Osborne squared his shoulders to the task, mentally and physically. He sat bolt upright most of the afternoon, and there was a grim, half satiric look on his face which, remembering the actions of the young couple aboard ship, caused me to internally feel much pity for them.

Night had fallen with tropical swiftness when we reached Coatzacoalcos, and it was by the light of a big, low-hanging moon that we made our way along the street which followed the river bank out to the booming bar. As we walked along in silence I laid cheerful wagers with myself that the two we were going to find were the two who had come down on the *Vigilancia* with me. My first glance at them as they sat on the *corridor* of the little hotel won me all my bets.

They were the only Americans in the place, apparently, and they looked distinctly *désorientés* as they sat there in the brilliant moonlight, though not exactly forlorn, for he had his arm thrown around her, and her head lay on his broad shoulder while her eyes wandered out to the white breakers in the Gulf. I thought to myself that they probably allowed themselves the luxury of this attitude, as they would escape all criticism by simply not understanding it. Later I realized that they would have allowed themselves that luxury in any case.

Osborne gave a low exclamation of disgust as he caught sight of them, and then clearing his throat, a warning which they ignored, he approached and made himself and his errand known.

At the mention of his name they both jumped up and showed themselves unaffectedly glad to see him and relieved that they were to be taken in hand. They were both tall, good-looking, and young, and as they stood there, illuminated by the clear moonlight, they gave one the impression of two extremely well-developed children who had just been rescued after having lost their way.

The boy grasped Osborne by the hand effusively.

"It's awfully good of you to come for us," he said. "We were beginning to feel pretty lonely"—he corrected himself—"that is, Madge here was feeling *triste* (I've learned that much Mexican!) and I confess we felt up a tree when we got this wire from my brother saying he could not get down for a month. But it's all right now you have come. My brother telegraphed you would meet us. I have heard a lot about you," he ended happily, handing the dispatch to Osborne.

Osborne glanced at it. "Yes," he said stiffly, "I received one from Mr. Coleman myself telling me of your arrival. My friend Mr. Murray Randolph"—I bowed—"is staying with me for the next two weeks, so we will all go back together to-morrow morning if that is perfectly convenient to Mrs. Coleman." He did not even look at the girl, who spoke up hastily:

"Oh, perfectly convenient—anything that suits Arthur," she said, smiling faintly and laying her hand on his arm. The boy put his other hand over hers, and they stood there for a second smiling at each other for pure pleasure. I saw Osborne wince as if someone had struck him.

"The train leaves at six in the morning, I regret to say. I will be up here for you in time to get your things to the station. Is there anything I can do for you now?"

Osborne's chill voice struck on the hot

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night air like the clink of ice in a glass of wine.

"Why, yes," began the boy hesitatingly. "There are a few dozen things I would like to have attended to. I have been unable to express myself on the subject. I would like about five times as much water for bathing in our rooms, and at least six fresh towels, and we'd like some chops for breakfast and some coffee that isn't burnt to a cinder, and—but that will do for the moment. If you would kindly speak to the proprietor I'd be awfully obliged——"

Osborne cut short his thanks. "I will see that Don Gregorio makes you more comfortable, and—good-night! I will be here at half after five in the morning."

We made our way over the sandy, rocky street to the English club where we were to put up for the night, with never a word to each other. Once I heard Osborne mutter to himself, as we stumbled over a particularly disagreeable bit of road, "Oh, the young fools!" But I did not pay much attention to him. I also was thinking of the two we had left at the hotel, but not as "young fools." I had never been married myself, and they suddenly seemed to make the married state rather attractive. For the first time my engineering camp in Montana struck me as being decidedly lonely.

But on Osborne I could see they had no such softening influence. He was uncompromisingly stiff with them, and, when I met them at the station the next morning, in the chill grayness of the dawn, he wore a long-suffering, disgusted expression which finished by rather getting on my nerves.

We settled ourselves as comfortably as possible in the car, and for an hour we were all too sleepy to make any conversation. The girl, indeed, with a half smile and a word of apology, laid her head on her husband's shoulder and frankly went to sleep again. She looked very pretty and helpless so, and he manly and protecting. I liked to watch the picture the two made in the uncertain, shifting light of the morning, and I took many surreptitious glances at them. I couldn't help casting an eye now and then on Osborne too, who sat there staring ahead of him with the curiously hard, antagonistic expression on his face which I had noticed ever since he had first received the telegrams. I thought he was trying not to notice them in any way, and I was much surprised when the boy began fumbling softly in his pocket for a cigarette, to hear him say shortly, "Better not smoke—you'll wake her up."

At some unpronounceable little station we all woke up and got out of the train for a cup of chocolate and some of the sweet bread that is to be found everywhere in Mexico. The two Colemans wandered off together after the casual fashion of newly married people, and when they got back into the train they seated themselves some little way from Osborne and myself, but directly in our line of vision, so that I was an interested, Osborne a pained, observer of the low but animated conversation and happy laughter they indulged in. With the exception of ourselves there were only *mozos* and low-caste Mexicans in the car, so that I noticed without much astonishment or dismay that his arm had resumed its apparently normal position around her waist. Osborne, as usual, though, looked thoroughly disgusted at the exhibition, as I knew he was mentally styling it, and for the most part gazed steadily out of the window.

His unsympathetic attitude of mind gradually made itself felt by the two young people and they withdrew as much as possible to themselves when we had left Santa Lucrecia and started on our journey down the river. A dug-out canoe does not permit of much exclusiveness, however, and although we left them the middle of the boat—Osborne sitting in moody silence in the bow and I contentedly in the stern—we could hear and see all that passed between them. He had made her as comfortable as possible, bracing himself against dress-suit cases and gun bags, so that she might lie out at full length under the *toldo* and lean against him, and in spite of the heat and cramped position they seemed absurdly happy.

It was all probably very silly and sentimental—I made mental allowances for Osborne's expression—but I rather enjoyed catching the low whispers and the whiffs of gay laughter from under the *toldo*. Once when the girl's soft, inconsequential laugh rang out unusually clearly, Osborne looked back quickly, and then as quickly looked away, as though angry at having shown any interest in his two guests.

The girl seemed troubled by his hostile

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mood, and two or three times as we slipped down stream in the tropic afternoon she made timid advances to him. She was so young and pretty, so evidently bewildered by her strange surroundings and the rush of momentous events which had recently crowded into her life, that in spite of my sympathy with him, I could have shaken Osborne for the cool aloofness with which he treated her. Her naïve excitement over the alligators which slid off low, overhanging boughs and splashed into the water at our approach, did not arouse him to even a *cicerone's* interest.

Several times we ran the canoes up to the bank and got out to walk about and stretch our cramped limbs, but the last four hours of our trip we made without a halt, running rapidly down the swift current by the light of the big, tropic moon. Florentino, the Indian boatman, had taken off the *toldo* so that we might catch what cool air was blowing, and we lay in the boat gazing up at the strange, southern stars and listening to the soft lap of the luggage-canoe in our wake. That is, Osborne and the boy did, but I think the girl's eyes hardly ever left the face of her husband. He was evidently her god, her hero, and so absorbed was I in the two that I think it was almost as great a shock to me as to her when he got restless and impatient and swore softly in a most unheroic manner at his cramped legs. I saw Osborne give him a quick, displeased look, and then he himself, to my astonishment, arranged another resting place for the girl, who had moved from her husband's side, as though afraid of having added to his discomfort.

We all fell a little silent after that, Osborne's interest not carrying him to talking lengths—and suddenly as we turned a sharp *vuelta* in the river the lights of the Providencia hacienda shone upon us. Florentino blew his horn, and in a few seconds the *mozos* could be seen hurrying down to the landing with lanterns. A few minutes more and the two canoes were tied up at the bank and we were scrambling out of them as fast as our cramped and tired limbs would permit.

At sight of the steps which led up the steep bank the young girl gave a little gasp of dismay. The next instant I heard a little exclamation, half of laughter, half of fear, and turning around I saw young Coleman pick her up in his strong arms and run lightly up the steps with her. They made a pretty picture, I thought—the big, athletic fellow carrying the girl so easily in his arms up the steps, faintly discernible in the yellow glow of the swaying lanterns held aloft by the brown-skinned Mexicans.

I was so interested in the scene that I had quite forgotten Osborne, when suddenly I felt a hand on my arm and, looking around, I saw him beside me, his face white as death, and his eyes fastened on the boy with his burden.

"Great heavens, Osborne, what is the matter?" I asked anxiously.

"It's nothing," he said hurriedly, his eyes still on the boy. He dropped my arm and turned away. "I—I carried Alice that way once. She makes me think of Alice," he said in a low voice.

I was silent with surprise and pity. If that were so, poor Osborne had a trial before him which would indeed be hard to bear.

That it was hard for him was abundantly evident in the days that followed. They were like two frank, happy children in the display of their affection for each other, and what would have been amusing or, at worst, embarrassing to most people became positively painful to Osborne. A hundred times I saw the bitter, hopeless look creep into his eyes as he watched the two walking up and down the *corridor*, his arm thrown around her neck, or saw him stoop to kiss her and fasten a gardenia in her heavy brown hair. But though it was fraught with a bitter regretfulness to Osborne, yet it seemed to fascinate him, too, and I thought he soon came to love to see them together, and to watch for all their foolish, exquisite bits of sentimentality.

The young girl seemed determined to gain Osborne's friendship. I would willingly have given her mine, for she attracted me strongly, but she seemed to prefer Osborne. Perhaps it was his evident wish to avoid her that piqued her, or perhaps it was his quiet manner and the sadness indelibly written on his face that made him sympathetic to her. At any rate, after the first few days of constraint, I saw that Osborne was gradually falling in with her mood, and it no longer surprised me to see them walking together in the brief coolness of the twilight along the river bank or riding out into the coffee *fincas*

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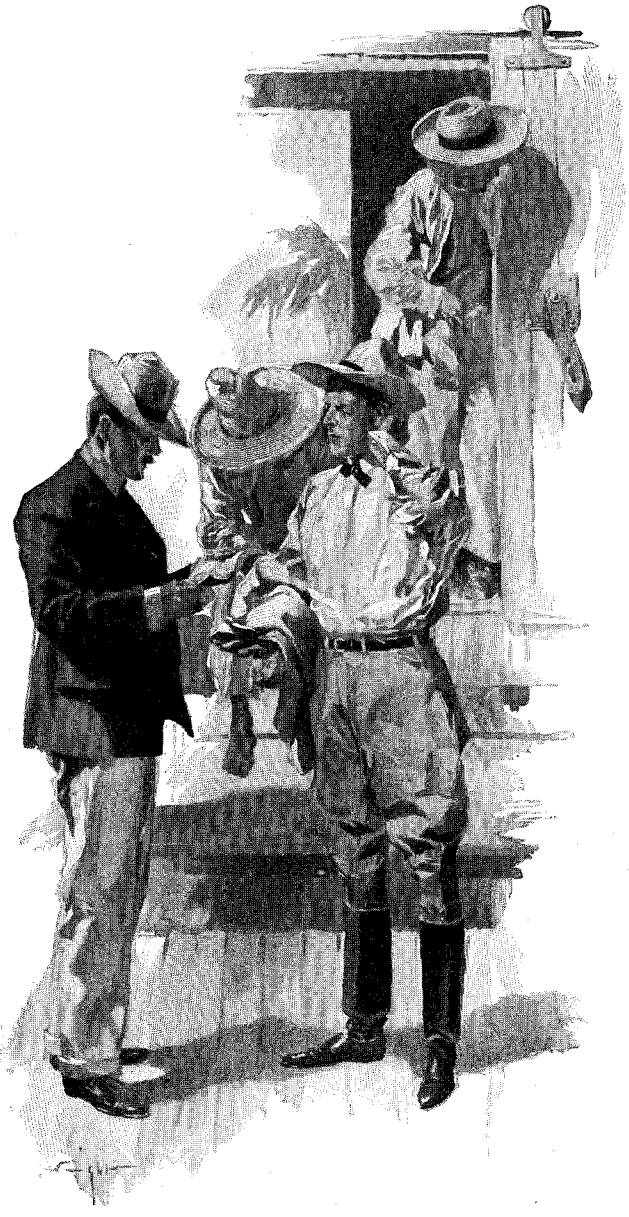

"Well," he said, "what do you make of it, Randolph?"—Page 24.

early in the morning. I think she told him her little troubles and anxieties from the first, blindly confident that he could advise her, although she knew him so slightly. It must have been simply a feminine intuition, for she had heard nothing of his history.

Perhaps it was the intolerable heat, or perhaps it was a realizing sense of the responsibility he had so recklessly assumed, or perhaps the continued absence of his brother, whom he was anxious to see for business reasons, or possibly all three, and other things which we knew nothing of, that soon rendered young Coleman moody and irritable. Whatever the cause, the gayety and good-nature, which had seemed so natural to him during the first days of his stay at the hacienda, began to fail him.

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After each little irascible outburst, he would try to resume his usual boyishly agreeable manner and to be more affectionate, if possible, to his young wife; but it was plain to be seen that she was surprised and deeply hurt, and being as high tempered as himself, the friction between them was often intense enough. Fortunately for Osborne's and my own peace of mind they seldom differed in our presence—we could only guess at any disagreement by the girl's flushed cheek or the boy's sulky manner. It all wore terribly on Osborne, in those two weeks, but I could hardly decide which seemed hardest for him to bear, their frank, open fashion of love-making when they were friends—I saw him many times watch them with eyes bright with pain and a queer, wistful look on his face—or their numberless, nerve-racking little tiffs. It was plain that neither knew the other thoroughly and neither had the patience or tact to avoid the dangerous, unsounded places.

The climax came on the last evening of my stay, as Osborne and I lay in our hammocks on the wire-screened *corridor*, smoking, after they had left us for the night. We heard them in their room, and suddenly came the sharp question and the quick, angry reply. A little later in the stillness I heard her crying softly. Osborne must have heard her, too, for he sprang up, his face pale and his eyes flashing.

"What a brute that boy is! Great Lord! what brutes all men are! He is a young tyrant already, and that poor girl——!" He broke off and began to pace the *corridor*.

I could only wonder what bitter thoughts of his own mingled with his pity for the girl beneath his roof and his anger against the boy who had taken her so far from home. While I was still gazing after him, trying to read his thoughts, she came out into the *corridor* and threw herself into a hammock at the farther end. She was crying bitterly, and Osborne and I drew back into the shadow, shocked and silenced. Before we could decide what to do, Coleman came to the door of the *corridor*, looking uncertainly into the semi-darkness. When he made out the bowed figure in the hammock he went slowly over to it and stood looking down.

"I wish you would listen to me for a moment," he said at length tentatively; and then as the girl did not lift her head he went on in a hard tone: "I confess I've had about enough of this. We've only been married six weeks, but we've found out each other's faults pretty thoroughly, I think—at least you have found out mine and informed me of them on every possible occasion." He gave a bitter little laugh. "You don't or you won't understand me and you make me miserable, and apparently I make you miserable. One day you act as if you still loved me and the next, if I cross you in the slightest, you fly into a rage with me."

"And you never lose your temper! I have given up everything for you—home and family and *everything*—to come down here, and now I know you never really loved me. You understand me less and less, I think, and don't even care."

"I understand you well enough," said the boy coldly. He turned away and leaned against the folded shutter of the window. Suddenly he burst out passionately, "My God! to think of your talking to me like that when you promised!— But never mind—if you value your home and family so much more than me you can go back to them! It's time there should be an end of this. I'll chuck seeing Dick and take you back to New York. Then I'll come back here and try to forget you and everything."

The girl sat up stiffly in the hammock. "I'll be ready in the morning," she said in a dry, weary tone. "As you say, the sooner this ends the better. We are hopelessly incompatible. I wonder why we ever fell in love with each other!" She laughed a little. "You seem quite like a different person to me now—I shall be glad to be back home, but you need not go with me; I would far rather go alone——" She was half talking to herself.

"I shall take you back—how would I know what you would tell them——" The girl gave a little cry. He stopped half ashamed, even in his anger and wounded pride, at his own insinuations.

Suddenly I felt Osborne stir at my side. We had sat there hardly breathing, during the short, sharp talk between the two, but now he got up and strode out into the moonlight that lay in great silver patins upon the floor of the *corridor*. Even in the uncertain light I could see how pale he was.

"Have you two children any more hard things to say to each other? Can you hurt

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"It's awfully good of you to come for us," he said.—Page 26.

each other more cruelly than you have already done?" he asked in a tone that vibrated with sorrow. At his words and unexpected appearance the boy flung himself around and the girl sprang to her feet in consternation.

"I did not know that you were listening," said Coleman, looking at Osborne defiantly.

"We did not mean to—but that is beside the point. What I want to know is, what has happened to you two? What are you talking of, planning here so recklessly? The destruction of all your happiness, the breaking of every promise—all the spoken, all the unspoken ones? Are you mad to talk so lightly of these things?"

He stopped and looked at the boy and girl before him. Both stirred uneasily.

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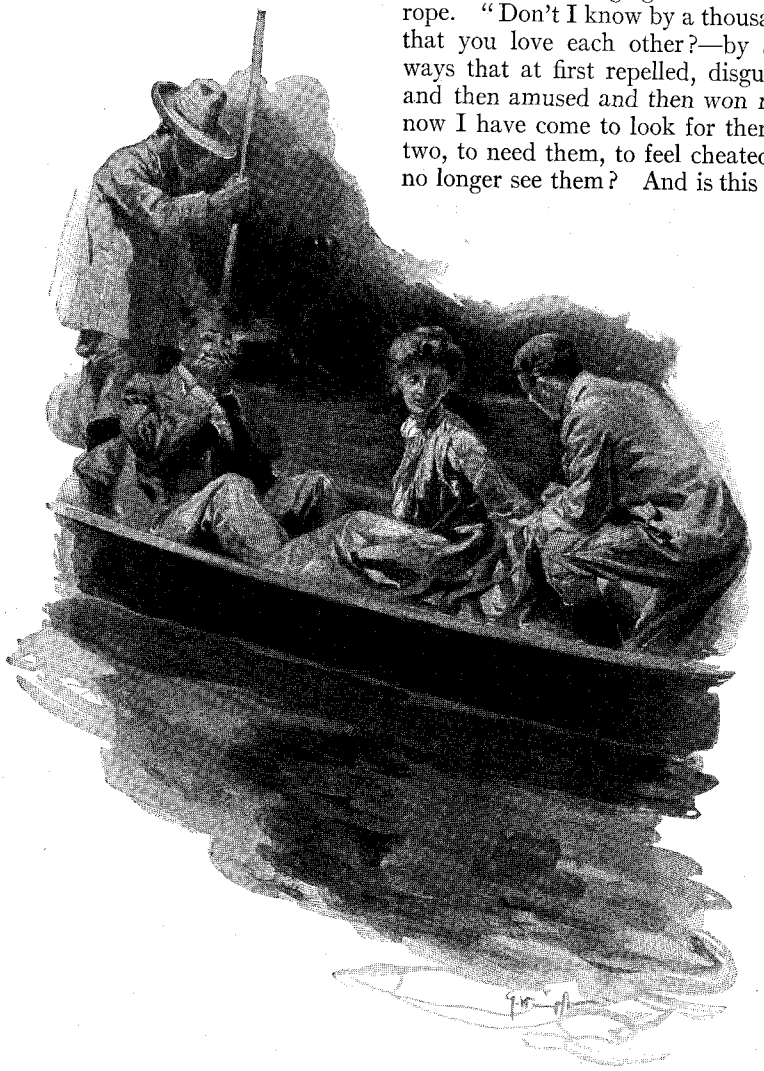
"Since you have thrust yourself into our most private affairs, Mr. Osborne," said young Coleman stiffly, "you must know that we are not speaking lightly; we are both agreed that it is best—that we——" He broke down a little and looked at the girl, who nodded defiantly but could not trust her voice to speak.

Osborne stood staring at them, clasping and unclasping his hands. Finally he spoke again.

"It is quite incredible—there must be some mistake," he said in a low voice. "You surely cannot mean to wreck your happiness this early! Why, only last week you were the best of friends. It was only three days ago"—he turned eagerly to the boy, who was sulkily opening and closing the blind of the shutter behind him—"I saw you kiss her as we rode along in the banana grove and you thought Randolph and I were not looking. Haven't you told me," he looked at the girl, "over and over as we walked up and down in the garden here in the moonlight and along the river, how you adored him, and that you would do a hundred times as much for him as you had already done?" She gave a little sob and hid her face, leaning against the hammock rope. "Don't I know by a thousand signs that you love each other?—by all those ways that at first repelled, disgusted me, and then amused and then won me, until now I have come to look for them in you two, to need them, to feel cheated when I no longer see them? And is this to be the



He arranged another resting place for the girl, who had moved from her husband's side.
—Page 28.

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The big, athletic fellow carrying the girl so easily in his arms up the steps.—Page 28.

end? Don't let it—don't let it!" His voice and gesture pleaded powerfully.

The boy flung up his head in irritated defiance.

"It is the end," he said coldly. "She—she hates me—we can't get on together decently; why, only to-night——"

Osborne stopped him imperiously. "I don't want to hear what happened to-night. I have no right to know—I am pleading with you for your whole lives. To-night will pass and be forgotten; but what you are planning to do will live with you as long as you live. *You*—do you realize in the least what you are doing? You have won this girl's love and she has left everything to go with you, and now you propose calmly to break her heart and take her back to her people! You propose to rid yourself of her and to come back here and forget her! And you call yourself a man!"

Suddenly the boy straightened up and looked at Osborne. He advanced a step in the moonlight and held up a menacing finger.

"And *you*—what have *you* done? Do you think I don't know *your* story? I have heard it from half a dozen people. You are a great one to be *my* censor! How dare you take me to task when you know what *you* have done? But Madge doesn't know—listen," he ran on excitedly, turning to the girl, his boyish voice breaking as he spoke—"this man, who is so shocked at us, married a girl like yourself, and he quarrelled with her and left her and came

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down here to forget her! Isn't there something in the Bible about casting out the beam in your own eye before you attend to anybody else's?"

Osborne took a step backward and leaned shaking against the *corridor* railing. I sprang to his side, and I think he would have fallen if I had not steadied him. He looked at me quietly.

"It is quite true, Randolph. He is right. I have no business to condemn him when——" His voice stopped. He shook himself slightly and turned toward the girl, but he did not look at her. "It is quite true," he repeated. "I was as irritable and capricious and hard to manage as Coleman yonder, and I loved her as he does you, and I broke her heart as he is breaking yours. In a fit of anger I left her as he proposes leaving you, and I came down here to forget her; but in this place one does not forget—one does nothing but remember with bitterness. The remembrance and the bitterness eat into your very soul in this solitude. I have cursed myself a thousand times for having left her."

At her husband's words the young girl had sprung up, and now as Osborne spoke she came slowly forward until she stood before him. The tears were running down her cheeks and she put out her hand timidly and touched his arm.

"Oh!" she said—she could find no words.

Osborne looked at her. "You make me think of her a hundred times a day—of all I had and all I have lost! I have lived it all over—all the delight and all the pain!"

The girl sank down in the hammock and buried her face in her hands.

"You are good to cry for me when you are in trouble yourself," he said simply.

"I am so sorry for you!"

Coleman looked up. "She has sympathy for everyone but me." There was a sharp note of anguish in the boyish voice.

Osborne went over to the girl. "You heard?" he said; but she would not raise her head or answer. He looked at the boy, but he had flung himself back against the railing and stood staring out into the night with miserable, burning eyes.

I saw a sudden passionate purpose leap into Osborne's pale face. With a palpable effort he squared himself around and laid a hand on Coleman's broad shoulder.

"You are right, my boy. How should I dare condemn you when I think what I have done? But if I prove to you that I am sincere when I tell you that I know that reconciliation and forgiveness and love are the only things in the world for you two—if I prove it—will you follow me?"

The boy turned his miserable eyes—and I saw there were tears in them—from the outer darkness and looked at Osborne.

"I don't understand," he said in weary perplexity.

I saw the look of painful effort redouble in Osborne's face.

"There is only one way," he said slowly. He turned from the boy to the girl and back again, as if half hoping they would help him. "If I go to my wife and on my knees beg her for her forgiveness and her love, will you believe me, and will you do likewise?"

For an instant I think none of us even breathed; and then I heard a short, deep sob as Coleman freed himself from Osborne's friendly hand and stumbled forward to where the girl sat in the hammock. With a gesture of infinite tenderness we saw her put her face close down to the bowed head in her lap, and then we slipped away into the darkness.

Until far into the warm, fragrant night I heard Osborne pacing up and down, and I knew that night, with its sudden, great decision, its thrilling renewal of hope and love, was like no other night in all his life.

. . . . . .

A month later in my lonely camp in Montana I received the telegram from Osborne which I had awaited with such confidence, saying all was well with him at last.

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Drawn by George Wright.

"I confess I've had about enough of this."—Page 30.

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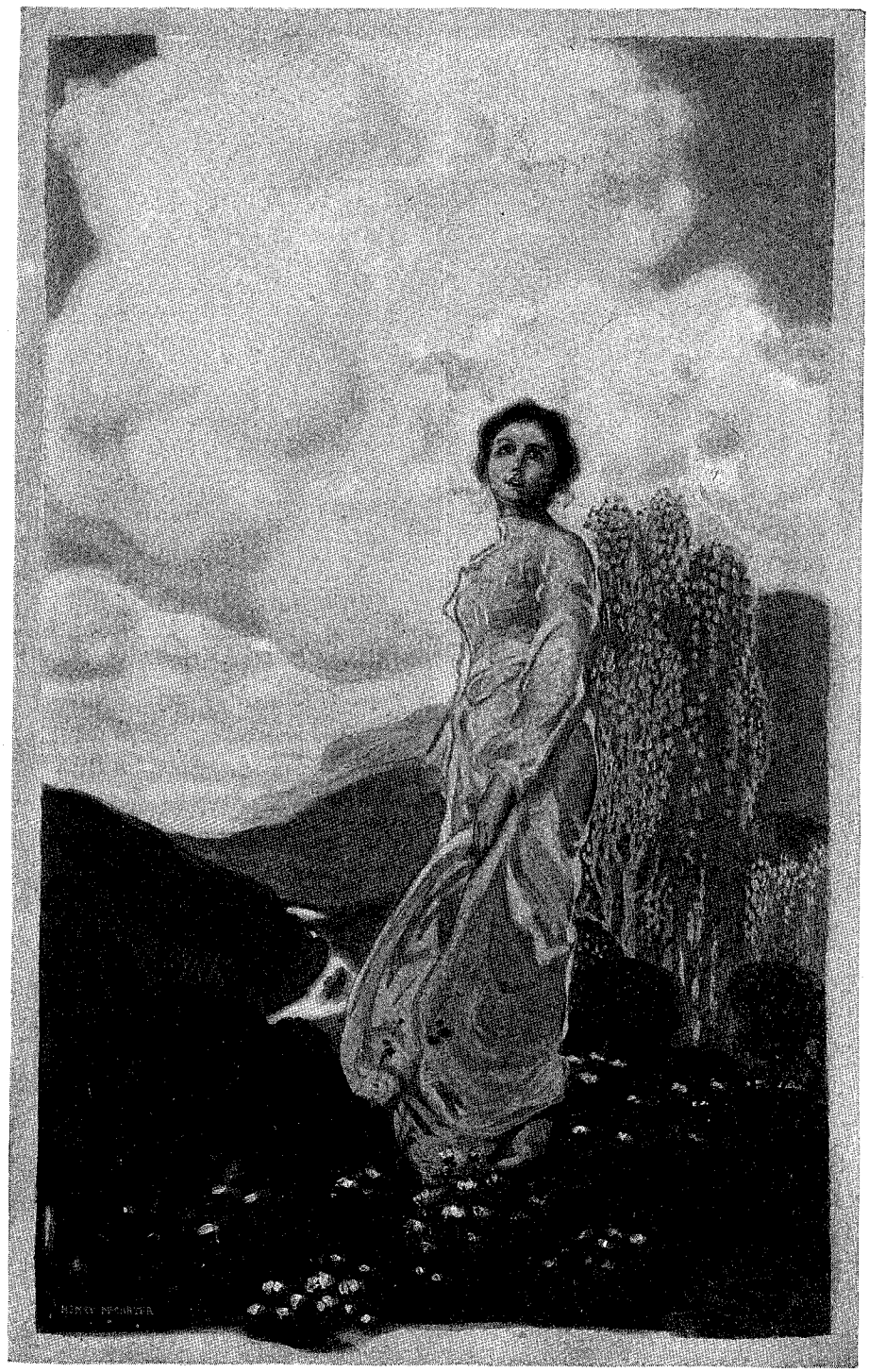

Drawn by Henry McCarter.

"But for thy sunshine, pure and free,
I thank thee, Lord"

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AN OPEN-AIR HYMN

By Beatrice Hanscom

NOT for rich gifts of gold or gems,
Not for the gauds but few afford,
But for thy sunshine, pure and free,
I thank thee, Lord.

For those deep draughts of air I quaff
When, shoulders squared and blood aglow,
I swing along the country road
Where daisies blow.

And in the sultry noonday heat,
For wayside rest, lulled by the breeze,
As, shaded by the sheltering oak,
I take my ease.

For every winding forest-path,
For every stretch of sedge and sea,
For every pebbly brook that rills
Its song of glee.

For that glad radiance when the sun
His crimson cloud of glory spills,
For every violet mist that veils
The distant hills.

For every bloom the summer brings,
For every sheaf the harvest binds,
For spring's first bud, for winter's snow
And bracing winds,

For these thy gifts—for earth and sky
Mingling their moods in sweet accord,
For health, and for the seeing eye,
I thank thee, Lord.

HENRY M'CARTER

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HARDSHIPS OF THE CAMPAIGN

By John Fox, Jr.

I HAVE taken to the big hills in some despair and to rest from the hardships of this campaign. Truly the life of the war correspondent is hard in Japan.

. . . . . .

The Happy Exile left America three years ago with a Puck-purpose of girdling the world. He got no further than Japan, and here most likely he will rest. He is a big man and a gentle one, and I have seen his six-feet-two frame quiver with joy like jelly as we rickshawed through the streets, he pointing out to me meanwhile little bits of color and life on either side. I have heard him when the dusk rushes seaward muttering half-unconsciously to himself:

"I'm so glad I am here. I'm *so* glad I am here."

It is the "lust of the eye" he says, and the lust is as fierce now as on the day he landed —which is rare; for the man who has been here before has genuine envy of the eye that sees Japan for the first time. I have watched the man who has seen, showing around the man who has not, with a look of benevolent sympathy and reflected joy such as one may catch on the face of a middle-aged gentleman in the theatre who is watching the keen delight of some youth to whom he is showing the sights of a great city. The Happy Exile was a painter once, but he came, saw Japanese art, and was conquered.

"I have never touched brush to canvas again. What's the use? Why, I can't even draw their characters. Other nations draw this way;" he worked his hand and fingers from the wrist and elbow. "The Japanese learn, drawing their characters in childhood, to use the whole arm. Imagine the breadth and sweep of movement!" The Happy Exile threw up both hands. "It's of no use, at least not for me. I have given it up." So he studies life and Myth in Japan, collects curios, silks, and satsuma, writes a little, dreams a good deal, and gives up his whole heart to his eye. The Happy Exile has a friend, a Japanese friend, who is one of the new types that one finds now in New Japan. His name is Amenemori. He is the husband of O-kin-san, mistress of the tea-house of One Hundred and One Steps, who herself can talk with her guests from all parts of the world in five languages and is an authority on tea-ceremonies and a poetess of some distinction. Amenemori is not only a linguist, but a scholar. He has English, French, German, Italian and Russian at his command, and more. Not long ago a wandering Indian priest came to Yokohama and could talk with nobody. Amenemori tried him in Japanese, Korean, and Chinese without success and the two finally found communication in Sanscrit. One of Lafacadio Hearn's books is dedicated to him, and through him that author acquired the widest acquaintance with old Japanese poetry yet attained by any for-

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eigner. Illustrating the change that has taken place in an ancient Japanese world to its modern form, he quotes Chaucer and the modern equivalent for the Chaucerian phrase!

But the lust of the eye! Well, the eye is all the stranger has. The work his brain does has little value. No matter what he may learn one day, that thing next day he may have to unlearn. The eye alone gives pleasure—to the color-loving picture-loving brain—delight unmeasurable: but the eye does not understand. The ear hears strange new calls and sounds—unmusical except in the xylophonic click of wooden getas, the plaintive cry of the blind masseur and in the national anthem which is moving beyond words; and the ear, too, does not understand. But the nose—that despised poet of the senses—his faculty holds firm the world over. In Tokyo he puts on sable trappings at sunset that would gloom the dark hour before dawn. You will get used to it, you are told, and that frightens you, for you don't want to get used to it. You should go to China, is the comfort you get and in that suggestion is no comfort. Straightway you swear, and boldly:

No call of the East for me,
Till the stink of the East be dead.

That is why a man who comes from a land where he can fill both lungs fearlessly and stoop to drink from any stream that his feet may cross must go down now and then to the sea or turn his face firmly to the hills.

From Yokohama the little coaches start slowly for the country—so slowly that like Artemus Ward you wonder if it wouldn't be wise sometimes to put the cow-catcher on behind. There is the charm of thatched cottage, green squares of wind-shaken barley, long waving grass and little hills, pine-crowned; but by and by your heart gets wrung with sympathy for Mother Nature. Every blade of grass, every rush, every little tree seems to have been let grow only through human sufferance. It is as though a solemn court-martial had been held on the life of everything that grew not to make feed for man and man alone, for nowhere are there sheep, cattle, horses, and rarely even a dog. Here and there the little hills have been cut down sheer that the rice squares might burrow under them. The face of the earth looked terribly mishandled, but the effect was still lovely. The little rows of pines on the hills seemed to have been so left that no rearrangement would have been necessary to transfer them to canvas, and even the crown of a pine sloping from a group of its fellows seemed to have been spared for no other reason than picturesque effect. Perhaps for that reason Nature herself seemed to enter no protest. It was as though she said:

"I know your needs, my children, you do only what you must; you know just what you do, and I forgive you, for you rob me with loving hands. A little further on is my refuge."

And a little further on was her refuge in the big volcanic hills, guarded by great white solemn Fuji, where birds sing and torrents lash with swirling foam and a great roar through deep gorges or drop down in white cataracts through masses of trembling green. But you have an hour first in an electric car, with a bell ringing always to keep multitudinous children from the track, along the old road that the Daimios took in their semi-annual trip to and fro from their estates to Tokyo and back again—the Daimios—gorgeously arrayed, in palanquins, with their retinues following, while the people kept their foreheads to the earth and dared not raise their eyes—honors which they no longer pay even to the great Mikado. It seemed a sacrilege. Then an hour in a rickshaw—two pushers behind, up a deep winding gorge from which comes the wild call of free rushing water, and you are in the untainted air of the primeval Cumberland.

It is pleasant to be welcomed by a host and a host of servants bent at right angles with courtesy—a courtesy that follows you everywhere. Ten minutes later, as I stepped from behind the screen—the ever-present screen—in my room, the Maid of Miyanoshita—another new type in New Japan—stood bowing at my door, and I am afraid I gave her scant greeting. I had read of feminine service, and Saxon-like I was fearsome; but how could I know that she was the daughter of mine host—a man more well to do than most of his guests, who include the princes and princesses at times of the royal household—and that she had come merely to welcome me? And how could I know that she was a lady, as I understand the word? for how can a stranger

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know who is gentlewoman or gentleman in a land where gentle manners are universal, when he has not learned the distinctions of dress and when face and voice give no unerring guidance in any land? Later I was sorry and tried to make good, but here lack of breeding is condoned in a barbarian. Straightway one little maid came in to build a fire, while another swiftly unpacked my bag, laid out evening clothes, and played the part of a blind automatic valet. Embarrassment, even consciousness, fled like a flash, as it must flee with any man who is not blackguard or fool, and I am thinking now how foreigners have lied about the women of Japan.

I want no better dinner than the one that came later, and I went to sleep with mountain air coming like balm through the windows, the music of hushed falling water somewhere, and a cherry tree full-blown shining like a great white, low star at the feet of a mountain that rose darkly toward the stars. This life of the war correspondent in Japan—truly 'tis hard!

Next morning I heard the scampering of many feet and much laughter in the hallways, and I thought there were children out there playing games. It was those brown little chamber-maids hard at work. I wonder whence comes the perpetual sunny cheer of these little people; whether it be simple temperament or ages of philosophy —or both.

"You have your troubles," they say, "therefore I must not burden you with mine." And a man will tell you with a smile, of some misfortune that is almost breaking his heart.

The little maid who had unpacked my bag brought breakfast to me, and I could see that I was invested with some interest which was not at all apparent the night before. Presently it came out:

"You are going to Korea?"

"Yes, I am going to Korea."

"I want to go to Korea, but they won't let girls go."

"Why do you want to go to Korea?"

For the first time I saw Japanese eyes flash, and her answer came like the crack of a whip:

"To fight!"

Among the thousands of applications, many of them written in blood, which the war office has received from men who are anxious to go to the front, is one from just such a girl. In her letter she said that she was the last of an old Samurai family. Her father was killed in the war with China; her only brother died during the Boxer troubles. She begged to be allowed to take the place in the ranks, which had always belonged to her family. She could shoot, she said, and ride; and it would be a lasting disgrace if her family name should be missing from the rolls, where it has had an honored place for centuries, now that her country and her Emperor are in such sore need.

After breakfast I climbed the mountain that I could see from my window—it ran not so high by day—and up there great Fuji was gracious enough for one fleeting moment to throw back the gray mantle of a cloud and bare for me for the first time his sacred white head. Coming down, I found a pretty story of American chivalry and the Maid of Miyanoshita. There was a man here whose nationality will not be mentioned, and a big young American who hasn't lost the traditions of his race and country. With the lack of understanding that is not uncommon with foreigners during their first days in Japan, this particular foreigner said something to the little lady that he would not have said under similar circumstances at home. Now, just behind the hotel are two foaming cascades which drop into a clear pool of water wherein sport many fishes big and little—green, silver, gold, or mottled with white and scarlet—which it is the pleasure of the guests to feed. A few minutes later there was a commotion on the margin of the pond, and those fishes, gathering as usual for biscuit and sugar, got a surprise. The American had invited the other foreigner out there, and the two were having a mighty mill. After a nice solar-plexus landing, the American caught up his opponent and threw him bodily into the fish pond. The man disappeared next morning by the first train. Wallah, but it was grateful to the soul—striking a Saxon trail like that!

After tiffin I was struggling with Japanese idioms in a guide book. "I will be glad to help you," said the Maid of Miyanoshita.

She had gone to school in a convent in Tokyo. Only Japanese girls and a few Eurasians, girls whose fathers are foreigners,

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were students, and they were allowed to speak only French. There she was taught to read and write English. To speak it, she had learned only from guests at the hotel.

"Well," I said, "if the Japanese in this book is as bad as the English, I don't think I want to learn it." She looked at the book.

"It iss bad," she said; "there are words here you must not use." (It is impossible to give dialectic form to her quaint variations from normal pronunciation.) By and by we found an example.

"Yes," she said, "sukimas means 'I like.' I like flowers, birds, and so on, but you must not use that—" with one pointed finger on a word that I proceeded straightway to damn forever.

"What is the proper word for *that* word?"

"Ai suru," she said.

"And what does that mean?"

A vertical line of mental effort broke the smoothness of her forehead.

"It iss *deeper* than 'like.'"

"Oh," I said. She continued her mental search for an English equivalent. I tried to help.

"Love," I ventured.

With straight eyes she met purely impersonal inquiry with response even more impersonal.

"Yess," she said.

. . . . . .

That afternoon I walked further up the gorge, past curio shops, with the river roaring far beneath and water tumbling from far above, and I turned in for a moment where the word "Archery" curved in big letters over a doorway, to see an old chap put eight arrows out of ten in a small target a hundred feet away, and triumphantly shout:

"Russian!"

And then on past tea-houses and workshops and rice-mills with undershot waterwheels such as I had left in the Cumberland Mountains. In a rice square below and beyond me three little girls were playing. When they saw me they ran toward the road, stooping now and then to pick up something as they ran. The littlest one held up to me a bunch of blue flowers. I was thrilled; here is where I get the courtesy of the land even from the peasant class and untainted by the rude manners of the Saxon and his Caucasias kind. I took off my hat.

"Arigato," I said, which means "Thank you." Out came the mite's chubby hand.

"Shinga!" she said, "mucha shinga!"

Now I have not been able to find anyone who knows what "shinga" means except the little highway robbers who held me up in the road and made it plain by signs. I went down into my pocket for a coin. Up stepped number two of the little hold-ups, with number three in close support; but I was too disappointed and sore, and I declined. Those three little ones followed me half a mile and up many score of steep steps to a temple in a grove, still proffering flowers and saying,

"Shinga." It was sad.

Going back I met another mite of a girl in a many-colored kimono. She said something. I am afraid I glowered, but she said it again, with a bow and a smile, and it was—

"Konnichi-wa!" which means "Good-day." Then wasn't I sorry! This was the real thing. I took off my hat and then and there this little maid and I exchanged elaborate Oriental ceremonies in the middle of the road, concluding with three right-angle bows of farewell, each saying three times that very beautiful Japanese good-by,

"Sayonara."

I went on cheered and thinking. This was Old and New Japan, the lingering beauty of one, the trail of the tourist over the other, and this was Japan in general. When you are looking for a thing you get something else; when you look for something else you get what you were looking for. The trouble was that in neither case should I have been surprised, for the Japanese even say,

"It is not surprising if the surprising does not surprise," which must be thought about for a while. And then again, What's the odds, no matter what happens.

"Shikata ga nai," says the Japanese; "It can't be helped"—a fatalistic bit of philosophy that may play important part on many future battle-fields.

. . . . . .

The Little Maid of Miyanoshita and I were tossing bits of cracker to the gold-

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fishes in the pond, and each bit made a breaking, flashing rainbow as they rushed for it in a writhing heap. She had never been to America nor to England.

"Wouldn't you like to go?"

"Verry much," she said.

"Well, aren't you going some day?"

"I hope so, but——" she paused; "if I wore these clothes the people would follow me about the streets. If I wore European clothes, I would look like—what you say—a fright."

"Never!" Again she shook her head.

"Yess, yess I would." And the pity of it is I am afraid she was right.

The Little Maid did not walk the hills much.

"Japanese men do not like for women to go about much," she said. "My uncle does not like that I go about alone, but my father he does not care. He has been in America."

"It is perfectly safe?"

"Yess, perrfectly safe. Is it not so in America?"

"Well, no, not always; at least not in the South, where I come from."

She did not ask why, though I should not have been surprised to learn that she knew, and I did not explain.

She was very fond of Schiller, she said, and she had read many American and English novels. She liked "The Crisis" very much—she did not mention others—though she liked better the novels that were written by women.

"Because you understand them better?"

"Not only that," she said slowly, "but I think that men who write novels try to make the women happy, and the women who write novels do not do that so much; and I think the women must be nearer the truth."

She turned suddenly on me:

"*You* have written a book."

"Guilty," I said.

"And what does that mean?"

"It means that I have," I said lamely. We talked international differences.

"American women use very many pins, is it not true?"

"I think it is true," I said.

"We do not," she said; "we use what you call"— with her fingers on a little cord at the breast of her kimono—"strings. But," she added suddenly, "an American says to me that I must not speak of such things."

"Tut!"

"Well," she said, "I do not see anything wrong."

In America, I explained, we put the woman in a high place and looked up at her.

"Is it not so in Japan?" I said.

"No," she said simply, "it is not so in Japan." She thought a while. "That must be very nice for the woman in America," she said.

"I think it is," I said.

"But then," she said, to explain the mystery, "they are so well ed-u-ca-ted."

"Well, I don't think it is because they are so well educated," I said.

"Then they are worthy," said the Little Maid.

. . . . . .

I have been to Big Hell—a climb of some three thousand feet past rice squares and barley fields and little forests of bamboo trees, where on a God-forsaken mountain top sulphurous smoke belches into the clouds that drift about it. Now smoke suggests human habitation, human food, and human comfort, and that smoke swirling up there gave the spot a loneliness unspeakable. Under you the gray earth was hot, here and there were springs of boiling water, and the ashy crust crackled under your feet. Around the crest we went, and down through a forest of big trees left standing because the place was a royal preserve. The absence of animals, tame or wild, has constantly depressed me ever since I have been in Japan. Even up there in the hills I had seen nothing hopping, crawling, or climbing by the roadside or in the woods, and I could see nothing now.

"Is there nothing wild up here?" I said.

"Oh, yes," said the guide, "there are deer and monkeys." If he had said there were dodos I could have been no more surprised; but to this day I have seen nothing in freedom except a few birds in the air.

By and by a thatched roof came in view. The path led sharply around one corner of the house and I was brought up with a gasp. I had read and heard much about bathing customs in Japan. The government has tried, I believe, to legislate into

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the people Occidental ideas of modesty. One regulation provided that the sexes should be separated. They were separated — by a bamboo rod floating on the water. Another time it was announced that bathing trunks must be worn at a certain place by the sea. One old chap issued leisurely from his house on the hill-side and stalked down without clothes, swinging his trunks in his hand. After he got into the water he put the trunks on, and as soon as he came out he took them off again and stalked home swinging them as before.

Well, there they were—old and young, and of both sexes, and it was apparent that the regulations of the bamboo rod and the bathing trunks had not reached that high. It was a natural Turkish bath-house, and it seems that the farmers around Big Hell furnish a certain amount of produce each year to the proprietor for the privilege of hot baths, and when work is slack, they go up there—husband and wives, sons and daughters—and stay for days. Apparently work was slack just then. The bath, some ten feet square, and sunk in the floor, was screened from the gaze of the passing pedestrian and the coldness of the outer air merely by slender bamboo rods, some eighteen inches apart. It was full to the brim.

That night an Englishman seemed greatly taken with Big Hell.

"Most extraordinary!" he said. "Do you know, they never minded us at all. Not at all. A chap had a camera, and one dear old lady actually stood upright when he was taking a picture. They asked me to come in, and I really think I would, but —gad, you know, there wasn't any room."

The key-note of this symphony of ills will not be sounded here.

. . . . . .

She could play the koto (the harp), and the piano a little—could the Maid of Miyanoshita. She would play neither for me, but that afternoon she would take me, she said, to hear a friend play the koto—an elderly friend, whom she called, she said, her aunt. Later, she said she had asked another gentleman also. Now when I spoke once of the musical click of the getas, the Happy Exile had told me that the wearers often chose them, taking only such pairs as pleased the individual ear. The statement has since been much laughed at, so I asked the Maid of Miyanoshita for confirmation. She at least did not choose her getas for their sound.

"But," she said, "the Japanese say the getas go—

" 'Kara-ko, kara-ko, kara-ko!' "

The notes she gave were the notes I had heard on the stone platforms of every station between Tokyo and Yokohama, and going straightway to the piano I found those notes to be F and D in the scale of F Minor. Let the laugh proceed. The Happy Exile possibly might say that those notes were the prominent ones in some old national song, and that the geta-makers had been unconsciously reproducing them ever since.

. . . . . .

It was raining. Alack and alas! the Little Maid carried an American umbrella—impious trail of the Saxon! while the Other Man and I bore picturesque Japanese ones that would have given the crowning touch to her, but looked simply ridiculous over us. Thus we went to meet the exquisite courtesy and genuine kindness of a real Japanese home.

Two kotos were played for us, while the players sang "Wind Among the Pines," and the tale of the fairies who fell in love with the fisherman.

"Do you like Japanese music?" said the Little Maid to the Other Man.

"Yes," he said promptly, lying like a gentleman.

"Don't you think it is rather monotonous?" she asked.

"Well—um—um. Don't you like Japanese music?" he said, taking refuge.

"Well," she said, "I like your music better, I think. It is more lively and has more variety."

Then we had tea, and after tea of the kind usually served in Japan, the husband, a fierce Samurai in the pictures he showed us, but now a genial, broad-smiling doctor of the old Japanese school, insisted that we should take bowls of powdered tea which he prepared with his own hands. In the drinking of this the Little Maid instructed us. We were to take the bowl, the left hand underneath, the fingers of the right hand clasped about it, lift it to the forehead, a movement of unspoken thanks, and very gently, so as not to suggest that the

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tea needed to be dissolved, were to roll the tea around in the bowl three times and then take one drink—making much noise, meanwhile, with the lips to show how much we enjoyed it.

"That is very vulgar in your country," interrupted the Little Maid, "is it not so?"

"Well," I said, "lots of people do it, but not for the reason of courtesy."

We were to roll it around three times more, and then drink again; three times more, and a third drink, leaving this time but a little, which, without being rolled around again, was to be drunk at a swallow—three drinks and one swallow to the bowl. O-kin-san says that this last swallow should be only the foam, which must be drunk to show that the tea is so good that the guest must have even the foam; and that not until then does the noise of appreciation come, and then only because the foam cannot be drunk without noise. It was well. We exchanged autographs and cards. With the kind permission of the Little Maid's aunt we took pictures of the interior, and then with much bowing and many "sayonaras" we passed out under the cherry trees.

"We say 'Good morning,'" said the Little Maid, explaining the courtesies of Japanese greeting and good-by, "and we bow; and we say 'It is a long while since I have seen you,' or 'It is a fine day,' and we bow again. At the end of each sentence you must bow, and it is the same when you say good-by."

. . . . . .

Before I learned that the Mikado had sent a general edict through the land that all foreigners in Japan were to be treated with particular consideration while this war is going on—thus making it safer for the tourist now in this country than it ever has been or will be, perhaps, for a long time—I had been greatly impressed by the absence of all signs of disorder, street quarrels, loud talking, and by the fact that in Tokyo, one of the largest cities in the world, one could go about day or night in perfect safety. I told this to the Maid of Miyanoshita.

"So desuka," she said without surprise, and that means "Indeed." And when she said later that there were many Japanese novelists, but they did not write love stories, I was reminded further that I had seen no man in Japan turn his head to look at a woman who had passed him—no exchange of glances, no street gallantry at all.

"The song of the 'Goo-goo Eyes,'" I said, "would never have been written in Japan."

"What iss 'Goo-goo Eyes,'" said the Little Maid, mystified.

Then had I trouble—but I must have made it clear at last.

"Perhaps the Japanese girl does not want to be seen—looking."

"Oh, you mean that she may look, but the foreigner doesn't see it?"

"Well, we are all human. That is very frank, is it not?"

It was frank—very frank—and of an innocence not to be misunderstood save by a fool. Then I got a degree.

"But I am always frank with you, for if you are what you say 'guilty,' I think you must understand. I call you to myself a Doctor of Humanity."

Wallah, but the life is hard!

. . . . . .

By and by this remarkable Little Maid went on:

"The Japanese may be what you call in love, but they must not tell it—must not even show it."

"Not even the men?"

"No, not even the men. Is it not so in your country?"

I laughed.

"No, it is not so in my country." I found myself suddenly imitating her own slow speech. "That's the first thing the man in my country does. Sometimes he tells it, even when he can't ask the girl to marry him, and sometimes they even tell it over there when they don't mean it."

"So desuka!"

"They call that 'flirting.'"

"Yes, I know 'flirting,'" said the Little Maid.

"It is not a very nice word," I said. "There is no flirting in Japan?"

"There is no chance. Parents and friends made marriage in Japan."

"They don't marry for love?"

"It is as in France—not for love. And in America?"

"Well, we don't think it nice for people to marry unless they are in love."

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"So desuka," she said, which still means "Indeed." And then she went on:

"Japanese girls obey their parents." And then she added, rather sadly, I thought, "and sometimes they are very unhappy."

"And what then?"

"Oh, deevorces — are very common among the lower classes, but among the middle and upper classes it is verry difficult."

"So desuka!" I said, for I was surprised.

"So desu," said the Little Maid, which is the proper answer.

. . . . . .

The Maid of Miyanoshita loves flowers, and at sunset this afternoon I saw her coming down from her garden, where she had been at work. She had a great round straw hat on her black hair. I got her to draw it about her face with both hands, and with a camera she was caught as she laughed. We went down the steps and stopped above the cascade which shook the water where the goldfishes were playing.

Now I have been a month in Japan; I have seen the opening of the Diet, heard the Emperor chant the fact that he was at peace with all the world save Russia, and observed that he must show origin from the gods in other ways than in his stride. I have dined with the gracious representative of the Stars and Stripes and his staff, who seem to have taken on an Oriental suavity that bodes well for our interests in this Far East, and have seen an Imperial Highness play the delicate and difficult double rôle of hand-shaking Democrat to Americans and God-head to his own people —while both looked on. I have eaten a Japanese dinner at the Maple Club, while Geishas and dancing-girls held fast the wondering Occidental eye; have heard, there, American college songs sung by Japanese statesmen, and have joined hands with them in a swaying performance of "Auld Lang Syne." I have seen wrestling matches that looked at first sight like two fat ladies trying to push each other out of a ring—but which was much more. I have been to the theatre, to find the laugh checked at my lips and to sit thereafter in silence, mystification, and wonder. I have tossed pennies to children—the "babies" who here "are kings," while wandering through blossoming parks and among people whom I cannot yet realize as real. I have visited shrines, temples; have heard the wail of kite and the croak of raven over the tombs of the Shoguns, and have seen a Holy Father beating a drum and praying a day-long prayer with a cigarette-stub behind one ear. I have learned that this is the land of the seductive "chit" and the deceptive yen which doubles your gold when you arrive and makes you think that when you have spent fifty cents you still have a dollar of it left. Moreover, I have seen the glory of cherry-blossoms. But of all these trifles and more—more, perhaps, anon. I pulled a little red guide book out of my pocket.

"That word," I asked, pointing to the proper one, "would you use that word to your—well, your mother?"

"No," she said very slowly, and with straight eyes, again answering impersonal inquiry, with response even more impersonal, "I — don' — don't — think — you — would — use — that word — to your — mother."

The sunlight lay only on the great white crest of Fuji. Everywhere else the swift dusk of Japan was falling. In it the cherry tree was fast taking on the light of a great white star. In the grove above us a nightingale sang.

Truly 'tis hard.

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JUDITH LIEBESTRAUM

By Mary Moss

"DO you feel like starting now?" asked Judith Liebestraum.

If it had been to go through a classical concert, fire and pestilence or Wagner—without cuts—Jerry would have cheerfully squared those broad shoulders of his in readiness to do her bidding. As it was, though far from sharing a fancy for seeing the interior of a dilapidated old building, he felt only satisfaction at the prospect of helping her to search for the synagogue keys, through this sleepy West Indian town.

San Diego itself struck him simply and forcibly as a "hole"—hot, dusty, and unsuited to any familiar variety of sport. Never troubling to discover what she found of charm and interest in the place, he wisely rested content to enjoy the blissful privilege of strolling at her side through walled-in narrow lanes with houses blind to passers-by, with more donkeys than negroes, with more goats than donkeys, and after all, not even so very many goats.

As the pair wandered somewhat aimlessly, Judith deciphered the signs over little cavernous shops, and Jerry fed upon the sight of her. He did not know that she looked like a princess of Israel, with her almond eyes, drooping mouth, and heaven-sent gift of grace and bearing. In fact he knew absolutely nothing of this new acquaintance with the queer name, but that she was travelling with an aunt, and that after four days on shipboard he had become eternally disinclined to forego her company.

Hitherto what he found admirable in woman had been ruddy gold hair, a frank direct glance, vigor, muscle, dash, and a vocabulary of monosyllables. He could take pleasure only in a brisk feminine creature with no nonsense about her, agreeably resembling a boy—such a one, in short, as Dorothy Holland, the tennis champion at home. That was before he met Judith Liebestraum. Now, in his inarticulate, undeveloped soul of college-bred athlete, there came vague prickings toward mystery and romance, things whose very existence he had heretofore ignored or scorned.

"De Cordova!" She spelled out all but obliterated letters above a tiny, squalid booth, half open to the street. "We might ask here."

Jerry meant to precede, to shelter his princess; but with a gliding movement all speed and all leisure, she had mounted the broken steps before him and questioned the vender of dried fish, cheese, and oily rope tobacco.

Mr. Michael De Cordova imparted information slowly. "Services in our synagogue! No, hardly to-morrow;" he hesitated. Indeed, his brother Solomon could give a better account, he himself not being highly occupied with religious matters.

"That seems a great pity," commented Judith, with a serious inclination of her dark head.

"But you understand how it is yourself, about those ancient ideas," the fish seller protested; "they weary a young person."

"They never weary me!" Judith spoke very gently.

And there, all in the stifling heat, Jerry felt a sudden shiver; also for no reason, as he turned to follow Judith's slim, undulating form in search of the religious brother Solomon, his deep chest and even breathing were disturbed by an unbidden sigh.

He drew closer to the girl, looking down upon the low-browed oval face. A frill of her rose-colored dress brushed softly against his hand. The young man resolved that this must not happen again, since the sensation it gave him distinctly amounted to taking a liberty. If he was simple and just a trifle stupid, Jerry's inmost thoughts about women never failed of being what he himself might have described as "white"; only Jerry seldom described.

Now he grew uneasy; she would certainly not turn in here! Yes, but she did—straight to the door of a reeking, black rum shop. She paused on the threshold. Close behind, Jerry stood grimly ready to kill any man who even looked too earnestly her way.

Solomon De Cordova was short, dirty, but fine-featured, with lustrous eyes and manners worthy a grandee of Spain.

He ushered them into a dusky back room with plaster dropping from its low ceiling

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and a choking atmosphere of salt fish, vile spirits, and *bouquet d'Afrique*. From the drinking booth outside came cries and laughter, an incomprehensible babble of negro dialect.

With a flourish fit for a king's court, Solomon invited Judith to be seated. The only chair was backless.

Depositing himself upon a case of bottles, Jerry riveted his attention on a dusty cobweb waving a scant inch above his lady's sacred head. If that bit of filth touched her, no consideration of civility should prevent him from tearing it down. Tantalizing, for an athlete of national fame to have no better vent for his strength than the hope of sweeping away a spider's web!

The Jew had embarked upon some endless legend concerning a lukewarm congregation—the theft of silver vessels—how true piety grew so scarce that hardly at Yom Kippur could enough men be gathered together for a lawful Minyan, to mourn the fate of Israel.

What was it all about? Judith's long white hands lay loosely folded on her knee. With tilted chin and half-shut, listening eyes she absorbed the Jew's flowery and grandiloquent phrases.

A black boy pushed in from the outer room—a hook-nosed black boy!

"I'm occupied with this lady. Let me not again have cause to reprove you, Ephraim Menassah!" Solomon De Cordova settled his collarless shirt with unclean fingers and turned again to the guest, whose pale face now showed horrified query.

"Ephraim Menassah? A negro?" she questioned in dismay.

Solomon nodded disapproval. "It came about in the olden time, up among the mountains. The cruel Spaniard persecuted Jew and negro alike. Those unhappy fugitives lived together, hidden in caves. It never happens now," he ended reassuringly.

"You will trust me with the keys? You are very kind." Judith smiled upon her host.

"And your name, lady?" He gave her the rusted bunch.

"Liebestraum." She took the grimy iron in her pointed fingers, the fingers Jerry barely dared to touch in a rarely granted hand-shake.

"Liebestraum!" Solomon De Cordova's manner grew even loftier. "Ashkenazim?" It was as though he had exclaimed, "Deny this slur, I beg you. Clear yourself of this discredit."

"Yes," Judith answered meekly, "we are of the German congregation."

"And we are Sephardim!" Solomon's voice expressed all the recoil of an aristocrat trapped into low society; but hastily recovering poise he added with grandiose politeness, "I've never before spoken with one of you, but doubtless among the Ashkenazim there may be excellent people, and pious."

Heavens above! Jerry clenched strong, clean fists. Must he bear this, too? Seeing her snubbed and patronized by a thing he could step on and crush?

"What beautiful dignity!" was Judith's only comment, as they again reached the street, and Jerry drew comforting breaths of outer air, freeing his lungs from the reek of Solomon's filthy den.

Passing the sad old synagogue with its overgrown burial-ground and crumbling arches, Judith paused. "Too late to go in to-night, it's growing dark so soon." Her minor tones breathed regret.

Together they lingered, leaning their elbows on a broken railing, silent and thoughtful in the quickening tropic twilight.

As Jerry feasted upon her marked and delicate profile, the melancholy mouth and musing eyes, suddenly she seemed so infinitely far away that while without moving one inch nearer he could put an arm about her tempting waist, all at once he knew that this would never come to pass. If her slender body were clasped hard and tight to his, if his lips were laid to hers, if her head rested against him, her remoteness could never be less than it was at this moment.

They spoke a different tongue, they lived in different worlds!

And then there swept athwart his vision the image of a ruddy-haired girl, victorious, untouched by shadow, easy to be understood. She quickly vanished, leaving him free to study this secret, alien creature at his side.

But as the stranger still bent her wistful gaze on the neglected place of worship, he saw her half-shut almond eyes brimming with slow, unfallen tears, and Jerry likewise saw that even his bare existence had been quite forgotten by Judith Liebestraum.

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HERACLITUS

"On wings of light and darkness flies
The open secret of the skies,
And death and life one truth disguise."

If thou couldst know, for all thy care and pain,
That one might win to live eternally—
Or, through long lapse, that he might come again,
Were this thy rede: Being is *still to be*—
As death were empty, or an idle thought—
A name erased, as if a pen distraught
Had blurred the eternal with mortality?

Thus Heraclitus: Lo, the life of life
Is death; and harmony is born of strife:—
To deem this truth, yet prove it not!—to live,
Nor know that death shall have a life to give!

Nay, "Life immortal!" O'er my tired brain
Come, thou sure death, with murmur of the sea,—
Come with rude ocean gurgles in mine ears,
And the chill blinding swell amid my tears,—
Come when I linger on the course unknown—
Yea, if my harp stand silent by the Throne,
Roll your strong waves unto the shoreless lea!
Rocking the cradles of futurity
Resolve the burthen of the exhausted years!

Uncoil the meaning—for his thread is twain:
The light or darkness equally appears;
There is no being save *to be again*—
I know not whether with the old arrears:
Again, again, the rapt alternates yield,
Ever forgetting, and their cadence seems
Of phantom footfalls in a poppy field—
A lair of silence, where a lion dreams.

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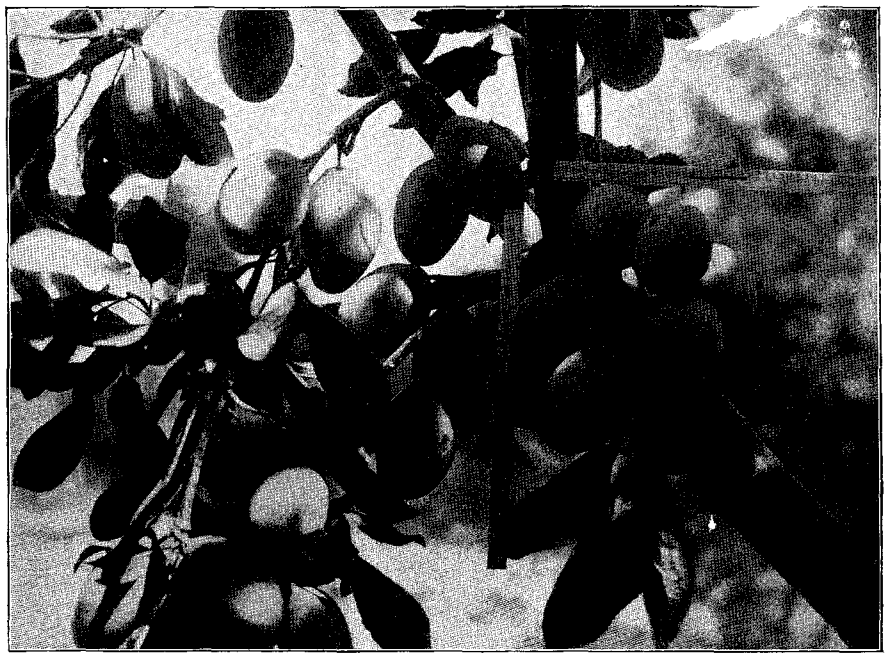

The sugar prune.

Larger in size and higher in per cent. of sweetness than any other prune yet grown.

A MAKER OF NEW PLANTS AND FRUITS

By W. S. Harwood

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I HAVE met recently in a little vine-mantled cottage, not far from the Pacific, a remarkable man, known to experts throughout the country and beyond, yet one of the least known to the general public. Mr. Luther Burbank has evolved more extraordinary, and, indeed, more marvellous plant life than any other man. Without the training of the college or the university, he yet leads in one of the most subtle and elusive, one of the most complex and baffling departments of modern research.

On a wind-swept mesa he finds a wild flower of some native beauty, but insignificant in size, and, in the main, uncomely. He takes this flower and gives it a new life, increases its size, doubles its vigor, hastens its spring-time appearing; or, if it suits him, he transforms it utterly, producing a flower unlike anything which has yet blossomed. He finds two trees, neither one, to his mind, filling its true place in the world;—he joins them and produces a new tree possessing the best of both. One such tree he has made which is now the most rapidly growing tree known in the temperate zones of the world, and one of the most prolific of all nut-producing trees.

He takes a small, unpalatable fruit, inferior in size and lacking in nutrition, and makes it over into another fruit, large, rich, toothsome, beautiful. A little daisy, small and imperfect, appealed to him one day, and he developed the insignificant flower into one several inches in diameter. He takes a flower with a large, showy bloom, a handsome creature among its more delicate companions, but having an offensive odor, and gives to it a delicate, fragrant scent. He has changed the hue of a yellow poppy into silver or amethyst or ruby. He has driven the pit from the plum and filled its

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place with substances rich, juicy, and sweet. He created a walnut with far thinner shell—so thin, indeed, that the hungry birds could perch upon the branches, drive their bills through it and rob the nut of its meat. This would not do, and he reversed the process and bred back until he had a nut of just the right shell thickness. Incidentally he drove the tannin from the walnut and has left the meat almost as white as snow.

The Shasta daisy, shown in comparison with the Ox-eye daisy in Mr. Burbank's hands.

He has created a white blackberry, large, luscious in flavor, beautiful to look upon. He has made rhubarb yield the entire year round, in garden or under glass.

Not satisfied with either the choicest plum or the apricot, he joined the two and produced a new fruit, naming it, from its parents, the plumcot, a rich, rare fruit, unlike father or mother, surpassing both.

To a plum, which needed richer flavor and flesh, he imparted the taste of the Bartlett pear. He made a new plum which would bear lavishly, and yet endure long on the market stalls. Known in other lands as he is, perhaps better than in his own country, his new plum was asked for a number of years ago by Cecil Rhodes for introduction into South Africa. It proved all that it had promised, and, some time since, to demonstrate its fitness and hardiness, a consignment of the plums was shipped from Cape Town to San Francisco, a distance of eighteen thousand miles, arriving at their destination in prime condition.

It should be noted in passing that nearly or quite twenty millions of dollars have been added to the wealth of the nation by reason of the Burbank potato, his first significant creation, when he was little more than a lad.

Before considering the man and his mode of work, attention may be called to one of the most wonderful things he has accomplished—the creation of the primus berry, the first recorded instance of the production of a fixed species by man. It is the offspring of the native California dewberry and the Siberian raspberry. He is now perfecting what has already nearly reached its last stages of development, a cactus plant bearing no spines or thorns. The vast desert spaces, where the cactus now thrives in defiance of rains, have been steadily inhospitable to cattle because of the thorns upon the cacti which prevent the cattle from eating an otherwise highly desirable plant. One day upon the grounds of Mr. Burbank at Santa Rosa, some fifty miles north of the city of San Francisco, I made a photograph of a giant cactus higher than a fence, with leaves a foot in length by six or eight inches in width and nearly an inch thick, which was very nearly thornless. Another

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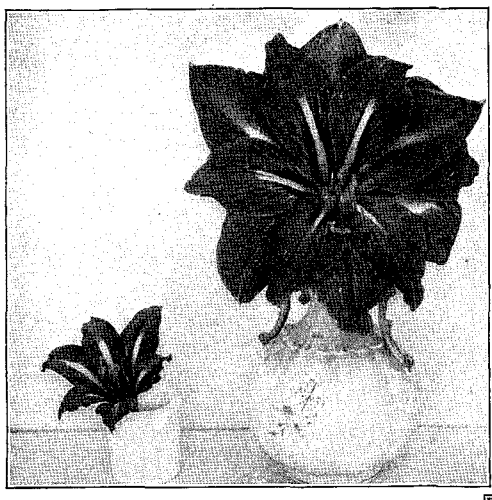


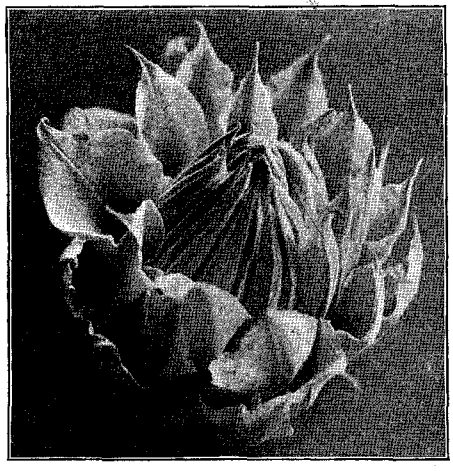
The development of the amaryllis.

The smaller one to the left is the ordinary bloom; the one to the right the flower as Mr. Burbank has developed it. The new flower is as beautiful as the old, nothing being lost in brilliancy or texture. The photograph was made from flowers blooming all winter in the open.

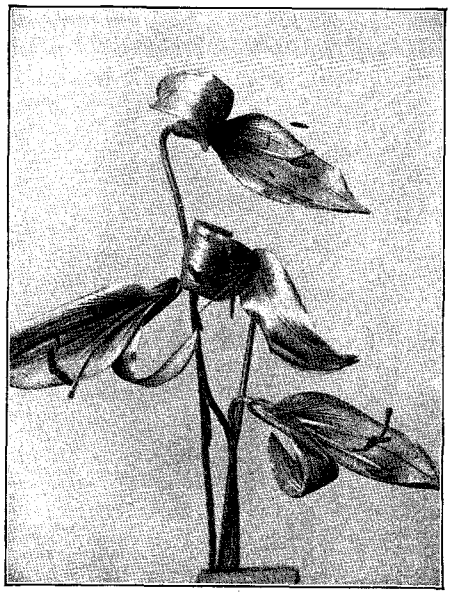
year or two and the thornless desert cactus will be ready for its mission.

I may not more than mention the sugar-prune, five or six times larger than the French prune whence it sprang; the hybrid amaryllis, which now, possessing all its own rare beauty and taking on new attractions, has been increased in size until a single bloom measures ten and one-half inches in diameter; marvellously improved lilies, cannas, and gladioli; a new race of clematis; columbines with blooms full three inches in diameter; a chestnut bearing nuts eighteen months after planting from the seed; these are but illustrations of the progress made by this man in many lines.

But in the midst of all this improvement in the flowers, the fruits, and the trees of the world, the intensely practical is never for a moment lost sight of. The size, flavor, texture, fragrance, beauty, nutritiousness—these must all conform to the actual conditions of everyday life. Each fruit or flower is



A double hybrid clematis.



A new and curious two-petaled seedling lily—a beautiful and unique flower.

challenged before it goes to the world. Can it, or can it not maintain itself under normal, average climatic and other conditions as well as it has been maintained under the magic influence of its creator? If it cannot, it is cast away as unworthy.

And how have these changes in plant life been accomplished?

At the foundation of it all are two causes:

1. The observance of the laws of Nature.

2. The absolute devotion of a life, possessed of marvellous patience, with an intelligence of high order.

There are no secrets in this man's life work. He is as open as a book. He is as ready to tell a friend of his methods, or a stranger seeking earnestly the secret of his power, as he is reticent and retiring when it comes to personal exploitation.

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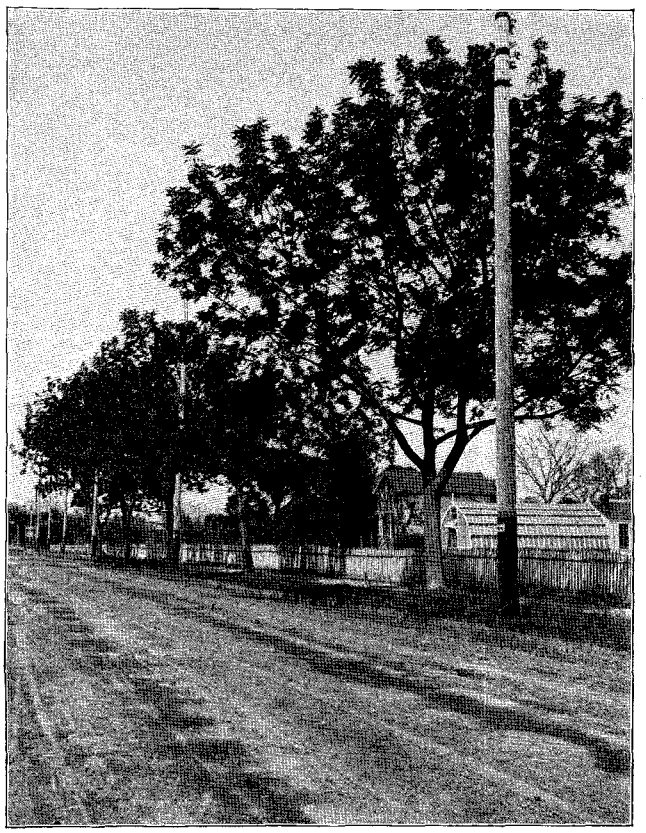
Appreciating keenly any intelligent and generous estimate of his work, he has never been swerved by flattery, he has never sacrificed the slightest fraction of gentleness, modesty, simplicity. While hating with a strong man's hatred all pretence and sham, he is yet so kind of heart that he has lost many a precious day by yielding to the importunities of the curious.



A row of the fastest growing trees in the temperate zone.
A species of walnut bred by Mr. Burbank.

The keynote of the great work which he has accomplished and which is but now fairly begun, is selection, selection combined with breeding, but selection first, last, and all the time. He has before him a given plan, one long cherished, perhaps, and at last ready for development; for example, the creation of a new, or the ennoblement of an old, flower. At the outset he may breed together two separate flowers in order to create what may be termed a working basis, sprinkling the pollen of the one flower upon the stigma of the other, and thus producing a new flower which perhaps breaks away from the form and character of either parent.

Following up this comes the selection of the very best flowers created from a series of such breedings—those that approach nearest the ideal toward which he is working; and so the work progresses, always the best plants selected for further work, the best in form, in vitality, in color, in general character. Season by season the work goes forward, until, after years have elapsed, years of anxiety, of failure, of discouragements, the end sought is reached, and the new flower takes its place among its fellows.

Frequently strange variations appear, wholly apart from the line of work in hand; and these are followed up with the intensest interest and care, in order that any new results may be developed. These are not the chief factors, they are ever subordinate, but they may become of wonderful potency. Out of many thousands of new plants whose life course is watched with such infinite pains, perhaps not half a dozen will prove of any value, but this half-dozen, this single one, indeed, is counted worth all the years of toil.

Very much budding or grafting is done, and hundreds of different and allied fruits may be growing at the same time upon one tree. An infinite variety is the result, thousands upon thousands of which are utterly valueless, or, which is as fatal, are no better than those already in existence. In the production of the primus berry noted above, he secured five thousand seedlings from the many crosses made, and though they produced strange, and, indeed, marvellous results, some of them being the most uncanny and grotesque affairs ever seen, yet not a single plant was found to be of any permanent value, and

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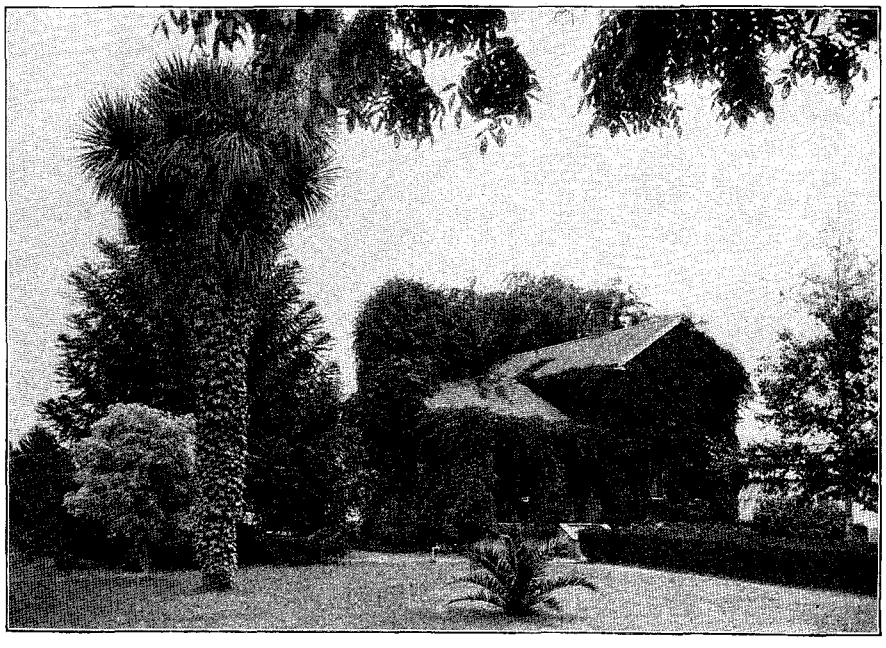
On the grounds of the experimental farm at Sebastopol.

they were all destroyed. Nine hundred thousand berry bushes, one and two years of age, were torn up and burned in bonfires in a single season—not one of them was able to prove its right to live.

To accomplish all this requires judgment of the highest order, infinite patience, unique powers of perception, a certain rare audacity which hesitates at no combinations, and, above all, knowledge—not the



Mr. Burbank's home at Santa Rosa, California.

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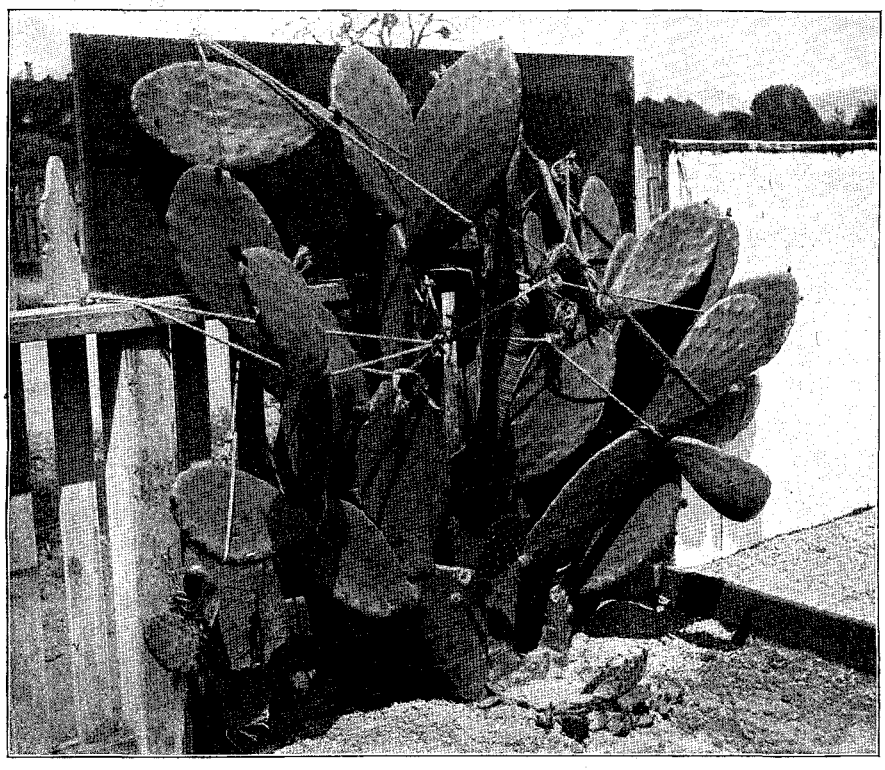
knowledge of the books, nor the information imparted in the schools, but that fine, subtle, intimate knowledge which is acquired in no other way than by a direct and constant study of Nature herself.

You will see nothing wonderful in this man's surroundings. You will find no vast conservatories, no splendidly furnished laboratories, no costly equipment; all you will find is the earth and the man.



Cactus plant photographed on Mr. Burbank's grounds at Santa Rosa.

It is nearly free from all spines or thorns, though the places show on the leaves where the thorns should have been. Other plants now under way are thornless. The desert promises to be thus stripped of one of its greatest annoyances and dangers.

When Mr. Burbank left his New England home twenty-eight years ago and became a California nurseryman, he rapidly advanced in his business, and reaped a generous harvest. To-day, as each "creation" comes from his hand, dealers in rare plants and fruits in Europe, Asia, Australia, and Africa, and in his own land, are eagerly waiting the chance to buy; and yet, notwithstanding all, not a year passes when he does not eat up all his profits and steadily encroach upon his hard-earned store in order to meet the steadily increasing demands of his investigations.

For the last five or six years he has been robbed by the unthinking public. People who have heard of his work and of the strange things he has accomplished at his home at Santa Rosa and at the experimental farms at Sebastopol, some seven miles distant, visit the place with no other motive than the idlest curiosity, are received with unfailing courtesy, and in many cases, utterly losing sight of the tremendous demands of his every hour, waste many hours of his time. He has no endowment from any individual, government, state, university or other source, his grounds are private and the public has no right, moral, social, or legal, to trespass upon his time or his premises.

In person Mr. Burbank is slender almost to frailness. He is in the prime of life, being but just past fifty years of age. He is a

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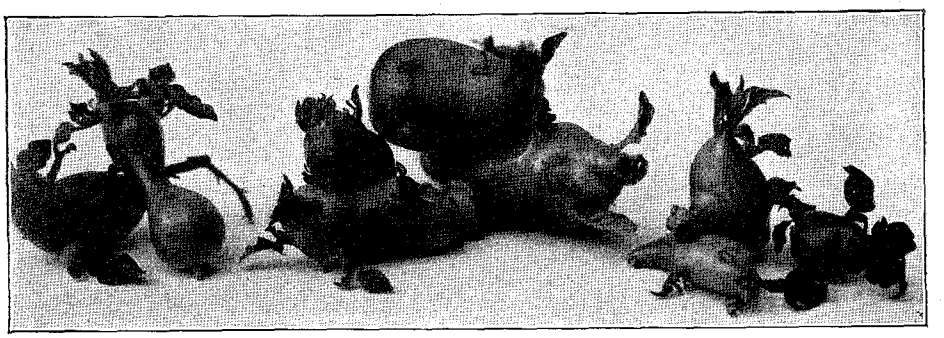

A tomato-potato.

tireless worker, spending many hours each day at his experimental grounds, or, when in search of some wild flower combination, roaming over the mesas and the low mountains alone with absorbing quest until he has found what he needs for the propagation under way. He has found scant time or inclination for literary expression. I do not think he has written more than two short papers upon his work, and these delivered before small bodies of interested people with no expectation of their ever going further than the ears of his auditors. Yet, in these two short papers, his clarity of vision appears, and his saneness of purpose, and devotion to the noblest in nature.

In one of these addresses he defines the chief end of the botanists of yesterday to be the study and classification of dried, shrivelled plant mummies, whose souls had fled, rather than the living, plastic forms of life, while he holds this plant life to be as plastic to the hand of man as the clay of the potter. Side lights are thrown upon his life by such expressions as these:

Weeds are weeds because they are jostled, crowded, cropped, and trampled on, scorched by fierce heat, starved, or perhaps suffering with cold, wet feet, tormented by insect pests or lack of nourishing food and sunshine. There is not a weed alive which will not, sooner or later, respond liberally to good cultivation and persistent selection.

In the profound changes in plant life no powder is burned, no big guns brought forth, no martial music is heard—these are destroyers, not producers; the beneficent forces of Nature are like truth itself, quiet, but persistent, and all-powerful.

Everything we now have in fruits, flowers, vegetables, or grain, has been brought to the present state by education and selection, they have all travelled the same road, ever upward and onward, under the tender care of the horticultural missionaries of the past, who really knew but very little of the possibilities of plant life or the transcendent forces which Nature has placed in the keeping of plants for the growth and uplift of humanity.

A day will come when the earth will be transformed, when man shall offer his brother man not bullets nor bayonets, but richer grains, better fruits, fairer flowers.

At the meeting of the California Academy of Science, held in the city of San Francisco on the evening of May 18, 1903, a beautiful gold medal was displayed, struck in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Academy and in honor of Luther Burbank, in recognition of his noble services to mankind.

A new and very beautiful amaryllis.

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Drawn by A. B. Frost.

Perry Thomas stands confronting the English warrior.—Page 64.

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THE SOLDIER OF THE VALLEY

BY NELSON LLOYD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

CHAPTER VIII

BOOKS! Books! Eternal, infernal books! The sun was printing over the floor the shadow skeleton of the juniper tree by the westerly window. That always told me it was one o'clock. And one o'clock meant books again—three long hours of wrangling with dull wits, of fencing with sharper ones; three long hours of a-b-abs, of two-times-twos and three-times-threes; hours of spelling and of parsing, hours of bounding and describing. With it all, woven through it, now swelling, now dying away, now broken by a shrill cry of pain or anger, was the ceaseless buzzing of the school. There was no rest for the eye, even. The walls were white, their glare was baneful, and through the chalk-dust mist the rustling field of young heads suggested anything but peace and repose to one of my calling. That was the field I worked in.

I had been with Tim. His letter from New York was in my hands, and over and over I had read it, until I knew every twist in the writing. In the reading I had been carried away from myself, and seemed to be beside him in his battle in the world, laying about with him right lustily. Then by force of habit I had looked up and had seen the shadow of the juniper tree. I was back again in my prison. And it was books!

"Brace up there, Daniel Arker, and quit your blubbering!" I cried.

Daniel was a snuffler. Whenever I had a companion in the schoolhouse at the noon recess, it was generally this lad, and when he was there he was nursing a wound and snuffling. If there was any trouble to be got into, if there was a flying ball to come in contact with, ice to break through or a limb to snap, Daniel never failed to be on hand. Then he would burst rudely into my solitude and while I sopped cold water over his injured members, he would blubber. When I turned from him into my own corner by the window, the blubber would die away into a snuffle, and there he would sit, his head buried in his hands, snuffling and snuffling until books.

Now I spoke sharply to the boy. He raised his head and fixed one red eye on me, for the other was hidden by his hand.

"I guesst you was never hit on the eye by a ball, was ye?" he stuttered.

"I guess I have been," was my reply. "I was a good round-town player, and you never saw me crying like that, either."

"I was playin' sock-ball," snuffled the boy, and a solitary tear rolled down his snub nose. He flicked it away with his right hand, and this act disclosed to me a great bluish swelling, from under which a bit of eye was twinkling mournfully at me. The boy was hurt; my heart went out to him, for the memory of my own sock-ball and tickley-bender days came back to me.

"Come, come," I said more kindly, laying a hand on the black head. "Brace up, Daniel, for I must call the others in, and you don't want them to see you crying. Dare to be like the great Daniel, who wasn't even afraid of the wild beasts."

"But Dan'el in the Lions' Den never played sock-ball," whimpered the boy, covering each eye with a chubby fist as he rubbed away the traces of his tears.

Beware, Daniel Arker! Form not in my mind such a picture as that of the mighty prophet in his robes being "it." Over the mantel in our parlor we have a picture of the lions' den, and it is one of the choicest of our family treasures. Whence it came, we do not know. Even my mother, familiar as she was with the minutest detail of our family history as far back as my grandfather's time, could not tell that; but I know we always believed it to be one of the world's great pictures that by some strange chance had come into our possession. How well I remember my keen disappointment on learning that it was not a photograph.

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It took me years to convince Tim of that, and we consoled ourselves that at least it had been drawn by one who was there. Else how could he have done it so accurately? For the likeness of Daniel was splendid! The great prophet of Babylon must have looked just like that. He must have sat on a boulder in the middle of the rocky chamber, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, one hand resting languidly on the head of a mighty lion, a sandalled foot using another hoary mane as a footstool. There were lions all around him, and how they loved him! You could see it in their eyes. Tip Pulsifer told me once that Daniel had them charmed, and that he was looking so intently at the ceiling because he was repeating over and over again the mystic words—probably Dutch—that his grandfather had taught him. One slip—and I should see the fiery flash return to the eyes of the beasts! One slip—and they would be upon him! To Tip I replied that this was preposterous, as Babylon lived before there was any Dutch, and there being no Dutch, how could there be effective charms? Daniel was saved by a miracle. But Tip is slow witted. Charms were originally called miracles, he said. The miracle was the father of the charm. Folks would say there were no charms to-day, yet they would believe in charms that were worked a few thousand years ago, only they called them miracles. It was useless to argue with a thick fellow like Tip. I had always preferred to think of Daniel stilling the wild beasts by the grandeur of his soul, and the suggestion that I drag him from his throne, king of men and king of beasts, and picture him playing sock-ball, doing a double shuffle with his sandalled feet, tossing his long robe wildly about, now leaping, now dodging, to avoid the flying sphere—it was too much. It angered me.

"You should be ashamed of yourself, Daniel Arker!" I cried. "The idea of a boy that comes of good church folks like yours talking that way about one of the prophets. I'll dally with you no more. The boys shall see you as you are. It's books!"

I threw the window open and shouted, "Books!" I pounded on the ledge with my ruler and shouted, "Books!"

For a minute the boys feigned not to see me, and played the harder, trying to drown my cries in their yells to the runners on the bases. But the girls took up my call and came trooping schoolward. The little boys began to break away, and soon the school resounded with the shuffle of feet, the clatter of empty dinner pails, and the banging of desk tops.

"It's books, William; hurry," I cried to the last laggard.

I knew this boy well. He was the biggest in the school, and to hold his position among his fellows he had to defy me. As long as I watched him, he must lag. The louder I called, the deafer he must seem to be. His post was hemmed around by tradition. It was his by divine right, and it involved on its holder duties sometimes onerous, often dangerous; but for him to abate one iota of his privileges would be a reflection on his predecessors, an injustice to his heirs. It would mean scholastic revolution. He knew that I must yell at him. My position also was hemmed about by tradition. To appear not to fear the biggest boy was one of the chief duties of a successful pedagogue. We understood one another. So I yelled once more and closed the window. The moment my back was turned he ran for the door.

"It is," Daniel Arker was shouting.

"It ain't," Samuel Carter retorted, sticking out his tongue.

"Boys, be quiet!" I commanded.

"He said his eye was swole worse 'an mine oncet," cried Daniel.

His good eye was blazing, his shoulders were squared back, and his fists were clenched. There was no sign of a snuffle about him now. Heaven, but he looked fine! All this time I had wronged Daniel. I had only known him as he crawled to me broken and bruised after the conflict. I had never known the odds he had encountered, for when I questioned him he just snuffled. Now I saw him before the battle, ready to defend his honor against a lad of more than his years and size, and the wickedest fighter in the school. I believed that had I let him loose there he would have whipped. But one in my position is hemmed in by tradition, so in my private capacity I was patting the boy's head with the same motion that I used in my public capacity to push him into his seat, while with a crutch I made a feint at Samuel that sent him scurrying to his place.

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The biggest boy in the school sauntered in. He carefully upset three dinner pails from the shelves in the rear as he hung up his hat. I reprimanded him most severely, but I finished my lecture before he had replaced the cans. Then he shuffled to his place and got out a book as a sign that school might begin.

Now, I always liked that biggest boy. He knew his position so well. He knew just how far it was proper for him to go, and never once did he overstep those bounds. He held the respect and fear of his juniors without making any open breach with the teacher. But in one way William Bellus had been peculiarly favored. His predecessors had to deal with Perry Thomas, and in spite of his gentle ways and intellectual cast, Perry is active and wiry. He is a blacksmith by trade, and is the leading tenor in the Methodist choir. This makes a combination that for staying powers has few equals. My biggest boy's predecessor had been utterly broken. Even the girls jeered at him until he quit school entirely. But William had another problem. It was the disappointment of his life that Perry Thomas retired just as he came into power. He had declared at a mass-meeting behind the woodshed that it was a gross injustice on the part of the directors to put a crippled teacher in charge of the school. Where now was glory to be gained? They would have a schoolma'am next, like they done up to Popolomus, and none but little boys, and girls not yet out of plaits, would be so servile as to suffer such domination. Mark Hope, the soldier, he honored! Mark Hope, the veteran, he revered! Mark Hope, the teacher, he despised; for his crutches made him a safe barricade against which no Biggest Boy with a spark of honor would dare to hurl himself. There might be in the school boys base enough to charge that he lacked spirit in his attitude of armed neutrality. Let those traducers step forward, whether they be two or a dozen. What would follow, the Biggest Boy did not say; but he had pulled off his coat, and there was none to dispute him. His position was established. Thereafter he assumed toward me a calm indifference. He was never openly offensive. He always kept within certain carefully laid bounds of supercilious politeness. At first he was exasperating, and I longed to have him forget himself and overstep those bounds, that I might make up for his disappointment in being cheated out of Perry Thomas. But he never did.

To-day William Bellus really opened the school, for not till he had buried his face in his book did the general buzz begin.

That buzz was maddening. For three long hours I had to sit there and listen to the children as they droned over and over their lessons. Yet this was my life's work. To my care Six Stars had intrusted her young, and I should be proud of that trust and earnest in its fulfilment. But Tim's letter was in my pocket. It was full of the big things of this life. It told of great struggles for great prizes, and the chalk dust choked me when I thought of him, and then turned to myself as I stood there, trying to demonstrate to half a dozen girls and boys that the total of a single column of six figures was twenty-four. Tim had been promoted and was a full-fledged clerk now. There were many steps ahead for him, but he was going to climb them rung by rung; and what joy there is in drawing one's self up by one's own strength! I was at the top of my ladder—at the very pinnacle of learning in Black Log. Even now I was unfolding to the marvelling eyes of the children of the valley the mysteries of that great science, physical geography. I was explaining to them the trend of the Rockies and the Himalayas, and of other mountains I should never see; I was telling them why it snowed, and unfolding the phenomena of the aurora borealis. Alexander with no more worlds to conquer was a sorry spectacle. We pedagogues who have mastered physical geography are Alexanders. But if I was bound to the pinnacle of learning so I could neither fly nor sink, I could at least watch Tim as he struggled higher and higher. And Mary was watching with me! That was what made my work that day seem doubly irksome and the hours trebly long; for she was waiting to hear from him, and when the sun seemed to rest on the mill gable I should be free to go to her. So the minutes dragged. It made me angry. Ordinarily I speak quietly to the scholars, but now I fairly bellowed at Chester Holmes, who was reading in such a loud tone that he disturbed me and called me to the real business of the moment.

"Don't say Dooglas!" I cried.

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"That's the way Teacher Thomas used to say it," retorted Chester, sitting down on the long bench where the Fifth Reader class was posted.

"D-o-u-g—dug—Douglas," I snapped. "'Douglas round him drew his cloak.' Now, Ira Snarkle, you may read five lines, beginning with the second stanza."

Ira was very tall for his sixteen years. His clothes had never caught up to him, for his trousers always failed by two inches to grasp his shoe-tops, and his coat had a terrible struggle to touch the top of his trousers. For the shortness of the sleeves he partly compensated with a pair of bright red worsted wristers. When he bent his elbows the sleeves flew up his arms, and these wristers became the most conspicuous thing in his whole attire.

Ira was holding his book in the correct position now, so I saw a length of bare arms embraced at the wrists by brilliant bands of red.

"'My manors, halls, and bowers shall still be open at my soveryne's will,'" chanted the boy.

He paused, and to illustrate the imperious humor of the Scot, he waved his fingers and a red wrister at me. The gesture unnerved him for a moment, and he had to go thumbing over the page to find his place. He caught it again and chanted on—"'At my sover-sover-yne's will. To each one whom he lists, however unmeet to be the owner's peer.'"

Again the boy waved the fingers and the red wrister at me. Again he paused, gathering himself for the climax. That gesture was abominable, but at such a time I dared not interrupt.

"'My castles are my king's alone from turret to foundation stone,'" he cried. The red wrister flashed beneath my eye. Ira had even forgotten his book and let it fall to his side. He took a step forward; paused with one knee bent and the other stiff; extended his right arm and shouted, "'The hand of Dooglas is his own, and never shall in friendly grasp, the hand of sech as Marmy-yon clasp.'"

Well done, Ira! The proud Marmion must indeed have trembled until his armor rattled if the Scot bellowed at him in that way and shook a red wrister so violently under his very nose. Excellent, Ira; you put spirit in your reading. One can almost picture you beneath Tantallion's towers, drawing your cloak around you and giving cold respect to the stranger guest. But why say "Dooglas"?

"S-o-u-p spells soup," answered Ira loftily, to my question. "Then D-o-u-g must spell doog."

"I tell you it's Douglas. 'The hand of Douglas is his own!'" I cried. At the mention of the doughty Scot I pounded the floor with my crutch and repeated "Dug—dug—dug."

"But Teacher Thomas allus said Doog," exclaimed Chester Holmes.

"I don't care what Teacher Thomas said," I retorted. "You must say Dug—Dug—Douglas."

"But Teacher Thomas is the best speaker they is," piped in Lulu Ann Nummler from the end of the bench.

"I don't care if Teacher Thomas can recite better than Demosthenes himself," I snapped. "In this school we say Douglas." My crutch emphasized this mandate, but I could not see how it was received, for every scholar's face was hidden from me by a book.

"Now, Abraham, six lines."

Abraham Lincoln Spiker was two years younger than Ira Snarkle, but he seemed much taller and correspondingly thinner. In our valley the boys have a fashion of being born long, and getting shorter and fatter as they grow older. Abraham's mother in making his clothes had provided against the day when he would weigh two hundred pounds, and consequently his garments hung all around him, giving him an exceedingly dispirited look. His hair relieved this somewhat, for it was white and always stood gayly on end, defying brush and comb. Daniel Arker, a sturdy black-haired lad, would have done fuller justice to the passage that fell to Abraham, for the Spiker boy with his gentle lisp never shone in elocution; but our reading class is a lottery, as we go from scholar to scholar down the line. The lot falling to him, Abraham pushed himself up from the bench, grasped his book fiercely with both hands, and fixed his eyes intently on the ceiling.

"Go on," I commanded kindly.

"'Fierth broke he forth,'" lisped the boy.

"Louder. Put some spirit in it," I cried. "'Fierce broke he forth!'" And my crutch beat the floor.

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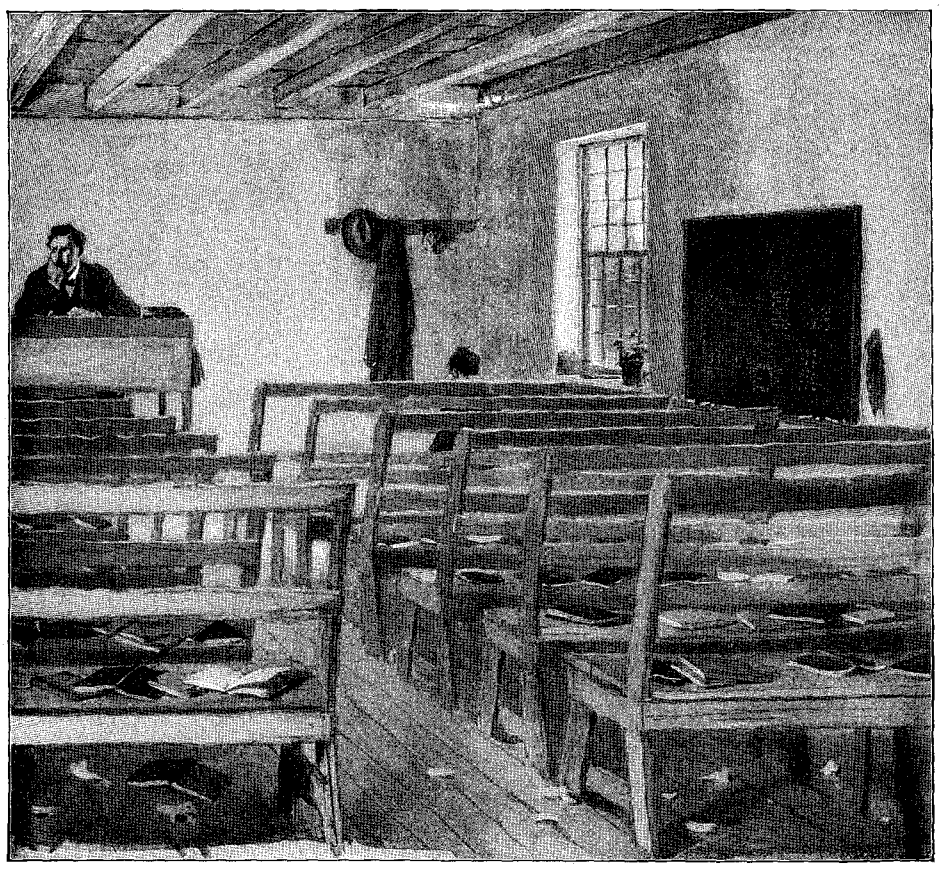

I was back again in my prison.—Page 57.

" 'Fierth broke he forth, and durtht thou then to bared——"

"To beard," I corrected.

" 'Bared the lion in hith den—the Doog-dug-lath——' " Abraham stopped and took a long breath. I just gazed at him.

" 'In hith hall,' " he shouted. " 'And h-o-p-hop e-s-t-hopest thou then unthscathed to go.' "

The boy's knees began to bend under him, and he was reaching a long, thin arm out behind hunting for the bench. He was fleeing. I knew it. I warned him.

"No—go on—read on."

Abraham sighed and drew his sleeve across his mouth from the elbow to the tips of his fingers. Then he sang:

" 'Noby — Thent Bride — of Both — wellno — updraw — bridgegrooms — whatward — erho — lettheportculluthfall!' "

Young Spiker collapsed.

" 'Lord Marmion turned; well was his need,' " I cried, "if Douglas ever addressed him in that fashion."

"Now watch me, boys," I added. And with as much fire as I could kindle in so short a time and under conditions so dampening, I thundered the resounding lines: " 'No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no! Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!' "

" 'Let the portcullis fall!' " This last command rang from the back of the room. Perry Thomas stood there smiling.

"I couldn't have done it better myself, Mark," he said. "It's a splendid piece—that Marmy-yon—ain't it—grand—noble. I love to say it."

"Teacher Thomas, Teacher Thomas," came in the shrill voice of Chester Holmes, "ain't it Dooglas?"

Perry was at my side, smiling benignly on the school. He really seemed to love the scholars; but Perry is a pious man, and

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seeks to follow the letter of the Scriptures, and the command is to love our enemies.

"Doogulus—Doogulus," he said. "Of course, boys, it's Doogulus."

The word seemed to taste good, he rolled it over and over so in his mouth.

"Teacher Hope says you ain't such a fine speaker after all," cried Lulu Ann Nummler from the distant end of the bench.

She is fifteen and should have known better, but the people of our valley are dreadfully frank sometimes, and this girl spoke in the clear, sharp voice of truth that cut through one. Perry turned quick as a flash and eyed me.

For a moment all I could do was to thump the floor and cry "Order! Silence! Lulu Ann Nummler, when you want to speak, you must hold up three fingers."

The three fingers shot up at once and waved at me, but I pretended not to see them and turned to my guest.

"'At my sover—sover—yne's will.'"—Page 60.

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"You'll begin to think you ain't there at all."—Page 66.

"I said, Perry, that you were not quite so great a speaker as Demosthenes," I stammered. Chester Holmes had three fingers up and Ira Snarkle was waving both hands, but I went calmly on: "They were telling me how beautifully you recited, and I was trying to instil into the piece a little of your spirit. But now that we have you here, I insist on your showing me and the school just how it is done."

Perry frowned fiercely on Lulu Ann Nummler, and the three fingers disappeared. On me he smiled.

"It's a great pleasure to me to be able to recite," he said. "To be able to repeat great po-ems at will, is to have a treasure you can allus carry with you while your voice lasts." All this was to the scholars. "There are three great arts in this world —singin', hand-paintin', and last but not least, speakin'. I try my hand at all of them except hand-paintin', and I wish to impress on all you scholars what a joy it is to oneself and one's friends to have mastered one of these muses. Singin' and speakin' are closely allied, startin' from the same source. And hand-paintin', it allus seemed to me, is really elocution in oils; for a be-yutiful picture is a silent talker. What suggestions it brings to us as we look upon a paintin' of a wreath of flowers, or fruit, or a handsome lady! This art is lastin'. Speakin' and singin' is over as soon as they is done. So I have often thought that had I only time I'd hand-paint; but bein' a busy man I've had to content myself with but two of the muses."

Perry paused a moment to rub his hands and smile. I did not miss this opportunity to break in, for I had no intention of listening to a dissertation on art as well as to a recitation.

"Now let us have your 'Marmion,'" I said.

He had forgotten all about "Marmion," and came back to the knight with a start and a cough. Then he gazed long at the floor. The school buzz died away, and you could hear the ticking of my little clock. Perry coughed again and I knew that he was started, so I settled down in my chair and gazed out of the window.

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"'But Doogulus round him drew his cloak," Perry was buttoning the two top buttons of his Prince Albert as his voice rang out. "'Folded his arms and thus he spoke.'"

Annagretta Holmes is only three years old. They send her to school to keep her warm and out of mischief. She sat on the very front row, right under Perry's eye. The poor child didn't understand why Teacher Thomas should stare so at her, and she let out one long unending bleat. This gave me a chance to send Lulu Ann Nummler out of the room in charge of the infant, and I rested easier, when Perry drew his Prince Albert around him once more and spoke.

A grand figure Perry would have made in Tantallion's towers. I forgot the school, and the village and the valley, as I sat there looking out of the window into the sky. I am in those towers when Marmion stops to bid adieu, but in place of the proud Scottish noble, Perry Thomas stands confronting the English warrior. What a pair they make—the knight armed cap-a-pie, standing at his charger's side, and Perry in that close-fitting, shiny coat that has seen so many great occasions in the valley. There is a gracious bigness about the Englishman

I saw a girl on the store porch.—Page 68.

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forgetting the cold respect with which he has been treated and offering a mailed hand in farewell. But Perry buttons his Prince Albert, waves his brown derby under the very vizor of the departing guest, rests easily on his right leg, bends the left knee slightly, folds his arms and speaks. "Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire." Little wonder! If Perry Thomas spoke to me like that I'd cleave his head. But Marmion spares proud Angus. He beards the Doogulus in his hall. He dashes the rowels in his steed, dodges the portcullis, and gallops over the draw. And Perry Thomas is left standing with folded arms, gazing through the chalk-dust haze into the solemn, wide open eyes of the children of Six Stars.

IX

PERRY'S head was close to mine, over my table. The school was studying louder than ever, and our voices could not have gone beyond the platform; but my friend was cautious. The scholars might well have thought that the whispered conference boded them ill; that the new teacher and the old teacher were hatching some conspiracy against them. It must have looked like it. Perry's elbows were on the table, and my elbows were on the table. My chin rested in my hands, but his hands were waving beneath my chin as he unfolded to me the plot he had just discovered against his hopes and his happiness. But the school was good. The second grammar class had been relieved from a recitation by this confab, and somehow Perry had a subduing influence. Even the Biggest Boy opened his desk quietly and never once looked up from his geography except for a cautious glance out of the corner of his left eye.

"There was a pile of 'em that high, Mark," said Perry, waving his hands about a foot above the table. "There was some books of po-ems and novels and such. He'd sent them all to her in one batch—all new, mind ye, too—and it pleased her most to death. Well, it made me feel flat, I tell you—so flat that when she asked me if I didn't think it was lovely of him, I burst right out and said it was really. What I should of done was kind of pass it off as if it didn't amount to much."

"Who is the young woman?" I asked.

"I ain't mentionin' names," Perry replied, "and I ain't givin' the name of the other man; but I have an idee you could guess if you kep' at it."

Our valley does not bloom with beautiful young women. We always have a few, but those few can be counted on one's fingers. Our valley does not number among its men many who can supplement their sentimental attentions with gifts of books. I knew of one. So it did not require much guessing on my part to divine the cause of Perry's heart-sickness; but as long as the other persons in his drama were anonymities, he would speak freely, so I relieved him by declaring solemnly that never in the world could I guess. I had always supposed him a lover of all women, a slave of none.

Perry smiled.

"I have kep' a good deal of company," he said. "On account of my fiddlin' and singin' and recitin' I've always had things pretty much my own way. It's opposition that's ruination. That's what shatters a man's heart and takes all his sperrit. As long as the game's between just a man and a girl there's nothin' very serious. One or the other loses, and you can begin a new game somewheres else. But when two men and one girl get a playin' three handed then it is serious; then it's desperate. A man has to th'ow his whole heart and mind into it, if he'd whip, and he gets so worked up he thinks his whole happiness to the end of time depends on his drivin' the other fellow to drownin' himself in the mill-dam."

"In other words, if you had not found another laying piles of books and such gifts at the feet of this fair one, whose name I can never guess, you would have fiddled to her and sung to her and recited to her until she said 'I love you.' Then you would have sought new heavens to conquer."

"That's about it," said Perry, smiling feebly. His face brightened. "You know how it is yourself, Mark. Mind how you kep' company once with Emily Holmes and nothin' come of it. She went off to Normal School in desperation—you mind that, don't ye?—and she married a school teacher from Snyder County—you mind that, don't ye? Now supposin' you and that Snyder

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County chap had been opposin' one another instead of you and Emily Holmes—I allow her name would have been changed to Emily Hope long ago, or you'd a-drownded yourself."

"But I never had any intention of marrying Emily Holmes," I protested.

"I know you didn't," Perry replied, thumping the table in triumph. "That's just the p'int. If the world was popilated by one man and one woman, they'd be a bachelor and an old maid. If there was two men and one woman, then one of the men would marry the old maid sure."

"Your meaning is more clear," I said.

Though Perry did not know it, I was meeting the same opposition that so aroused his ire. In part there was truth in what he said, for where opposition does not increase one's love, it surely quickens it. I doubt if I should have been making a journey nightly up the hill if I had not expected to find Weston there. Of Perry I had no fear, and it was not egotism in me to be indifferent to him. He lives so far down the valley. It's a long walk from Buzzard's Glory to Six Stars, and the road has many chuck-holes. Perry is a man-about-the-valley *par excellence*, but he is discreet, so it had chanced we met but once at Warden's, and that was on the night we heard the story of Flora Martin and the famine in India. He knew me still as a friend, and not regarding him as a rival, I treated him as a companion in arms. To be sure, I could not see where he could be of much assistance; but we had a common aim and a common foe. That made a bond between us. With that common foe disposed of, the bond might snap. Till then I was Perry's friend.

"I agree with you partly," I said. "Still, it seems to me a man should love a woman for herself—wholly, entirely for herself, and not because some other fellow has set his heart on her."

"You are right there, in part," Perry answered. "I have set my heart on a particular young lady, but the fact that another—a lean, cadaverous fellow with red whiskers and no particular looks or brains—is slowly pushing himself between us makes it worse. It aggravates me; it affects my appetite." Perry smiled grimly. "It drives away sleep. You know how it 'ud have been if that Snyder County teacher had been livin' in Six Stars when you was keepin' company with Emily Holmes."

"I don't know how it would have been at all," I retorted hotly.

"Well, s'posin' when you'd walked four miles to set up with her, and thought you had her all to yourself, s'pose this Snyder County teacher with red whiskers and little twinklin' eyes, and new clothes, come strollin' in, and stretched out in a chair like he owned her, and begin tellin' about all the countries he'd seen—about England and Rome, Injy and Africa—and she leaned for'a'd and looked up into his eyes and just listened to him talk, drank it all in like—s'pose all that, and then s'pose——"

"I'll suppose anything you like," said I, "except that I am in love with Emily Holmes and that the Snyder County teacher is putting me out. For example, let us put me in your place. I am enamoured of this fair unknown—of course I can't guess her name—and this second man, also unknown—he of the red whiskers, is my rival. Let us suppose it that way."

"If you insist," Perry replied. "Well then, you are settin' up with her. You've invited her to be your lady at the next spellin' bee between Six Stars and Turkey Walley, and she has said she'll think about it. Then you've told her that there is something wrong with you. You don't know what it is, 'ceptin' you feel all peekit like for no special reason; you can't eat no more, and sleep poorly and has sighin' spells. Then she kind of peeks at you outen the corner of her eye and smiles. S'posin' just then in comes this man and bows most polite, and tells you he is so delighted to see you, and makes her move from the settee where you are, to a rocker close to him; and leans over her and asks about the health of all the family as if they was his nearest and dearest; inquires about her dog; tells her she looks just like the portraits of his great-grandma. S'posin' she just kind of looks at the floor quiet-like or else up at him—you'll begin to think you ain't there at all, won't you? Then you'll concide that you are there but you oughtn't to be, and kind of slide out without your hat and forget your fiddle. I tell you, Mark, it's then love becomes a consumin' fire."

Perry looked at me appealingly. Men hesitate to speak of love—except to women. He had already shown a frankness that was

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surprising, but then with a certain deftness he had placed me in the position of the sentimental one with a problem to solve. He was seeking for himself a solution of that problem, and was appealing to me to help him.

"Suppose again," said I, "that going another day to see the girl, I found her purring over a pile of books—all new books—just given her by this same arrogant interloper." Perry was silent, but when I paused and looked at him, I saw in his face that I was arguing along the right line. "Then the question arises, what shall I do?"

Perry nodded.

"What would you do?" he said. "That's it exact."

"I'd meet him at his own game," I answered.

"With what?" he asked.

"With what?" I repeated.

There was the rub! With what? I sat with my head clasped between my hands trying to answer him.

"With what?" I repeated, after a long silence.

"S'posin' I got her a wreath." Perry offered the suggestion, and in his enthusiasm he forgot that in our premise I was the person concerned; but I was not loath to let him take on himself the burden of our perplexity.

"Is she dead?" I asked.

"I needn't get one of that kind," he solemnly replied. "Somethin' in autumn leaves ought to be nice."

"You might do better."

"A hand-paintin', then," he ventured timidly.

I smiled on this with more approval.

"They have some be-yutiful ones at Hopedale," he said with more heart. "The last time I was down I was lookin' at 'em. They've fine gold frames and——"

"Why send her a picture of a tree when the finest oak in the valley is at her door?" I protested. "Why send her a picture of a slate-colored cow when a herd of Durhams pastures every day right under her eye?"

"That's true," Perry answered. "Hand paintin's is meant for city folks. But what can a fellow get? A statue!" His eyes brightened. "That's just the thing—a statue of Washington or Lincoln or General Grant—how's that for an idee, Mark?"

"Excellent, if you are trying to make an impression on her uncle," I answered.

Perry shook his hands despairingly.

"You have come to a poor person at such business, Perry," said I. "What little I know of courting I have from books, and it seems to me that the usual thing is flowers—violets—roses."

My friend straightened up in his chair and gazed at me very long and hard. From me his eyes wandered to the calendar that hung behind my desk.

"November—November," he muttered. "A touch of snow too—and violets and roses."

He leaned toward me fiercely. "Violets come in May," he said. "This here is a matter of weeks."

"I'm serious, Perry," said I. "Books are the thing, and flowers; not wreaths and statutes and paintings. You must send something that carries some sentiment with it."

He saw that I was in earnest, and his countenance became brighter.

"Geraniums," he muttered, thumping the table. "I'll get Mrs. Arker to let me have one of them window plants of hers, and I'll put it in a new tomato can and paint it. How's that for a starter?"

"I've never read about men sending geraniums," I replied. "It's odd, but I never have. I suppose the can makes them seem a little unwieldy. Still——"

"I had thought of a fortygraph album." Perry spoke timidly again.

I had no mind to let him venture any more suggestions. His was too fickle a fancy, and I had settled on an easy solution of the problem. He was to send her a geranium. Somehow, I knew deep down in my own heart, ill versed as I am in such things, that I should never send her such a gift myself. I would climb to the top of Gander Knob for a wild rose or rhododendron; I would stir the leaves from the gap to the river in search of a simple spray of arbutus for her. But step before her with my arms clasping a tin can with a geranium plant? Heaven forbid! Perry was different. The suggestion pleased him. He was rubbing his hands and smiling in great contentment.

"I might send a po-em with it," he said. "I've allus found that poetry kind of catches ahold of a girl when you are away.

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It keeps you in her mind. It must be sing-song, though, kind of gittin' into her head like quinine. It must keep time with the splashin' of the churn and the howlin' of the wind. I mind when I was keepin' company with Rhoda Spiker—she afterwards married Ulysses G. Harmon, of Hopedale—I sent her a po-em that run somethin' like this: 'I live, I love, my Life, my Light; long love I thou, Sweetheart so bright——"

Perry's po-em never got into my brain, for as he repeated the captivating lines, I was gazing over his shoulder, out of the window, down the road to the village. I saw a girl on the store porch, standing by the door a moment as if undecided which way to go. Then she turned her head into the November gale and came rapidly up the road. In a minute more she would be passing the schoolhouse door. Tim's letter was in my pocket and the sun was still high over the gable of the mill.

"Rhoda sent me a postal asking me to write her a po-em full of Ks or Xs or Ws, just so as she could get the Ls out of her head, and——"

"Perry!" I broke right into his story and seized the lapel of his waistcoat as though he were my dearest friend. "My girl is going by the schoolhouse door this very minute. Now you help me. Take the school for the rest of the afternoon."

"Your girl?" cried Perry. His voice broke from the smothered conference tone and the school heard it and tittered. He recovered himself and poked me in the chest.

"Oh!" he said, "Widow Spoonholler—I seen you last Sunday singin' offen the same book—I seen you. Hurry, Mark, hurry; and luck to you! You've done me 'most a mighty good turn."

(To be continued.)

THE RUN ON THE BULL HILL BANK

By George Daulton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. N. MARCHAND

HOLLISTER threw his bulky Sunday paper on the scoured whiteness of one of Jimmie's deal tables, and taking a painted chair, tilted it back to a comfortable balance and felt at home.

Chicago, that had outgrown his recognition, stretched flat as the table for more than twenty miles southerly along the lake, and a big, ugly lake freighter, new and strange to him in design, was slowly ploughing over a vast pool of sunshine that floated off-shore in Lake Michigan's blue. He had made his money and had returned home to live, as he had always promised himself, and now he was feeling homesick for the rough mining camp in the Rockies he had left but Thursday. He wondered, as he glanced out at the fashionable suburb on the opposite side of Devon Avenue, if he would ever again admire such shaven and clipped greenery, and the accurate alignment that made the macadam, the curb, and the boulevard lamps disappear at the point of a perfect perspective. But here in the little lake-side restaurant he felt at home again, for "Jimmie's place" on the skirt of Edgewater, was merely a sheltering roof reared on enough posts to support it and inclosed in wire gauze, and Jimmie's little lean-to kitchen, hiding no unclean mysteries from the open view of his custom, reminded Hollister of his own tar-paper shack where he had "bached it" so long on the side of Bull Hill.

The queer little resort was deserted, but human interest was in the drift-wood fire, that was making audible protest at its confinement behind the dampers of Jimmie's shining range, and his bright copper kettle that was softly singing to itself. The neighborhood seemed to be still asleep; while Hollister glanced over his paper it was so quiet he could hear the gritty

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crackle of bicycle tires wheeling down Sheridan Road, the hiss and puff of escaping air from the brakes of a trolley car three blocks away, and the pounding of a gasolene roadster coming up the shore.

Presently, as if by a signal, the vicinity awoke, a heavy door gave a muffled bang, and Hollister saw Dunham, in summer attire, strolling in and out of the shade of Kenmore Avenue to breakfast at the little café. Jimmie suddenly appeared from behind the breakwater with a fish basket, and the automobile, having a case of spasmodic sniffles that bespoke some serious disorder, turned into Devon.

"I'm glad you didn't take my laughing invitation to breakfast at Jimmie's as a joke," greeted Dunham, hurriedly entering as Jimmie came scuffling in from the sand. "I wasn't sure of you, or I'd have been here sooner. In the unusual quiet of a house just deserted for the summer I am likely to oversleep. Jimmie, I was praising your breakfasts to Mr. Hollister last night. What can you give us this morning?"

Jimmie grinned and raised the lid of his basket. Upon a bed of the grape leaves, with which his arbor was shaded, four shining white fish were lying, fresh from the lake.

"Well, it isn't good for some folks to go up into the mountains too suddenly," returned Hollister, in answer to Dunham's apology when the breakfast had been ordered. "On the other hand, I came down too quickly. I had to seek the open this morning; the change from the crate and cracker-box architecture on the shoulder of Bull Hill to that——" Hollister nodded toward the big terra-cotta balls crowning the stately gables of his sister's home—"was too sudden; I had to get out."

By fits and starts the automobile fussed nearer and nearer, and while Dunham was serving the melons out of their bed of crushed ice, the machine broke down, apparently not to be cajoled into making its elephantine wheels go by Jimmie's screen door. The huge vehicle was an interesting novelty to Hollister, and Dunham's witticism against the constant liability of all its kind to need repair was lost on him, while he intently watched the perspiring and irritating tinkering of the auto driver upon some part within its intricate vitals.

The automobilist arose with an impatient jerk and softly cursed the machine, while he grabbled for something in the tool box; then he dashed the box-lid shut, and with a red and angry face strode into the restaurant to order a cup of coffee.

"Am I right in guessing that you need a washer?" asked Hollister, as the man impatiently glanced at his watch.

"Why, yes," replied the other, as he took a hasty draught of coffee and glanced again at his watch. "I have lost all together nearly thirty minutes from my record for just one little washer. You haven't such a thing about you?"

The question was impudently put, but Hollister arose beaming and brought up from the depth of his trousers pocket a handful of gold, from which he picked three ordinary iron washers.

"Then, I think, I can fit you out," said he. "Here are three sizes. You are welcome to the one you need."

The auto driver stood dumb for an instant with his cup raised in his hand.

"Well, for the love of heaven! The very thing!" he burst out. "Thank you, sir, thank you! This one is just it!"

He dashed out to his car, and the machine was soon pounding away as wickedly as at best.

"It's all right!" he called. "You've saved my life. Thank you again, and sorry you're not jogging with me."

"If it were expensive enough to be fashionable they would ride threshing machines, and then I'd buy wheat for all I was worth," remarked Dunham, gazing after the automobile as it thumped out of sight. "I never saw your equal, Hollister, in an emergency," he added. "Thrown out of a three-pair-of-stairs window you would alight on your feet as careless as a cat."

Hollister laughed, and spun the two remaining washers on the table.

"No," he said, "the virtue is in the washers. There are times, of course, when events seem to fall in a sequence that is inevitably all one way: sometimes for good that all perdition can't prevent; sometimes for bad that heaven itself cannot help. The Bull Hill Bank had such a run of luck while I was with it—a run that was nothing but evil, until a few bags of these little iron washers never said a word, but turned in and put the concern on Easy Street."

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"I didn't know," interposed Dunham, "that solid little institution was ever anywhere but on 'Easy Street.'"

"My boy," returned Hollister, "if you had known the bank a matter of twelve years ago you would have thought it was doing business at No. 13 Thirteenth Street. It was shortly after I went out to the mountains," he continued, "kid that I was, and, like a young goat, jocularly daring anything. Why, I took up two or three gross of mining claims, annexing enough of the hills and gulches of the Spring Valley country to cover a congressional district, if they could have been flattened out on a prairie State. A bank is *the* place for marketing and financing mining deals, and it was for that reason, and that the work would still leave me ample time for the outside care of my property and the development of the Alma Mater Mine, that I accepted Hadley's offer to make me his assistant.

"The Bull Hill Bank was as good a concern as any of its class in the mountains—nearly all of them had done a more or less wild-cat business. Hadley had the pride of a young financier; if he had ever jeopardized the depositors by certain little manipulations of securities and accounts, it was only to make a showy balance for the stockholders, and that is what many another young and ambitious bank has done and grown into a steady-going institution, with never a day of precious excitement to enliven the monotony of its eminently respectable money-getting career. Bull Hill had sown its wild oats when I went into it, but it was certainly caught off its base that fall.

"I had been with the bank some eight or nine months when the run of bad luck struck us. First there was an utter collapse of some mining stocks in our district, which made slumps in others, all involving the bank and many of its depositors in irritating losses and settlements. It wasn't our fault that the Dial pinched out, nor that the water raised in the Olentangy nearly to the grass roots, nor that the manager of the Golden Zone overworked the mine and then lit out with everything in sight; but everybody was mad at us for the perfectly legitimate settlements that grew out of them. We lost a few accounts, but it was not till we had to withdraw our patronage from two of our depositors, Mosier and Rand, an assayer and a prospector, whose rascality lost us the commission on the sale of a mine, that the malcontents began to get it back at us.

"Hadley had been called to Chicago to promote some of our mining deals, and I was in charge with old Blasland, our president, merely a fussy old figurehead, subject to bad turns with his heart. Things were running smoothly enough, but our working funds, which we usually kept in the neighborhood of forty thousand dollars, had been suddenly checked low by some of our ranchers, who were buying stock, and I was just thinking I would have to wire our Denver correspondent for ten thousand by express, when in walked the two glowering gentlemen I have mentioned and drew out their measly accounts, and before the bank closed two or three others had followed suit.

"Things were beginning to look serious and the old man nearly had a fit. We sent a cipher dispatch to Denver for thirty thousand dollars, and closed the safe with less than twenty thousand in it—Blasland, in his nervous meddling, attending to the time "lock" himself.

"I was at the bank bright and early the next morning, but the old gentleman was there before me, looking pale and anxious, with a message from the Denver bank, stating that our telegram had been delivered too late to make the Overland Express, and that they would ship the money the following day. We would have to run the bank, then, for the next twenty-six hours on the money we had in the safe.

"I was mechanically filing the telegram in a tumult of thought of how we should bluff our way through the day, when Robert, our clerk, rushed out of the vault. 'I can't get the safe open,' he panted; 'I've tried my best, but the lock is set!'

"We all crowded into the vault, even to Jerry, our watchman and janitor. I threw myself upon the handles of the screw door, but it was as solid as though it were welded in its place. I hoped that the little lock setting the screw bar had failed to act, but Robert showed us how freely the tiny key worked, and the oily thuds of the well-fitting steel told that the bolt released the bar which should unscrew the great, round steel door and swing it out on its

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ponderous crane. Again and again we strained at the screw bar, each one of us and all of us together—I, until I saw lightning and my chin dripped sweat; Blasland silly in the fright of what he had done, and pitiful in his tremulous and childish efforts. We might as well have tried to lift Pike's Peak; we were shut out, and the safe was guaranteed to withstand the skill of expert cracksmen within a very liberal time limit.

"A sickening all-goneness struck me, as I realized the very possible results of this culminating misfortune. Blasland, too, was white as death. Each knew the thought of the other—our recent losses, the soreness of some of our depositors, the enmity of Mosier and Rand, the intimation of a run they had caused the day before, the absence of Hadley, and now this strange and untimely accident; who wouldn't believe that the bank had gone to Styx? That meant then, on Bull Hill, nothing short of a fusillade of guns or a gallows tree.

"Then, Dunham, as if fate would add another damning circumstance against us, poor old Blasland caught his breath and collapsed on the counting-room floor.

"The full weight of affairs was now on my shoulders, and with the sense of responsibility my brain cleared for action. I must acknowledge my first impulse was to cut and run, but the gaming instinct is too strong in me; I'd save the bank or die trying to win out.

"Jerry was sworn to secrecy, and drove home with Mr. Blasland as quietly as common. Robert was dispatched with another cipher to Denver, ordering the shipment increased to fifty thousand, which was more than we had there, but they were to draw on us in New York for the balance. I also asked the Denver bank to send us an expert safe-man; and this I had to put in plain English, as the bank's code was too meagre for anything more than the ordinary requirements of business.

"Meanwhile, I had opened the bank, making the first transaction myself, a deposit of all the cash I had in my clothes. The money was lost in the old tin tray where we kept the odds and ends of the business, and you can bet I let it stay in the drawer under the teller's window, along with the six-shooter, and not in its usual place exposed on the counter.

"Fortunately, the big leather wallet containing our discounts was never put in the safe, but was on its iron shelf in the vault, and our tickler showed that I might hope for the payment of a number of good-sized notes that day. Luckily, too, business opened with deposits from some of the regular old stand-bys of the bank, and I issued several drafts for cash. In dribs my working fund crept up to five hundred, eight, twelve, fifteen hundred, and more than two thousand. The morning wore on, while the balance in the drawer sawed up and down among the meagre hundreds; there were no accounts closed, but, though this somewhat reassured me, something of uneasiness was in the air; I could feel it, partly by intuition, as I knew the money that came from the butcher's or the baker's or the grocer's.

"At eleven o'clock my blotter showed we had a little more than thirteen hundred in the drawer; I was playing fair, but I was nursing my cash whenever I had the slightest pretext that would not be construed in an unkindly way to the bank. Just twenty-four hours remained until relief could arrive by the Overland from Denver —twenty-four hours, in which the chance transaction of a friend might break the bank as easily as the stampede of those who were sore.

"I knew I could not trust the wire to keep the secret of the safe; and sure enough at noon Buddie, the station messenger, came in with a telegram from the safe-man, who was coming, and two from Denver papers asking if there was any story for print about the safe. If the tale was being guessed at over the wire, how long would it be getting abroad in Bull Hill?

"The slow minutes crept into the afternoon, and the race to close for the day settled into an exciting finish. A depositor, whom I least suspected of unfriendliness, checked out without a word; bills receivable, and a few unavoidably payable, deposits and checks, collections and drafts, passed in and out of the window, raising and lowering my little margin."

"It was like a wild day on 'Change," broke in Dunham; and Jimmie was nervously hovering about the table, making preoccupied dabs of unnecessary service.

"Once I thought the jig was up," Hollister drove on, "when a bull-headed contractor wanted cash for a twenty-five-hun-

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dred-dollar County voucher to take up to Ogden. In the knowledge that a bank is hedged about with a dignity that makes it autocratic beyond appeal to those not used to financial forms, I politely but firmly forced him to accept the safety and convenience of exchange on New York. It was a bad scare, but I was rewarded, for a few minutes after that I was counting, with the certainty and lightning-like nonchalance of the expert, three thousand dollars in gold, poured from the buckskin belt of a ranchman!

"The clock was nearly on the closing hour; Robert and I were balancing the books. A few little accounts had been paid in full, with no show of hard feelings about it, when Prentiss, a kind of corner-desk banker in the camp, came in with a handful of our checks. He said he needed cash rather than exchange, and as the checks I had taken against him were, of course, few, and for small amounts, there was nothing to do but pay him a cash balance of nearly four thousand, and be thankful I could do it. Among the lot there were five or six checks that closed our business with as many depositors, who had, beyond doubt, gone over to him, through the underhand work of Mosier and Rand; and I saw the malicious smile with which he received the irregular mass of money—as heterogeneous as a church collection—that I shoved out to him: there were no neat bundles of bills, no smooth one-hundred-dollar notes, nor fifties. I paid him all my gold, and the balance in straggling paper, and enough fives for the pay-roll of the Homestake Mine."

"And he walked off with all your sinews of war, O Napoleon of finance?" cried Dunham.

"By no means," retorted Hollister. "I had a hundred and some odd dollars in the drawer!

"I let myself sit down at my desk," Hollister chuckled, and ran on, "just to enjoy and talk over with myself the exhilarating game of the day. I was having such a good time that it seemed to me Robert had scarcely gone away when he was back again with a scared face.

"'There'll be a run on us in the morning,' he cried in an undertone. 'I overheard it posting the mail; someone inside by the letter-drop was talking. Mosier and Rand are at the bottom of it. The wire has just leaked the story of the safe, and they say it's some bluff—and Hadley's being gone, and Mr. Blasland sick is making all kinds of talk."

"'Very well,' said I; 'we shall be ready for them. Avoid talking outside; but if you have to say anything, stick to it that we'll show them money to burn!'

"'You are too sure, Mr. Hollister,' he blurted out; 'this is a life-and-death matter, out here; they'll stop your clock as sure as fate!"

"'Don't you worry, Robert; we'll make some of these assayers and prospectors feel as cheap as a cancelled check for two bits. That reminds me that I shall need you here at eight in the morning—you will have to take Jerry and go with the guns to meet the express from Ogden.'

"I went into the vault and closed the doors, when Robert had gone in religious awe of my gall, and blind trust of whatever I might have up my sleeve. I lit the lamp, and pressing my ear against the cold steel of the safe, I listened with my very heart for the ticking of the time lock; it was still going. Then taking down from a shelf three small canvas bags, such as the United States Treasury uses for the delivery of specie, I put them, with an old bank seal and a stick of red sealing-wax, into one of those awfully official-looking little boxes made of heavy pine, that the Government also uses for gold. These were then done up in a slovenly newspaper-covered bundle.

"I felt better, and, undisturbed, ate a hearty dinner at the Houp-la Hash House, and chuckled over my cigar, while they put me up a midnight lunch of their rat-trap cheese and a bottle of coffee. My chuckle, I fear, was like that of a man who delays his end by killing one of a hundred pursuing wolves.

"When I returned Jerry was at the bank with word that poor old Blasland was too ill to care how things went. So I sent to the livery for my horse—thanking my stars that, as I was still living in my shack out at the mine, no one would be suspicious of my riding out of town.

"'Now, Jerry,' said I, when he came back, 'there is something you must do for me with the utmost caution and without fail.' He shook hands and feet on it that

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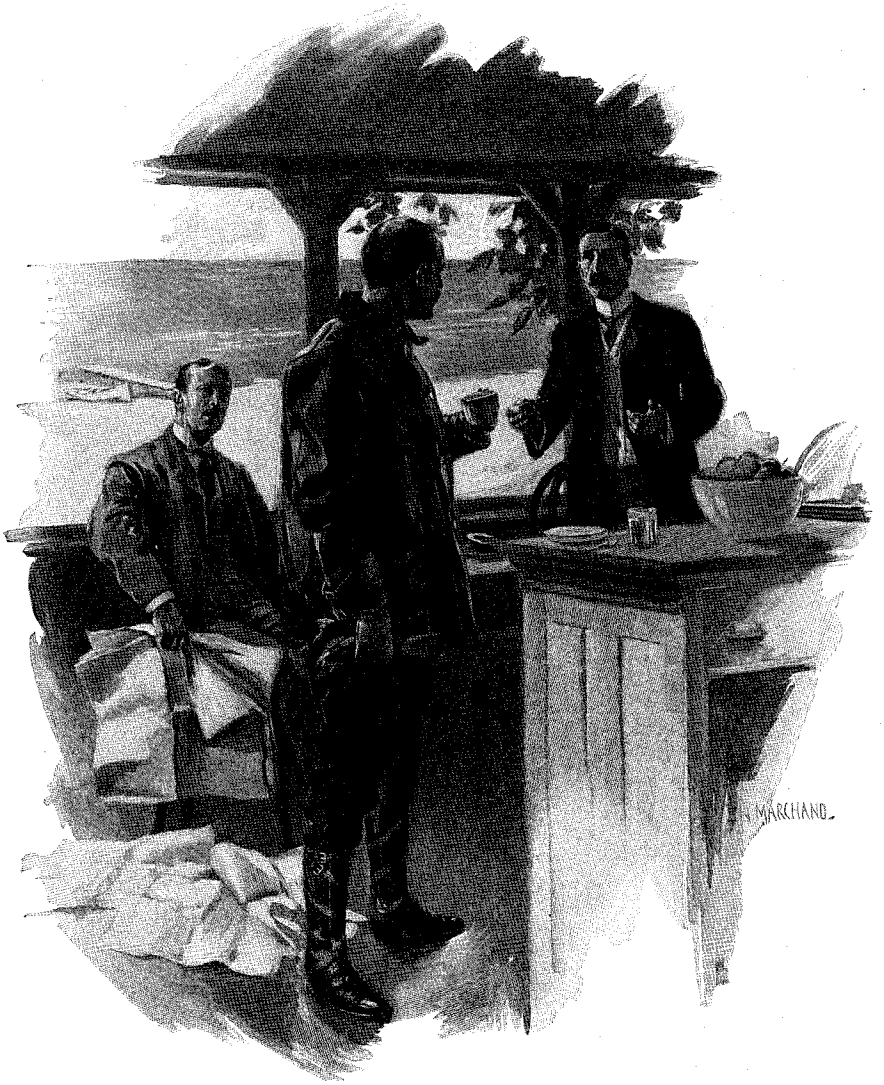

"Then, I think, I can fit you out," said he.—Page 69.

he'd do whatever I wanted. 'Have three jackscrews in the bank by three o'clock in the morning; you will find them in the section boss's tool house. I shall be here myself about that time.'

"With the bundle tied to my saddle I was about to hit the trail when a group of men came up and stopped to speak with me. I never said a word, but let them drag it to the point of a plain declaration that they were a 'committee from the depositors, who wanted to know . . .' Then I lit in and gave them no chance to talk. I bluffed them to a standstill, absolutely refusing to jaw-smith over business matters with anybody. If the depositors wanted their money, all they had to do was to be on hand in the morning. They might check to a fare-you-well every dollar they had with us, and we'd be glad to be rid of a lot of them. With that I bade them good-night, and without knowing that I was having a fool's luck, I rode away.

"'Sonny,' one of them called sardonically after me, 'you're surely a tender-foot on Bull Hill, so do be careful to-morrow, or it will be Katy-bar-the-door for you.'

"This parting shot had hardly winged

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"'I can't get the safe open,' he panted; 'I've tried my best, but the lock is set!'"—Page 70.

my triumph when Mosier saluted me in front of his office in sneering tones: 'Good-evening! good-evening, indeed,' says he, and with that swung himself on his horse and took up the trail back of me at a lope that kept no more than thirty yards between us all the way to Rand's shack outside of Bull Hill, and, there being joined by Rand, the surveillance became so impudently matter-of-course that I knew it was their intention to keep in touch with me until the game came to some kind of a show-down.

"I want to say that those two hounds, steadily pounding my trail in the dim night, was the most unnerving thing I had to bear. I was scared, but luckily I held myself down to attending to my own knitting in as openly matter-of-fact way as they did.

"It was a fine autumn night with a thin slice of moon to light me, and busy as I was with my excited thoughts, the road over Bull Hill to the mine seemed short as the clear mountain air makes it appear to the eye. The handful of cabins in the gulch was dark with one exception; new machinery was going into the mine, and night work had been shut down. In the boss's shack I was doubtless expected, for there was a light in the window, and Wilkinson's concertina was moaning away as usual.

"Instead of going in I rode up to his door and had all the talk that I wanted with Wilkinson, just then, from the saddle; at the same time letting Mosier and Rand, who were hanging in the background, see that I was merely attending to my own

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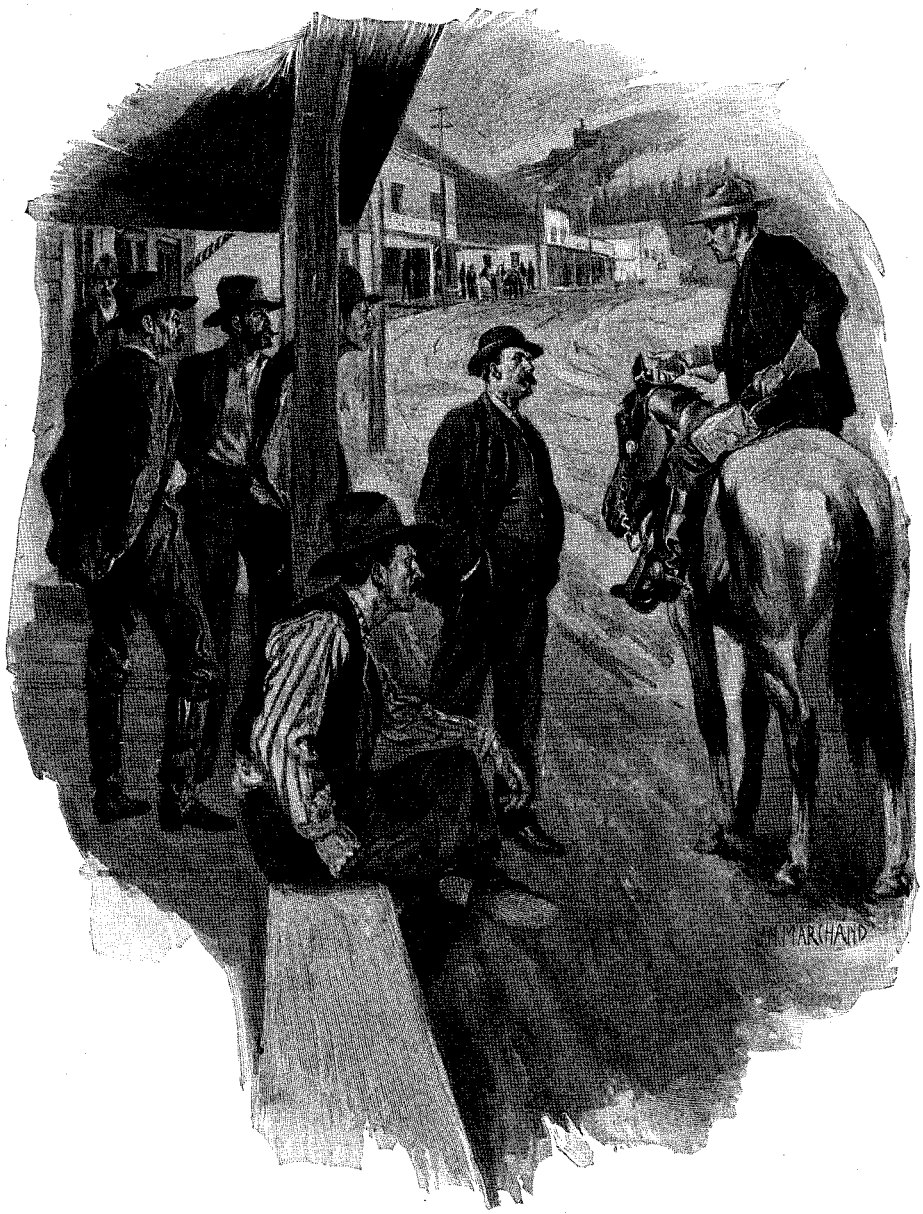
affairs. When I gave him good-night I said that as I intended going to Bull Hill unusually early, I'd go up to the shaft house to look at things before going to bed, and I'd not trouble him to go with me.

"Now, for the time being, I had fixed up a rude stable in the rocky niche forming the entrance of the old tunnel of the vein, disused since the sinking of the shaft. Here, if they had only forgotten it, lay my one way of evading my bodyguard: the tunnel, now covered by the shed, ran into the hill about seventy-five yards, where it opened into the shaft sixty feet below the shaft house.

"Mosier and Rand kept the unvarying measure of their distance, while I put up my horse and walked ahead of them to the shaft.



"If the depositors wanted their money, all they had to do was to be on hand in the morning."—Page 73.

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"For the first time the exciting game of mining gold had no charms for me; the new machinery received only the attention necessary to impress my guards, who were near at hand outside. A keg of washers down in the bottom of the mine was the thing—washers that I had not valued before at the price of a box of cigars, but were now the precious poker chips with which I was gambling for my life.

"Did you ever have to climb to the top of one of your skyscrapers when there was an elevator strike? Well, that's easy. The washers were in the lowest drift, where a tram was being laid. What would you say to four hundred feet of wet ladders, made in the rough of trees snaked down from the hill, with frequent gaps where rungs were out or ends didn't meet; over beams and braces, now at one angle, now at another, where the vein had been so crooked a snake wouldn't crawl it; where a slip would mean that you'd rattle down to your death and land a shapeless mass in the black water four hundred feet below? I was used to it, but I had to do it in a hurry, lest I arouse the curiosity of the men above; and I carried forty pounds of washers balanced in two bags over my shoulder. I was all unnerved when I reached the old tunnel and set my light down where it would speak for my presence with a dim glimmer into the shaft; then I staggered on in the darkness to the stable, and panted my heart out with my arms around my horse's neck.

"When I got my wind, I slipped out and found that Mosier and Rand were still keeping their vigil above the shaft!

"Back in the tunnel again with my bundle, I cut the newspapers into slips the size of a greenback. These I did up in a correct package, so richly decorated with seals that it looked like it came from the Bank of England. Some of the washers went into the gold-box, and the screw-heads in the lid were sealed with the blazing wax and stamped. The canvas bags, also conspicuously sealed, held the remainder of the washers, and their round faces made as pretty an impression through the canvas as if they'd been gold, fresh from the mint. Dunham, it was pelf; it was lucre. When I had finished, the tunnel held properties fit for a scene in Monte Cristo."

"A counterfeit presentment, as it were, beyond the dreams of avarice," assented Dunham.

"My horse and I stole like spirits down the trail from Bull Hill, while Mosier and Rand still kept their tryst at the head of the shaft. Shortly after midnight I was at Lovelock, the next station west of Bull Hill—perhaps fifteen miles by rail, but not more than eight by trail. I had a frequent hunting companion in Thoman, the station agent of the place, and knowing his quality as a sportsman, I had no hesitation in trusting him to do what I wanted. So routing him out, I paralyzed him with my wealth, had it receipted and packed in his safe, with instructions to forward to the Bull Hill Bank by the morning express, and was away again almost before he was fully awake.

"Jerry was there with the jackscrews when I let myself into the bank. I was too strained and nervous to make any explanation to him other than that we must throw the safe over on its side with the front out and the lock up, and trust to luck. We threw off our coats and went silently to work, behind closed doors, like two safe-crackers.

"You may guess how we must have toiled to lift all those tons of steel to the tipping point, and the numberless trips to the cellar for blocks and boards, and bricks and stones, to help us in our labor! Finally, about dawn, we got it jacked up to a balance, and then, with hardly an inch to spare between walls, it went over with one thunderous thump that shook the whole block."

"It hadn't more than struck on its side when I had the screw unlocked and Jerry and I were straining at the handles. Holy Mackinac! The door started! It slowly screwed out, and fell forward upon its crane hinge, almost carrying me under it. The one chance in the hundred I had thought might be, had proved true: the hook that should have withdrawn the bolt had, doubtless through Blasland's bungling, been broken, and the jar of the fall had made the bolt drop back in the lock.

"The money, spilled from its racks and trays, lay in confusion in the safe. I plunged half my body through the yawning door and fairly bathed my hands in the luscious ruck of the real stuff!

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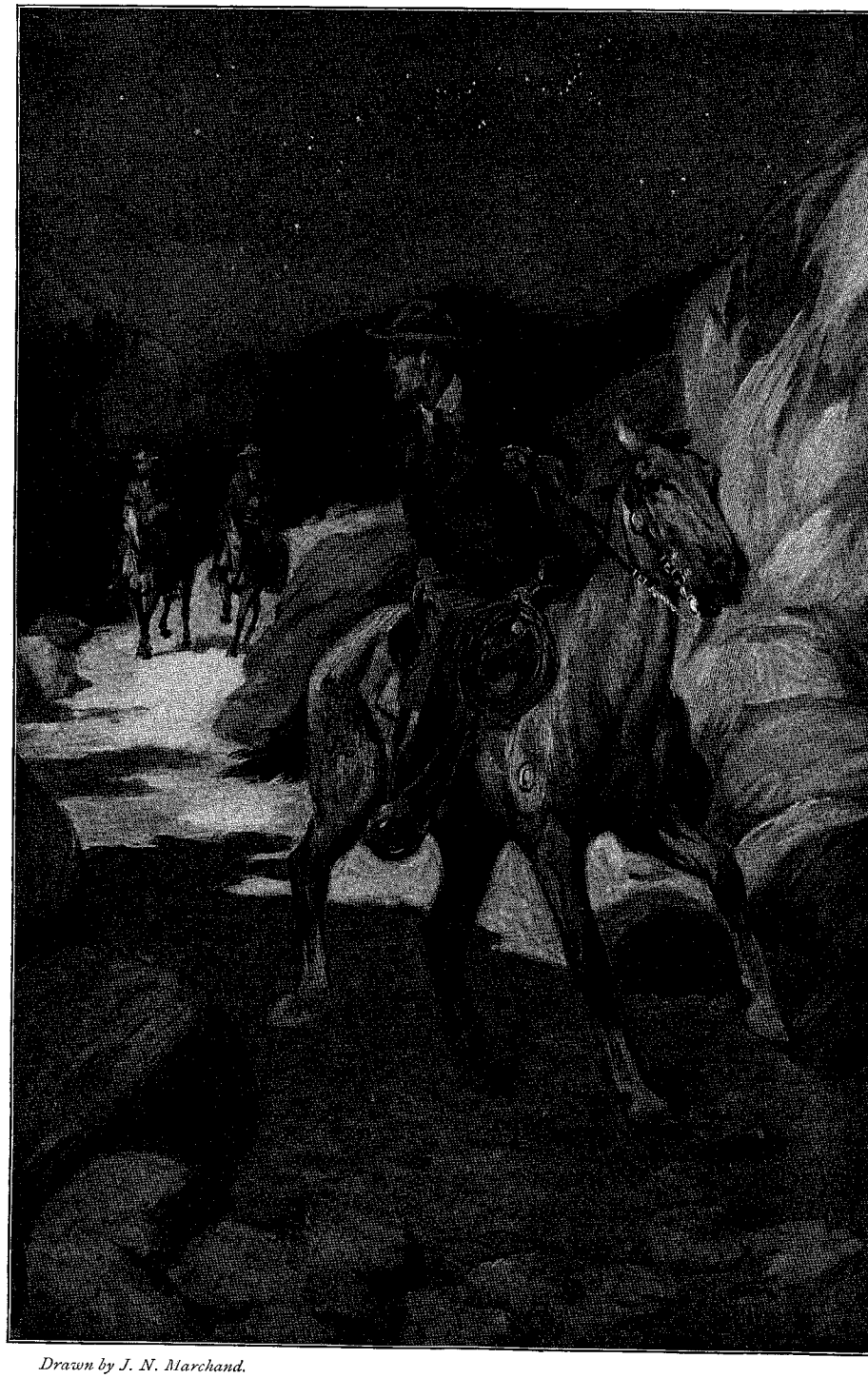

Drawn by J. N. Marchand.

"Two hounds steadily pounding my trail in the dim night."—Page 74.

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"By half-past eight a crowd had begun to collect at the bank, and as the last half hour progressed before business opened, the street filled with depositors and onlookers who were hungry to see a fuss. An unusual number of side-arms were in evidence, and I have no doubt they were supplemented by enough lariats among the ranchers as to have hung me as high as the Government station on Pike's Peak. Mosier and Rand were there too, feeling no better, I dare say, for their night out.

"Promptly at nine o'clock I unlocked the door and the crowd rushed in. But Robert had timed his arrival so nicely that I was hardly in my place at the window when the express wagon dashed through the throng, and he and Jerry, with the messenger, jumped out among the astonished men with their guns and the sealed treasure.

"'Make way, there. Make way!' I yelled.

"The crowd fell back, and our men filed in, burdened with the grim dignity of their charge. Everyone in sight was visibly impressed by the precious weight of solid wealth in its official uniform. They placed it in full view, and when piled on the counter, by the side of the well-ordered contents of the safe, it was most becoming to the situation.

"'Come on now!' I shouted; 'come get your dust. There's enough here to keep things interesting, and the Overland is bringing more. Step up lively now!

"'Here, you, and you," I called; for not a man moved, and I actually singled out a few of the discontents and shook the money in their faces.

"The run ended there, with the crowd jeering those who had to take their cash and go."

"And of course it was as you say—'the virtue was in the washers,'" remarked Dunham admiringly.

"Why, yes," contended Hollister, between puffs as he lighted one of Dunham's cigarettes and pushed back from the table to sit at his ease; "they had the best of the bluff. The cash without them would have melted away like a paper collar in a harvest field. Have one of them for a pocket-piece? It'll bring you luck. They did me. There are a lot of them in the Alma Mater."

I KNOW NOT HOW NOR WHY

By Alice Corbin

I KNOW not how nor why,
  But that his heart some day
Will turn to meet my heart
  I have known since Time held sway;

That in that distant blue
  Where sleep the folded flowers,
One waits and blooms apart,
  That, opening, will be ours.

And he will come sometime, somehow,
  To justify this thought of me—
Else vacant were the words of song,
  And all the heart of prophecy!

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THE UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT GRANT

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XIX

THE news of the tragedy in her daughter's life—of the double domestic tragedy, which included her nephew—came to Mrs. Wilson as an appalling surprise. She had gathered from the tenor of Lucille's letters that her daughter was not entirely happy; but her appreciation of this was derived rather from what she read between the lines than from actual admissions. It had never entered her head that there was danger of a rupture between Lucille and her husband until the dreadful truth was disclosed to her by her brother. From him she learned that Paul and his wife had separated and were to be divorced because of the relations between Paul's wife and Clarence Waldo. Carleton Howard added that his son had not the heart to tell her himself before his departure for New York, and had delegated him to break the intelligence.

When the first wholesale mutual commiserations had been exchanged between the brother and sister, Mrs. Wilson realized that she was practically in the dark regarding Lucille. Paul's calamity was so completely the controlling thought in her brother's mind that, though he occasionally deplored the plight in which his niece appeared to be left, he was evidently bent on working his way through the labyrinth of his personal dismay until he could find a clue which would lead his mind to daylight. After various ebullitions of anger and disgust, he found this at last in the assertion that it was best for Paul to be rid of such a wife; that he had never really fancied his daughter-in-law, and that the only course was to obliterate her from their memory. She had disgraced the family, and her name was never to be mentioned again in his presence. This was an eminently masculine method of disposing of the matter. After Mr. Howard had accepted it as a solution, he was able to compose himself in his chair and to smoke. For the past two days, ever since Paul had talked to him, he had been walking up and down his library, champing an unlighted cigar, with the measured stalk of a grim lion. Now his brow lifted appreciably. But his sister's eyes fell before his aspect of dignified relief. His solution was of no avail to her. It could not answer the distressing questions which were haunting her. Why had not Lucille written? What did the silence mean? She resolved that if she did not hear something in the morning she would take the first train East, for might not the child be sobbing her heart out, too mortified even to confide in her mother? Thus speculating, Mrs. Wilson looked up to inquire once again whether Paul had not said something more definite regarding his cousin. She had asked this twice already, and on each occasion Mr. Howard had suspended his cogitations in order to ransack his memory, but only in vain; which was not strange, for Paul had taken pains in his conversation with his father to avoid unnecessary allusion to Lucille, letting her appear, like himself, an innocent victim of the family disaster. Mr. Howard was now equally unsuccessful in his recollection. Yet while he was speaking, the tension of Mrs. Wilson's mind was relieved by the receipt of a telegram. Lucille was on her way from Newport, and would reach Benham the following evening.

Mrs. Wilson met her at the station. The mother and daughter embraced with emotion, thus betraying what was uppermost in the thought of each. But Lucille promptly recovered her composure, chatting briskly in the carriage as though she

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I should like to marry because I am in love."—Page 94.

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were bent on avoiding for the time being the crucial topic. On reaching the house she evinced a lively interest in the supper which had been prepared for her, eating with appetite and leading the conversation to matters of secondary import. Mrs. Wilson, though burning to ask and to hear everything, held her peace and bridled her impatience. It seemed to her that Lucille was looking well, and had gained in social dignity, which might partly be accounted for by the fact that she was a matron and a mother, partly by a slight access of flesh; but the impression produced on Mrs. Wilson's mind was that she appeared less spiritually heedless than formerly—a consummation devoutly to be desired in this hour of stress. As she watched her at table she noted with a mother's pride the tastefulness of her attire, and the sophistication of her speech. For the first time—much as she had longed for it in the past—the hope took root in her heart that their tastes might yet some day coincide, and each find in allegiance to the fit development of the human race the true zest of life. Yet how could Lucille be so calm? How could she appear so unconcerned?

Lucille's mask, such as it was, was not lifted until she had been shown to her room. "I will come to you presently, mamma," she said, and Mrs. Wilson understood what was meant. When she came—it was to her mother's boudoir and study—she had loosened her hair, and was wrapped in a dainty pink and white wrapper. She established herself comfortably on a lounge, and crossed her hands on her breast. Mrs. Wilson was sitting at her desk obliquely in the line of vision, so she had merely to turn her head on her supported elbow in order to command her daughter's expression. So they sat for a moment, until Lucille said:

"Well, mamma, I suppose Paul has told you everything. Clarence and I have separated for good, and I am on the way to South Dakota."

There was a profound silence. In spite of the introduction the import of the last words was lost on Mrs. Wilson. She was simply puzzled. "South Dakota?" she queried. "Paul told me nothing. Your uncle ——"

"You know surely what has happened?" It was Lucille's turn to look surprised.

"I know, my child, that your husband has been false to you with your cousin Paul's wife."

"And both Paul and I are to obtain a divorce."

Mrs. Wilson winced. "Your uncle intimated as much in the case of Paul. I had hoped you might not think it obligatory to break absolutely with your husband. Or rather, Lucille, my mind was so full of distress for you that I did not look beyond the dreadful present. You do not know how my heart bleeds for you, dear."

As she spoke, Mrs. Wilson left her seat and kneeling beside the lounge, put her arms around her daughter's neck. Lucille, grateful for the sympathy, raised herself to receive and return the embrace, but her speech was calm.

"It is a mortification, of course; it would be to any woman. If he had been faithful to me, I would never have left him. But we were mismated from the first. We found out six months after our marriage that we bored each other; and then we drifted apart. So there would be no use trying to patch it up. We should only lead a dog and cat life. Besides—" she paused an instant, then interjected, "I hoped Paul had broken this to you, mamma—I want to be free because I am going to marry again."

Mrs. Wilson sprang back as though she had been buffeted. "Marry again?" she gasped.

Lucille spoke softly but with firmness: "I am going to marry Mr. Bradbury Nicholson of New York." She added a few words as to his identity, then with an emphasis intended to express the ardor of a soul which has come to its own at last, exclaimed:

"I'm deeply in love with him, mamma; and I never was with Clarence. I thought I was, but I wasn't. This time it's the real thing."

Mrs. Wilson rose and returning to her desk rested her head again upon her supported elbow. She was stunned. The shock of the announcement was such that she did not attempt to speak. But Lucille, having begun, was evidently bent on making a clean breast of her affairs.

"So I am on my way to Sioux City to obtain a divorce."

"Why do you go there?"

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"Because it's one of the quickest places. Residence is necessary to enable me to sue, and residence can be acquired by living there ninety days. Then, too, the courts don't insist on very strict proof, so I can obtain a divorce for neglect or cruelty, and avoid the unpleasantness of alleging anything worse. I thought of Connecticut, where the law allows a divorce for any such misconduct as permanently destroys one's happiness and defeats the marriage relation, but my lawyer said it would be simpler and quicker to go to South Dakota. Clarence knows all about it, and is only too glad, and he has agreed to give up all claim on baby."

The reference to her grandchild plunged a fresh dagger into Mrs. Wilson's heart.

"Where is your baby?" she asked, sternly. She had already in the carriage inquired for its welfare, taking for granted that its mother had been unwilling to bring it on what had appeared to be a flying journey.

"At Newport. Two of my maids and baby are to join me here. I don't wish to start for a week, if you will keep me, and, as there was packing still to be done, and the Newport air is fresher so early in the autumn, I told them to follow. You may keep baby here until I send for her, if it would make you feel any happier, mamma."

Mrs. Wilson made no response to this self-sacrificing offer. She was asking herself whether it were not her duty as an outraged parent to rise in her agony and, pointing to the door, bid Lucille choose between her lover and herself. But would not this be old-fashioned? Could she endure to quarrel with her own and only flesh and blood? Overwhelmed as she was by her daughter's absolute indifference to considerations which she reverenced as the laws of her being, Mrs. Wilson prided herself on being equally a leader of spiritual progress, a woman of the world, and an American. She recognized that it behooved her to display no less acumen and tact in dealing with her personal problem than in confronting the quandaries of others. She knew instinctively that violent opposition would simply alienate Lucille and confirm her in her purpose. It was obvious that their point of view was as divergent as the poles. How could Lucille take the affair so philosophically? How could she calmly regard the neglect and sin of her husband merely as the logical sequence of the discovery that they were mismated, and find a sufficient explanation for everything in the announcement that they had bored each other? Yet Mrs. Wilson appreciated in those moments of horror that it would be worse than futile to give bitter utterance to her emotions. By so doing she would alienate her daughter and fail to alter the situation. Though protesting with the full vigor of her being, she must be reasonable, or she could accomplish nothing. So she put a curb upon her lips. There were so many things she wished to say that for a spell she could not formulate her thoughts. She was reminded that she appeared tongue-tied by hearing Lucille remark:

"I was afraid that you would be distressed, mamma. That's why I didn't write or consult you. You don't approve of divorce, I know. It's opposed to your ideas of things. But I've thought over everything thoroughly, and it's the only possible course for me."

This complacency was disconcerting as a stone wall, and made still plainer to Mrs. Wilson that the offender indulgently regretted the necessity of explaining and vindicating such common-sense principles.

"It is true, Lucille, that I disapprove of divorce on æsthetic if not religious grounds. It is an unsavory institution." She paused a moment to give complete effect to the phrase. "It seems to me to diminish spiritual self-respect, and to impair that feminine delicacy which is an essential ornament of civilization. At the same time, if you had told me that, on account of your husband's sin, you had decided not merely to leave him, but to dissolve the bond, I should have demurred, perhaps, but I should have acquiesced. I should have counselled you to live apart without divorce, as I regard marriage as a sacrament of the Christian church, but I should have accepted your decision to the contrary without a serious pang. But you have just told me, my child, that you are seeking a divorce from your husband because you are mismated, in order to become as quickly as possible the wife of another man, whom you profess to love. I cannot prevent you from doing this if you insist, but as your mother, I cannot let you commit, what seems to me, from the most

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lenient standpoint, a gross indelicacy, without seeking to dissuade you."

In conjunction with her ambition to reason in a triple capacity, Mrs. Wilson was well aware that the world demands promptness of decision no less than wisdom from its busy leaders; that the public relies on the past equipment of the lawyer or the physician for correct advice on the spur of the moment. It was her custom to face confidently the problems of life which others invited her to solve, as a surgeon confronts the operating table, ready to do her best on the spot. She knew that the consciousness of being rushed is part of the penalty of success, and that half the effectiveness of a busy person consists in the ability to think and act quickly. So now, face to face with her own dire problem, her mind centred on the fit solution of her daughter's tragedy, she relied on the same method, yearning to apply the knife, tie up the ligaments and cauterize the heart-sorrow in summary fashion by virtue of her past equipment. So she spoke with conviction, yet aware that the problem presented had been hitherto for her mainly academic, and now for the first time loomed up on the horizon of life as an immediate practical issue.

Pursuing her theme Mrs. Wilson singled out for urgent protest the one point which stood out like an excrescence on the surface of the sorry story, and put all else in the background—the projected hasty marriage. Its precipitancy offended her most cherished sensibilities. With all the sentiment and mental suppleness at her command she endeavored to point out the vulgarity of the proceeding. How was it to be reconciled with true womanly refinement? Was the holy state of matrimony to be shuffled off and on as though it were a misfit glove? She appealed to the claims of good taste and family pride. But, though Lucille listened decorously, it was obvious that the effect of the scandal of mutual prompt re-marriages had no terrors for her. Or, rather, when her mother paused, she disputed it, claiming that the affair would be a seven days' wonder; that the world would speedily forget or, at least, forgive, if the new ventures proved successful; that precipitancy in such cases was not novel, and that the people whose social approbation she desired would consider her sensible for putting an end to an intolerable relation and claiming her happiness at the earliest possible date.

From a wholesale plea of what she referred to as spiritual decency directed against unseemly haste, Mrs. Wilson, sick at heart, began to particularize, and at the same time enlarged her attitude so as to disclose her innate feeling against divorce in general. She spoke of the plight of the children concerned, and in alluding to her grandchild, her tone was piteous. The thought seemed to give her courage, so that when Lucille, who evidently had a pat response to this contention ready, sought to interrupt, Mrs. Wilson raised a warning hand to signify that she must insist on being heard to the end. She dwelt upon the value of the home to human society, and in this appeal she gave free utterance to her religious convictions, defending the sacredness of the marriage tie from the point of view of Christian orthodoxy. She spoke with emotion and at some length. Though she had never thought the matter out hitherto as a personal issue, she found that she had in reserve a whole set of argumentative principles to back her æsthetic eloquence. She urged upon her daughter that if neither good taste, family pride, nor maternal solicitude would restrain her, she heed the teachings of the church, which had prescribed the law of strict domestic ties as essential to the righteous development of human civilization, and which regarded the family as the corner-stone of social order and social beauty. Was her only child prepared to fly so flagrantly in the face of this teaching? Would she refuse to reverence this standard? As she evolved this final plea, Mrs. Wilson felt herself on firmer ground. It seemed to her that she had welded all her protesting instincts into a comprehensive claim which could not be resisted, for though emphasizing the obligations of the soul, she had tried to be both broad and modern. She had not quoted the language of Scripture—the words of Christ imposing close limitations, if not an absolute bar on divorce. She felt that there was more chance in influencing Lucille through an intellectual appeal to her sense of social wisdom based on present conditions, though to the speaker's own mind, the modern argument was simply a vindication of the precious inspired truth. But she dismissed the thought that her daughter was regarding her as old-

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fashioned, and she spoke from the depths of her being, so that when she ceased, there were tears upon her cheeks.

Lucille had listened indulgently with downcast eyes. She was unmoved; nevertheless, with nervous inappropriateness, she turned slowly round and round the wedding-ring on her finger as she revolved her mother's appeal. When the end came she remained respectfully silent for a moment, but there was matter-of-fact definiteness in her reply.

"You know, mamma, that you and I never did agree on things like that. I don't recognize the right of the church to interfere, so I put religion out of the question. As to injury to civilization, it seems to me of no advantage to society, and preposterous besides, that two persons utterly mismated, like Clarence and me, should continue wretched all our lives when the law of the land will set us free. What good would it do if I remained single?"

"Live apart, if you like; but to marry again—and so quickly, Lucille, is an offence both against the flesh and the spirit," said Mrs. Wilson, tensely. "Good? It would help to maintain the integrity of the home, upon which progressive civilization rests."

Lucille pursed her lips. "I shall have a home when I marry again. A far happier home than before; and baby will be far happier than if she grew up in a discordant household where there was no love, and mutual indifference. Besides, supposing I didn't marry again—supposing Paul's wife did not marry again, what would happen? We should lead immoral lives, as people similarly situated do in the Latin countries, where the church forbids the marriage of divorced persons. It ought to satisfy you, mamma, that there is not a word of truth in the story of too intimate relations between me and Mr. Nicholson circulated at Newport. I told him I should keep him at arm's length until I was divorced and at liberty to marry him. I let him kiss me once, and that was all. What would a woman in Paris or London have done? The church there doesn't seem to mind what goes on behind the scenes, provided the mass of the people is kept in ignorance."

Mrs. Wilson had colored at the reference to calumniating rumors. It was clear, now, why Paul had preferred to speak by proxy. Could it be her own daughter who was claiming credit for such forbearance? Her first impulse was to inquire what conduct had given rise to the more serious imputation, but she shrank from the question. It was Lucille who spoke first.

"I assure you, I expect to have a very charming home, and, if I have more children, to bring them up well. In a year or two the hateful past will seem only a nightmare. Why should you or the church seek to deprive me of happiness? In my individual case our—your church would marry me because my husband had been unfaithful, provided I procured a divorce on that ground—which I do not intend to do. But I am defending myself on general principles. As your daughter you would wish me to have the courage of my convictions."

Mrs. Wilson sighed. This appeal to her independence was discouragingly genuine. "Then, where do you draw the line?" she asked, repeating a formula.

"As to divorce?" Lucille shrugged her shoulders. "The courts decide that, I suppose. I asked what the law was, and the lawyer told me."

Mrs. Wilson groaned. "The courts! And, accordingly, you apply to the court which will grant you a divorce most speedily."

"And with the least possible unpleasant procedure. Certainly, I wish to be married as soon as possible."

"The law must be changed." Mrs. Wilson clasped her hands energetically.

"Very likely, mamma. Now we are on sensible ground. But if the law were made more strict the church would still object. So it wouldn't make much difference from your point of view."

There was a touch of complacent paganism in the tone of this last remark which fused Mrs. Wilson's poignant emotions to a fever point.

"It crucifies renunciation. It is individualism run mad. Child, child!" she exclaimed, "do not be too sure that easy-going rationalism is the answer to all the problems of the universe. The time will yet come when you will recognize what ideals mean—when your eyes will be opened to the unseen things of the spirit. Before you take this step I beg of you to talk with Mr. Prentiss."

Lucille shook her head, but her reply

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was unexpectedly humble. She avoided an opinion regarding the prophecy, but her words disclosed that she wished her mother to perceive that her soul had its own troubles, and was not altogether self-congratulatory in its processes.

"Of course I would give anything if Clarence and I had not fallen out, and our marriage proved a failure. I can see that such an experience takes the freshness from any woman's life. It would be of no use, however, for me to see Mr. Prentiss. We should differ fundamentally. I do not regard marriage as a sacrament, he does. You see I have considered the question from all sides, mamma."

"You regard it as a contract, I suppose," said Mrs. Wilson, pensively.

"Yes; the most solemn, the most important of contracts, if you like, but a contract." Lucille was trying to be reasonable, but her sense of humor suddenly getting the better of her filial discretion, she added:

"Why, of course, it is simply a contract. Everyone except clergymen regards it so nowadays. If Clarence had died, I could marry again; why shouldn't I be just as free, when he has been untrue to me, to regard our marriage at an end—and——"

Mrs. Wilson put up her hand. "I am familiar with the argument. For adultery, perhaps, yes; but for everything else, no. And the Roman church forbids it absolutely." She reflected a moment, then, as one who has worked out vindication for an ancient principle by the light of modern ideas, she added, impressively, "It may well be, that from the standpoint of the welfare of the home—the protection of human society against rampant selfish individualism—the oldest church of all was wise, and is wise, in insisting on adherence to the letter of the words of Christ as best adapted to the safety of civilization. And that, too," she continued, significantly, "even though the souls affected sin in secret, because they cannot override the law. I do not say," she added, noticing the surprise in her daughter's face, "that this winking of the church is defensible; but I submit that the consequences can be no worse than those resulting from the flood-tide of easy divorce, the fruit of unbridled caprice."

"And what do you say to the attitude of the Church of England, of which our Episcopal Church is an offshoot? An English woman in Newport told me the other day that a wife cannot obtain a divorce from her husband unless infidelity be coupled with cruel and abusive treatment, though the contrary is true in case of a man. A husband can have his affairs, provided he does not make them public or beat his wife; but she must toe the mark. And in England the law of the church is the law of the land."

Mrs. Wilson pondered a moment. "Our Episcopal Church sanctions no such distinction. But, after all, woman is not quite the same as man. Her standard is different; she still expects to be held to a subtler sense of beauty and duty in matters which involve the perpetuation of the race. The English rule seems old-fashioned to us, for we insist on equal purity for the husband and the wife as essential to domestic unity. Yet the framers of that law were wise in their day; wise, surely, if the doctrine of loose marital bonds is to imperil the permanence of the institution we call the family."

"But I fail to see the advantage to human society of any family the two chief members of which are at daggers drawn, and mutually unhappy."

Mrs. Wilson recognized that the gulf of contradiction which yawned between them was bottomless, and not to be bridged. We learn with reluctance that each generation is a law unto itself. Yet she said, as a swan song, "The Episcopal Church and also the Roman Catholic Church stand for, and reverence, the ideals of beauty, of imagination, of aspiration. They abhor spiritual commonness. They forget not the words of the proverb: 'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.' Divorce is a device of mediocrity and dwarfed vision. It is a perquisite of commonness."

The phrase made Lucille start, and she sat troubled for a moment. To be adjudged common, was the most disconcerting indictment which could have been framed. But reflection was reassuring. She answered presently.

"I'm sure it won't make any difference in my case; everybody I care about will call on me just the same."

Meanwhile, under the shock to her con-

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victions, Mrs. Wilson had bowed her face on her hands on her desk, and hot tears moistened her palms. Lucille watched her nervously, then rose and went to her, and put her arm about her. "You mustn't feel so badly, mamma. It will come out all right: I know it will. I am certain to be happy—and though you may not think it, I am much more serious than I used to be. Of course, I wouldn't belong to any other church than the Episcopal; all the nicest people one knows are Episcopalians now. As you say, that and the Roman Catholic are the only ones which appeal to the imagination."

Mrs. Wilson's tears flowed faster at this demonstration of sympathy. She accepted and was soothed by the caresses, but she was ashamed of and stunned by her defeat, and could not reconcile herself to it. She would make one effort more.

"Since you will not permit Mr. Prentiss to remonstrate with you," she said, "you will, at least, talk with your uncle?"

Lucille reflected. She had not forgotten the diamond tiara with which her uncle had presented her as a wedding present as the crowning act of many splendid donations, though to have only one tiara had already become a sign of relative impecuniosity in the social circle in which she aspired to move. The wife of a genuine multi-millionaire was expected to have as many tiaras as she had evening dresses. Lucille was fond of her uncle, and she still wished to appear what she considered reasonable. "He could not alter my determination, mamma. But if Uncle Carleton wishes to talk with me, I shall feel bound to listen," she responded.

Mrs. Wilson felt encouraged by the first effect on her brother of the announcement of Lucille's plans. From Paul's report, Mr. Howard had assumed that his niece, like his son, was simply a victim of the distressing double-tragedy, and the news of Lucille's projected hasty divorce with a view to immediate re-marriage, offended his sense of propriety, and evoked at once a fiat no less explicit than his earlier declaration that the sooner Paul's nuptial knot was cut, and the wretched business terminated, the better. His present words—that such indecorous proceedings were not to be tolerated for a moment—were uttered with the deliberate emphasis which marked his important verdicts—his railroad manner, some people called it—and conveyed the impression of a reserve force not to be resisted with impunity. The interview between him and Lucille took place in the evening, and lasted nearly an hour. Mrs. Wilson was not present. At its close she heard her daughter re-enter the house through the private passageway and go up-stairs. Shortly after, her brother joined her. He sat for a few moments without speaking, as though reviewing what had occurred, then said, with the plausible air of one claiming the right to revise a judgment in the light of having heard the other side of the issue:

"Apparently we have to decide whether we prefer that Lucille should marry young Nicholson as soon as the law allows, or that she should continue to receive his marked attentions, which have already inspired compromising rumors, happily baseless. It seems that the object of her infatuation—a circumstance which she did not state to you—is anxious—in fact, hopes, to obtain one of the minor diplomatic appointments. His father, as you know, is president of the Chemical Trust and intimate with some of the influential senators. Should I intervene in his behalf with the authorities at Washington, the probabilities of his obtaining the position, already excellent, will be improved, provided, of course, there is no scandal. If we could shut Lucille up—confine her by summary process for six months, until she had time to reflect—she might change her attitude. At any rate, we should avoid the precipitancy which is the most objectionable feature of the affair. But the girl is a free agent. We cannot prevent her from going to South Dakota if she insists, and she does insist. She refuses to wait the three years requisite to obtain a divorce for desertion here, and were she to allege what the newspapers are pleased to call the statutory offence, the proof required by our court would be exceedingly painful. She prefers a more accommodating jurisdiction, where fewer questions are asked, and the tie is promptly dissolved. So on the whole——"

He paused to choose his phraseology, and his sister, guessing its substance, interposed:

"Then you sided with her?"

"On the contrary, I opposed her stren-

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uously. I expressed my disapproval in positive terms. But it became evident to me that she is in love with this young man and determined to marry him, and from every point of view I prefer the sanction of the law to clandestine illicit relations. Would you prefer to have her abstain from a divorce and live abroad with Bradbury Nicholson? That is what she intimated would happen if she followed our wishes."

Mrs. Wilson groaned. "And to think that this is the reasoning of my daughter!"

"I will do her the justice to say," continued Mr. Howard, joining the points of his fingers, "that she talked quietly and with some discrimination. It troubles her greatly that you are distressed. I disapprove of her conduct, but I was pleased on the whole with her mental powers."

"Yes. She is cleverer than I supposed," murmured Mrs. Wilson. "So you gave in?"

"Not at all. We agreed to differ. I presume you did not wish me to quarrel with her?"

"Oh, no. We must never do that."

"Exactly. In the course of our discussion she asked me if I thought she ought to remain a widow all her days, and, as a reasonable human being, I was obliged to admit that there was much to be said on her side."

"A widow! She is not a widow."

"She chose the word, not I. She tells me that you have already discussed with her the religious—the sentimental side of the question."

"And failed utterly."

There was a silence which was broken by the banker. "I advise you, Miriam, to make the best of a painful situation. There are only two courses open: to disown her, or to let her follow her own course, and put the best front on it we can. After all, she is only doing what thousands of other women in this country——"

"Ah, yes!" cried Mrs. Wilson. "And with that argument what becomes of noble standards—of fine ideals of life? I almost wish I had the moral courage to show myself the Spartan mother, and to disown her."

"Oh, no, you don't. You would only make yourself miserable." Having discovered that he had been checkmated, it was a business maxim with Mr. Howard to accept the inevitable and clear the board of vain regrets. He set himself to counteract these hysterical manifestations of his sister. "Besides, it would do no good in this case to cut off the revenue, for Nicholson has plenty for them both. To disinherit one's children is an antiquated method of self-torture."

"I had no reference to money," answered Mrs. Wilson, with a gesture to express disdain for the consideration. "I was thinking of my love as a mother."

"You cannot help loving her, whatever happens," answered her brother significantly.

Mrs. Wilson acknowledged the force of this comment by a piteous stare. She forsook the personal for the philosophic attitude. "But if this loose view of the marriage tie is to obtain, where is it to end? How long will it be before we imitate the degeneracy of Rome? We are imitating it already."

"I made a similar remark to Lucille. I reminded her that the ease and frequency of divorce were among the causes of the decline of Rome. Her reply was that we are Americans, not Romans. Of course, there is something in what she says. Our point of view is very different from theirs." Mr. Howard felt of his strong chin meditatively.

"But where is it to end?" repeated Mrs. Wilson in a tragic tone.

He shook his head. "It is an abuse, I admit; especially as administered in some of our States. Presently, when we get time, we Americans will take the question up and go into it thoroughly."

The hopeless incongruity of this reply from Mrs. Wilson's point of view put the finishing touch to their conversation. It was obvious to her that she could not expect true sympathy or comprehension from her brother. It was clear that he was satisfied with opportunist methods, and that the precise truth had no immediate charms for him.

Rebuffed in respect to the support of both her champions, Mrs. Wilson felt strangely powerless; almost limp. She made no further appeal to her daughter; the discussion was not resumed, but when the baby arrived, she reminded Lucille of the proposal that she keep possession of her grandchild during its mother's sojourn in South Dakota, and accepted it. This was

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some comfort, and Mrs. Wilson remained in a trance, as it were, seeking neither sympathy nor outside suggestion until after the evil day of Mrs. Waldo's departure.

Not until then did she send for Mr. Prentiss. That the rector could do nothing to thwart the programme outlined by Lucille was clear, and she had dreaded the possibility of his advising an attitude on her part which would induce complete estrangement from her daughter. When he came she was relieved that he made no such suggestion. He seemed, like herself, overwhelmed with dismay, and, after he had heard her story, equally conscious of helplessness in the premises. Indeed, it resulted that Mr. Prentiss, having realized that he could be of no avail in the particular emergency, turned from the shocking present to the future. Lucille was beyond the pale of influence (though he declared his intention of writing to her), but this painful example would be a fresh spur to the church to take strong ground against the deadly peril to Christian civilization involved in playing fast and loose with the marriage tie. Mr. Prentiss glowed with the thought of what he could and would put into a sermon. Consciousness of the abuse had for some time been smouldering in his mind, and he reflected that it was time for him to imitate the example of other leaders of his sect by undertaking a crusade against indiscriminate divorce. Appalled as he was by the behavior of his friend's daughter, he reverted —but not aloud—to his previous opinion that it had been a godless marriage. Hence there was less occasion for surprise, and the instance in question lost some of its pathos as a consequence. But it provided him with a terrible incentive for saving others from the pitfall which had engulfed this self-sufficient and worldly minded young woman. His zeal communicated itself to Mrs. Wilson—for he did not fail in due manifestation of personal sympathy—and when he left her at the end of a visit of two hours her favorite impulse toward social reform was already acting as a palliative to her anguish and disappointment as a mother.

A few days later her brother informed her that Paul's wife had refused to wait the three years necessary to entitle the one or other of them to institute dignified divorce proceedings, on the ground of desertion, in the State where her husband had his domicile, and that she had gone to Nebraska to pursue her own remedy. Mr. Howard, though obviously disgusted, finally dismissed the matter with a sweep of his hand and the utterance, "I guess, on the whole, the sooner he is rid of her the better." But this apothegm, which for a second time did him service, only increased his sister's dejection. The disgrace of the family seemed to stare her in the face more potently than ever. Following within a few weeks of this information came the disclosure in the newspapers of the double divorce, with its sensational innuendoes as to what had occurred at Newport. For three days she kept the house, too sick at heart to attempt to simulate in public the veneer of an unruffled countenance. Then she visited Gordon Perry's office, and consulted him as to the feasibility of putting some legal obstacle in the way of her daughter's procedure; but learned from him, as she had feared, that she was powerless. When she resumed her ordinary avocations she feared lest the shame she felt should mantle her cheek and impair the varnish of well-bred serenity. It was while she was in this frame of mind that she was accosted by Loretta, and the effect of the bald remarks was as though someone had invaded her bosom with a rude, cold hand. It froze her to the marrow, and while, on second thought, she ascribed the liberty to ignorance, she felt disappointed at the evolution of her ward. Such lack of delicacy, such inability to appreciate the vested rights of the soul, argued ill for Loretta's progress in refinement. There was no second invasion of Mrs. Wilson's privacy. It seemed to her, as the days passed, that she had been through a crushing illness, and she felt the mental lassitude of slow convalescence. The receipt of Mrs. Stuart's brief letter informing her that she had been injured and was in need of counsel was a sudden reminder that she had allowed her personal sorrow to render her selfishly heedless of all else. It served as the needed tonic to her system. She swept away the cobwebs of depression from her brain, and with a firm purpose to resume her place in the world, despatched forthwith a sympathetic note and two bunches of choice grapes to the invalid, and on the following morning gave orders to her coachman to drive her to Lincoln Chambers.

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XX

THE sight of Constance's colored glasses stirred Mrs. Wilson's sensibilities, already on edge.

"You poor child!" she exclaimed, advancing with emotional eagerness, as the culmination of which she drew the young woman toward her and kissed her. This was a touch of bounty beyond Mrs. Wilson's ordinary reserve, but in bestowing it she was conscious that the recipient had deserved it, and consequently she was pleased at having yielded to the impulse. Besides having noticed with satisfaction the gradual change in Constance's appearance—both her increasing comeliness and tasteful adaptiveness in respect to dress—it distressed her that her ward's charm should be marred by so unæsthetic an accompaniment.

"What does this mean? What grisly thing has happened?"

Constance was touched by the embrace. She had passed a sleepless night confronting her exciting problem. Already this morning she had listened to the passages in those chapters of the first three gospels, Matthew xix, Mark x, and Luke xvi, in which are set forth Christ's doctrine concerning divorce and remarriage. As soon as the children had gone to school, she had taken her concordance of the Bible from the shelf, and heedless of Mrs. Harrity's wonder, had pressed the old woman into service to find and read to her the texts in question. Constance had not considered these for years, and had only a general remembrance of their phraseology, but in the watches of the night her thoughts had turned to them as traditional spiritual signposts with which she must familiarize herself forthwith. Just before Mrs. Wilson's entrance she had taken up her broom, hoping that, while she performed her necessary housework, she might thresh out the truth from her bundle of doubts. What if the truth meant the sacrifice of bright, alluring prospects for her children, and of her own new, great happiness? Could it then be the truth? More than ever did she feel the need of counsel and sympathy. At the appearance of her benefactress her pulses bounded, and the appeal in her glad greeting doubtless gave a cue to the visitor's initiative. The gracious kiss on her cheek, so unexpected and so grateful, added the finishing touch to her overstrained nerves, and she burst into tears.

Mrs. Wilson folded her in her arms and encouraged her to sob. Such philanthropy seemed to bless the giver no less than the receiver. She had arrived in the nick of time to be of service.

"There, there," she said, "you are suffering; you should be in bed. You must tell me presently everything, and I will send my own doctor to prescribe for you." So, presuming the cause of this distress, she stroked the back of Constance's hair and held her soothingly.

For some moments Constance made no attempt to check her convulsive mood, but with her head bowed on the friendly shoulder wept hysterically. When the reaction came she drew back dismayed at having lost her self-control, and as she wiped away her tears and hastily regained her ordinary dignity of spirit, exclaimed, "It isn't that. I have been in bed—I had a fall in the street; but I am quite strong again except for my eyes. I am forbidden to use them for six months. But otherwise I am as well as ever. And I have had a competent doctor."

"Not use your eyes for six months?"

There was incredulity no less than horror in Mrs. Wilson's tone. Constance was herself again by this time. She made her visitor sit down, and she succinctly described the circumstances of the accident and the specialist's examination, so that the authenticity of his verdict and the reality of her predicament were patent. Mrs. Wilson rose gladly and promptly to what seemed to her the occasion.

"You poor child. It is cruel—disastrous. But give yourself no concern. I shall claim my prerogative as a warm friend to see that you and yours do not suffer until the time when you are able to resume your regular work. Your employer, Mr. Perry, what has he said to this? His necessities oblige him to let you go, I dare say."

"On the contrary, he has been kindness itself. He wished me to remain; he would have invented occupation for me. Then I wrote to you and Mr. Prentiss. It occurred to me that you might think of something genuine which I could do for a living until I could use my eyes." Constance

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paused. Her heart was in her mouth again at the approach of the impending revelation.

"Leave it all to me. There will not be the slightest difficulty. I will find just the thing." Then, suspecting that Constance's troubled look was due to suspicion of this blithe generality, Mrs. Wilson bent forward and added beseechingly, "You will let me help you this time, won't you?"

"Indeed I will—if—if you wish," answered Constance with a sweet smile. So at this heart-to-heart appeal she stripped herself of her pride as of a superfluous garment and cast it from her. Then she said, "You don't understand. Everything has changed since I wrote to you yesterday afternoon. I need your help, your advice, Mrs. Wilson, more than I ever needed it before. You do not know how thankful I was when I saw you at the door. I have been trying to bring myself to the point ever since. I think I can talk composedly now. Last evening my employer, Mr. Gordon Perry, asked me to become his wife."

The instinctive thrill which the disclosure of unsuspected romance inspires in every woman seized Mrs. Wilson, and with it swift realization of what a piece of good fortune from every point of view had befallen her deserving ward. Constance's tears and need for counsel suggested but one thing, a problem old as the hills, but like them always interesting. Jumping at this hypothesis, Mrs. Wilson, eager to show that she had comprehended in a flash, responded, "And you do not love him?"

"That is the pity of it; I love him with all my heart."

Then Mrs. Wilson remembered. She had been so accustomed to think of Constance as alone in the world, that in the first glow of interest she had overlooked the crucial fact in the case. The recollection of it was disconcerting in a double sense, for she suddenly found herself confronting the same dire problem from the haunting consideration of which she had just emerged. But though her first resulting emotion was similar to that which one feels at re-encountering an obnoxious acquaintance, from whom one has escaped, that which followed was a sense of contrast between the two points of view presented by the separate situations, which culminated in the animating thought that here at last was a soul alive to its own responsibilities. Meanwhile she heard Constance say by way of interpretation:

"My husband is still living so far as I know, and I have never been divorced from him."

Mrs. Wilson put up her hand. "I know, I know, my dear. Pardon the momentary lapse. I am entirely aware of your circumstances. And there is no need, Constance, to explain anything. Believe me, I appreciate all; I understand the meaning of your agitation, I recognize the luminous reality of the issue with which you have been brought face to face."

Constance drew a deep breath. It was a relief to her to be spared preliminaries and to pass directly to the vital question.

"It would mean so much for my children."

To Mrs. Wilson's ear the simple words were imbued with a plaintive but courageous sadness, suggesting that the speaker was already conscious that this plea for her own flesh and blood, although the most convincing she could utter, fell short of justification.

"It would."

Constance ignored if she observed the laconic intensity of the acquiescence. She was bent on setting forth the argument with more color, so she continued:

"If I become Mr. Perry's wife, my children's future is assured. My son will be able to acquire a thorough education in art; my daughter, instead of being obliged to earn her living before she is mature, will have leisure to cultivate refinement. They would become members of a different social class. I need not explain to you, Mrs. Wilson, for it is from you that I have learned the value and the power of beauty. I covet for them the chance to gain appreciation of what is inspiring and beautiful in life, so that they need not be handicapped by ignorance as I have been."

No other appeal so well adapted to engage her listener's sympathies could have been devised by a practical schemer. And the obvious ingenuousness of the almost naïve statement increased the force of it, for like the woman herself the plea stood out in simple relief impressive through its very lack of circumlocution and sophistry. Except for the church's ban a new mar-

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riage seemed the most desirable, the most natural thing for this sympathetic woman in the heyday of feminine maturity and usefulness. Mrs. Wilson felt the blood rush to her face as the currents of religious and æsthetic interest collided. Her brain was staggered for a moment.

"Oh, yes. I am sure you do," she murmured. "But——"

Her utterance was largely mechanical and the pause betrayed the temporary equilibrium of contending forces. But Constance received the qualifying conjunction as a warning note.

"There is a 'but,' an unequivocal 'but.' That is why I wish to consult you. I need your help. There is something more to add, though, first. Marriage with Gordon Perry would freshen, sweeten my life, and make a new woman of me. He is the finest man I have ever known." She spoke the last sentence with heightened emphasis, plainly glorying in the avowal. "The simple question is, must I—is it my duty, to renounce all this? I ask you to tell me the truth."

"The truth?" Mrs. Wilson echoed the words still in a maze. Yet the clue was already in her grasp, and she delayed following it only because the greatness of the responsibility, precious as it was to her, kept her senses vibrant. At length she said with emotion:

"This is a strange coincidence, Constance. I have been face to face with this same issue for the past fortnight. My daughter has begun divorce proceedings against her husband in order to marry again. They simply were tired of each other; that is the true, flippant reason they are separating. Each is to marry someone else. Her light view of the marriage relation has almost broken my heart. And what is to blame? The low standard of society in respect to the sacredness of the marriage tie. I endeavored with all my soul to dissuade her, but in vain. I come from her to you. The circumstances of your two lives are very different, but is not the principle involved the same? My dear, if Lucille—my daughter—could have seen the question as you see it, I should have been a happy mother. You ask my opinion. I recognize the solemnity of the trust. A blissful future is before you if you marry, welfare for your children and yourself. But in the other scale of the balance are the eternal verities, the duty one owes to society, the fealty one owes to Christ. You spoke of beauty. The most beautiful life of all is that which embraces renunciation for a great cause, even at the cost of the most alluring human joys and privileges."

Gaining in fluency as she proceeded, because more and more enamoured of the cruel necessity of the sacrifice, Mrs. Wilson poured into these concluding words all the intensity of her nature. She would gladly have fallen on her knees and joined in ecstatic prayer with the victim had the demeanor of the latter given her the chance. Her heart was full of admiration and of pity for Constance and also of solicitude for the triumph of a human soul in behalf of an ideality which was at the same time the highest social wisdom. If for a moment her modern mind had revolted at the sternness of the sacrifice demanded, she was now spellbound by the shibboleth which meditation on her late experience had reaffirmed on her lips as a rallying cry, the safety of the home.

"You cannot be ignorant," she exclaimed in another burst of expression, "that the stability of the family—the greatest safeguard of civilization—is threatened. What is the happiness of the individual compared with the welfare of all? In this day of easy divorces and quick remarriages is it not your duty to heed the teaching of the Christian Church, which stands as the champion of the sacrament of marriage?"

Constance's mien during the delivery of this exhortation suggested that of a prisoner of war listening to sentence of death, one who yearned to live, but who was trying already to derive comfort from the consequent glory; yet a prisoner, too, who clung to life and who was not prepared to accept his doom, however splendid, without exhausting every possibility of escape. Though her face reflected spiritual appreciation of the great opportunity for service held out to her, and her nostrils quivered, her almost dauntless and obviously critical brow offered no encouragement to Mrs. Wilson's hope of a tumultuous quick surrender. She listened, weighing impartially the value of every word. But suddenly at the final sentences she quivered, as though they had pierced the armor of her

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suspended judgment, and inflicted a mortal wound.

"Would the Church demand it absolutely?" she asked after a moment.

"Our church forbids remarriage except in case of divorce for adultery granted to the innocent party. The language of Christ in the gospel of Matthew seems to sanction this exception, contrary to His teaching as expressed in the other gospels. But there are many who maintain with the Roman Catholic church that the marriage tie can be dissolved only by death."

"I know. I had them read to me this morning."

Though Mrs. Wilson regarded herself as a liberal constructionist of scriptural texts, and as in sympathy with the priests of her faith who glossed over or ignored biblical language justifying outworn philosophy, she was glad now of the support of the letter of the Christian law for the great social principle involved. Divining by intuition what was working in the struggler's mind, and ever on the watch to satisfy her own standard as regards modern progressiveness of vision, she ventured this:

"Though the words of Christ seem far away—though His world was very different from ours, as perhaps you were thinking, the human needs of to-day are a grand and unanswerable vindication of His teachings and of the Church's canon."

Constance looked up wonderingly. Was she dealing with a seer?

"I was thinking that very thing, that the Saviour's words seem so far away, that perhaps He did not anticipate such a case as mine."

"He invites you to suffer for His sake even as He did for yours."

Mrs. Wilson had heard the doctrine of the atonement criticised as outworn, and she was by no means sure in her heart that it would survive the processes of religious evolution; yet she felt no scruples in proffering this cup of inspiration to a thirsty and not altogether sophisticated spirit.

Constance's lip trembled. "I neglected once to heed the voice of the Church. I strayed away from Christ. When I was in trouble the Church sought me out, helped me and took me back."

"I remember. Mr. Prentiss has told me."

"Would Mr. Prentiss consent to marry me?"

"He could not perform the service; he is forbidden. You could be married only by some clergyman of another sect, if one would consent, or before a justice of the peace."

It was evident from her tone that Mrs. Wilson classed the civil ceremony with the ugly things of life.

"I see," said Constance. "I feared that he would not—that he could not." She sat for some moments with her hands clasped before her staring at destiny. Then spurred by one of the voices of protest she cried like one deploring an inevitable deed, "Gordon will not understand. He will deem that I am flying in the face of reason and sacrificing our and the children's happiness to a delusion. He is a sane and conscientious man. He strives to do what is right. Is it common sense that I must give him up?" she asked almost fiercely.

Mrs. Wilson recognized the cry as the fluttering of a spirit resolved to conquer temptation. "To satisfy common sense would not satisfy you, Constance," she answered with gentle fervor. "What you desire would be selfish; what the Church invites you to do for the sake of the world, of the family, would be spiritual."

"I wish to do what is right this time at any cost."

As Constance spoke there was a knock, and a moment later the rector of St. Stephen's appeared in the doorway, a large, impressive figure. For an instant he stood looking to right and left, taking in the surroundings, while the two women rose to greet him, and Mrs. Wilson uttered an eager aside to Constance:

"Here is someone who will tell you what is right."

Perhaps she did not intend to smother the remark. At all events it was overheard by Mr. Prentiss, and it suggested to him an appropriate greeting.

"I know of few better qualified to decide for herself what is right than Mrs. Stuart," he exclaimed with sonorous geniality, advancing. "I received your letter, and here I am. I am glad to see that another friend has been even more prompt," he added, shaking hands with Mrs. Wilson.

"Yes, I wrote to you both that I had been ill, because I felt sure that you would

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be willing to advise with me as to my future," said Constance.

She endeavored to take the clergyman's silk hat, but he urbanely waved her back, and, depositing it on the table, threw open his long coat, and squaring himself in the chair offered him glanced around the somewhat darkened room.

"Well," he said, with cheery solicitude, "you must tell me your story."

"Let me explain, my dear," interposed Mrs. Wilson, and thereupon she glided from her chair, and seating herself on the sofa beside Constance, proceeded to enlighten him. "Our young friend has had a painful accident," she began, and in half a dozen graphic sentences she informed Mr. Prentiss of the details of the catastrophe and the scope of the injury. Meanwhile she possessed herself of Constance's hand, and from time to time patted it softly during the narration, in the course of which the rector on his part expressed appropriate concern for the victim.

"When Mrs. Stuart wrote," she continued, "it was in order to consult us as to how she might best earn her livelihood until such time as her eyesight is restored. This was a pressing and delicate consideration, for the reason that she suspected her employer of a design to invent occupation for her relief, which under all the circumstances was distasteful to her pride. The particular matter of providing her with suitable means of support I have taken upon myself, and the question is no longer perplexing her. It has been put in the shade by another and far more momentous problem, the solution of which we have been discussing for the last half hour. You come just in time to give her the benefit of your abundant insight and experience. Since she wrote to you an unexpected and appealing event has come to pass. Mrs. Stuart has received an offer of marriage from Mr. Perry, her employer, who of course is aware that she still has a husband living from whom she has never been divorced."

Mrs. Wilson designedly threw this searchlight upon the past history of her ward in order to save her rector from the possibility of finding himself in the same slough into which she had slipped as a result of inadvertence, and also to place the precise situation before him in one vivid flash.

Presumably what he had heard was a stirring surprise to Mr. Prentiss, but versed in receiving confessions he gave no sign of perturbation beyond compressing his lips and settling himself further back in his chair like one seeking to get his grip on an interesting theme. When Mrs. Wilson in bright-eyed consciousness of having sprung a sensation waited to enjoy its effect, he nodded, as much as to inform her that he had grasped the facts and that she might proceed.

She fondled Constance's hand for a little before doing so. She wished to come to the point directly, yet exhaustively; to avoid non-essentials, yet to present the theme with picturesqueness.

"This little woman's heart is deeply engaged," she resumed. "She loves dearly the man who has offered himself to her. His wish to make her his wife is not only a precious compliment, but it holds forth interesting opportunities for happiness and advancement for her and for her two children. He is, as you know, a man of high standing in the community, with prospects of distinction. From the point of view of worldly blessedness the offer is exceptionally alluring. Moreover, she would be a wife of whom he could be justly proud. You see what I mean. I have given you, I think, all the vital data which bear on the case." As she paused she noticed that Constance stirred beside her. It had not been her intention to proceed further, but she made this clear by saying, "I leave the rest for you, my dear."

The next moment the rector responded with grave, solicitous emphasis. "I believe that I recognize precisely the circumstances with all the inseparable perplexities and pathos."

By an involuntary restless movement Constance had indeed revealed her dread that Mrs. Wilson was about to state the arguments as well as the point at issue, and her spirit had risen in protest. For sitting there intent on every word she had had time to realize that a crucial moment in her life had arrived, and that no one else however clever could fitly express what was working in her mind in defence of her lover's cause. When now the desired chance to speak was afforded her there was no hesitation; the necessary burning question was on her lips—the one question which demanded an unequivocal answer.

"Mrs. Wilson has stated all the facts. I

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ask you, Mr. Prentiss, to tell me truly if it is possible for me to marry Mr. Perry without doing wrong, without doing what you—the Church—would not have me do. I am ready to renounce this great happiness if it would not be right in the highest sense for me to become his wife."

It was the rector's turn to stir uneasily. His soul was rampant over the horrors of the divorce evil, but his humanity was momentarily touched by the rigor of this particular case. He, too, had had time to think, and his opinion was already formed. It had indeed risen spontaneously from the depths of his inner consciousness as the only possible answer. Yet as a wrestler with modern social problems he was disturbed to perceive that this sacrifice on this petitioner's part would have the surface effect of a hardship which, however salutary as a tenet of Christian doctrine, was not altogether satisfactory from the practical standpoint. Consequently his reply was a trifle militant.

"Have you as a woman considered whether remarriage while your husband is alive would be consistent with the highest feminine purity?"

It was a specious attack, but for a moment Constance did not comprehend. Then when it came over her that he was imposing chastity upon her, and expressing surprise at her restlessness, she lowered her eyes instinctively. That phase of the case had occurred to her many times already. Was it an impurity that she, with a husband living, should love another man? Was the implied reproach sound? Her feminine self-respect was dearer to her than life. Yet she had not discussed the point with Mrs. Wilson, as exploration with the plummet of conscience of the recesses of her womanly self had left her without a qualm. She had even faced the repugnant possibility that, as the wife of Gordon, she might hereafter be brought in contact with Emil, and decided that it could not become a controlling bugbear. Yet now when she raised her eyes again she looked first at her mentor. That lady had hers turned toward the ceiling in rapt meditation, but becoming conscious of Constance's glance, she lowered them to meet it, and Constance gathered from their troubled appeal that she agreed with the clergyman that remarriage for her would be incompatible with the highest personal delicacy and a breach of the law of beauty. This was almost a shock, and increased her trouble. Her reason was still unconvinced that the objection was other than an affectation, but the joint disapproval was a challenge to her confidence. Still she answered with the courage of her convictions:

"I should like to marry because I am in love. If my husband were dead, it would not seem inappropriate that I should wed another."

"You are well provided for; you have employment and are earning a decent livelihood. You have friends who will see that your children do not lack opportunities for advancement. Is not that enough?" He paused and quoted rhetorically: "Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh."

Constance broke the silence by completing the passage with reverence, "What therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

"Precisely," murmured the rector.

Constance slipped her hand from Mrs. Wilson's and rose to her feet. Why, she scarcely knew. She felt the impulse to stand before her judges, even as a petitioner at a court of final resort. Though her heart was hungry for permission to enter the land of promise, she already guessed what the verdict would be. If her rector's hint that the project ought to have jarred upon her finer feminine instincts had left her unconvicted before the tribunal of her own wits, it had set her thinking. It had brought before her a retrospective vision of the long fealty of her sex to the voice of carnal purity, and its twin sister, woman's long fealty to the Church. She must be true to her birthright as a woman; she must obey the higher law whatever the cost. No happiness could be comparable to that which obedience would bring. Yet another thought held her, and a little doggedly. Whatever her penitence for past error, she had never abdicated her heritage as an American woman—her right to the exercise of free judgment where the interests of her soul were concerned. Her intelligence must be satisfied before she yielded. Yet even as she rallied her energies for a second bout, it seemed to her that the memory of her late forgiveness by the Church stood in the guise of an angel at the rector's side with grieving eyes, and the charge of ingratitude

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on its lips. But Constance said sturdily and carefully:

"I have reread the Bible texts, Mr. Prentiss, and Mrs. Wilson has explained to me that as a priest of the Episcopal Church you could not marry me. I understand that. What I wish you to tell me is whether it would be a sin, a real sin, were I to be married elsewhere. The law allows it, only the Church forbids. Has the Church no discretion, could no exception be made in a case like mine? In this age of the world it would seem as though justice and the demands which religion makes on the conscience ought to tally. You know the circumstances of my first marriage. Because I made a dreadful mistake, is it my highest duty to renounce this happiness as a forbidden thing? It is for you to tell me. I must trust in you; I cannot decide for myself. My reason whispers to me that it would not be wrong for me to consent, but I am prepared to put this seeming blessing from me if by accepting it I should be guilty of a genuine weakness, should be helping to push society down instead of helping to maintain the standards of the world."

Mr. Prentiss beamed upon her with pitying, gracious approval. Now that he had recovered from his momentary access of temper he beheld in a clear light the reality of the sacrifice, her touching sincerity and his own opportunity. From the standpoint of righteousness there was no room in his mind for doubt or evasion; yet he felt that it behooved him to meet this spiritual conflict with all the tenderness of his priestly office. He had learned to admire this lithe, dark-haired woman; nor was her greater physical attraction lost on him. He realized as she stood before him that under the new dispensation she had waxed in charm and social effectiveness; and once more she was showing herself worthy of his enthusiasm. His ear had noticed the felicity of her last thought, and he was musing on the sophisticated scope of it when Mrs. Wilson's dulcet voice broke the silence.

"I have made clear to Mrs. Stuart, Mr. Prentiss, that the advanced thought of the Church finds in the words of Christ not merely an inspired utterance concerning divorce, but the rallying cry in behalf of a profound, practical, social reform."

The rector bent on his ally a discerning glance of satisfaction. He perceived gratefully that she had made the most of her opportunities to till the soil from which he looked for a rich harvest.

"My dear friend," he said to Constance, "you have put upon me a great responsibility from which I must not shrink. But however uncompromising my duty as a servant of Christ may cause me to appear, believe me that my understanding is not blind to the human distress under which you labor. You are asked to renounce what is for woman the greatest of temporal joys, the love of a deserving man." He paused a moment to mark the fervor of his sympathy. "Were I willing to palter with the truth, and did I deem you to be common clay unable to appreciate and live up to it, I might say to you 'Go and be married elsewhere. It will be an offence; it will not have the sanction of the Church; but others have done the same, and you will have the protection of the secular law.' Although the Roman Catholic priest has but one answer under all circumstances however pitiful—'who, having a husband or wife living, marries again, cannot remain a member of the Church,' it might seem permissible to some of my cloth not to condemn remarriage in the case of a dense soul as a grievous sin. But such palliation would sear my lips were I to utter it for your relief. You have asked me what is the vital truth—your highest Christian duty. There can be but one answer. To respect the marriage bond and, keeping yourself unspotted from the world, hold to one husband for your mortal life so long as you both do live. To yield would not be a crime as the ignorant know crime, but it would be a sapping carnal weakness, inconsistent with the spiritual wisdom which has hitherto led you. It would indeed help to lower the standards of human society. I may not equivocate, my dear friend. This is the ideal of the Christian Church in respect to marriage and divorce. Invoke the human law for your protection against your husband if you will, but he is still your husband in the eyes of God, and if you wed another you commit adultery."

Constance, seeming like a breathing statue, save for her odd disfigurement, her arms before her at full length, her hands folded one upon the other, heard her sentence and love's banishment. Already she felt the thrill of a solemn impulse to

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bear this cross laid upon her, not as a cross but as a fresh opportunity for service, yet she said:

"Then the law of the Church and the law of the State stand opposed to each other!" She spoke in soliloquy as it were, phrasing an existing condition for the explanation of which her intelligence still lacked the key.

Mr. Prentiss drew himself up. "Yes, they stand opposed as in so many other instances. The law of the State is for the weak; the law of the Church—of Christ—is for the strong. Verily the Church has been magnanimous and forbearing. It has resigned to the State little by little control of the social machinery. But here, where the foundations of society are at stake, it behooves her to stand firm. The law of spirit is at war with the law of flesh. Monogamy is the corner-stone of Christian civilization."

"And hence it is that marriage is a sacrament; that the marriage bond bears the seal of heaven," added Mrs. Wilson ardently, as the rector, contented with his metaphor, stopped short in his righteous foray.

"If my marriage was made in heaven, we were ill-mated," retorted Constance. The thought seemed so repugnant to her that she revolted at it. But Mr. Prentiss, like a true physician of the soul, was equal to the emergency.

"The choice was yours, and you made a dreadful mistake. Have you yourself not said so? Shall you not pay the penalty, my daughter? You thought you knew him whom you married."

"Oh, yes, indeed; but I was very young."

"May they not all say the same? And yet," pursued the rector, in a tone of proselytizing triumph, "the demon of divorce lurks at our firesides, and stalking through every walk of life makes light of the holy tie as though it were of straw, mocking the solemn associations of the family, and taking from the innocent child the refining and safeguarding influence of a stable, unsullied home. Yet the State stands by and winks at—aye, connives at and promotes the foul programme, rehabilitating shallowness and vice through the respectable red seal of the law. Yes, there are two standards. As a modern priest I am aware of the sophistry of the criticism, for who, if the Church does not, will stand as the protector of the home? And if it sometimes happens, as it must happen," he concluded in an exalted whisper, "that the apparent earthly happiness of one must be sacrificed for the good of the many, I know that you are not the woman to falter."

"Oh, no—oh, no," answered Constance, shaking her head. "It is a terrible condition of affairs, is it not? I see; I understand." She resumed her seat on the sofa and covered her face with her hands. For a few moments there was silence. Mrs. Wilson restrained a melting impulse to put her arm around her ward's shoulder in pitying encouragement. She felt that it was wiser to wait.

"Terrible!" repeated Constance, as though she had been dwelling on the thought, and she looked up. Her manner was calm and sweetly determined. "Thank you, Mr. Prentiss—thank you both so much. There is only one thing to do—one thing I wish to do now that my duty has been made entirely plain. I shall tell Mr. Perry that though I love him I cannot marry him."

"There is no reason that you should come to a decision on the spot," said Mr. Prentiss, reluctant to take undue advantage of an emotional frame of mind. "Take time to consider the matter."

But Constance shook her head. "That would not help me. I have thought it out already. I could not consent to sin, and you have explained to me that it would be a sin."

"A sin surely; a carnal sin for you, Mrs. Stuart," said the clergyman with doughty firmness.

Constance gave a little nervous laugh—or was it the echo of a shiver? "I had a conviction that it could never be. It was a pleasant dream."

The pathos of the simple utterance reawoke Mrs. Wilson's strained sensibilities. She bent and kissed Constance on the forehead. Then turning to her rector she murmured with reverent ecstasy:

"Will you not pray with us, Mr. Prentiss?"

It was a grateful, benignant suggestion to the sufferer; the tonic which her yearning, baffled spirit needed. Divining as by telepathy that the moment had arrived for just this spiritual communion, the clergy-

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man set the example to the two women by falling on his knees, and presently his voice was raised in fervent prayer. It was the prayer of praise and victory, not of consolation and distress. He thanked God—as he could do with an overflowing heart—for this triumph of intelligent spiritual discernment over the lures of easy-going and numbing materialism. The outcome of the occasion was indeed for him an oasis, one of those green, fruitful passages in the more or less general dryness of heart-to-heart contact with his parishioners, the occurrence of which made him surer both of his own professional capacity and of the eternal truths of his religion. His invocation of his God was alike a pæan of thanksgiving and an acknowledgment of rekindled faith. As for Constance, his words were so many cups of water to a thirsty soul. Scorched by his exaltation the cloud mists of doubt no longer perplexed her, and she beheld with radiant eyes her cross, her privilege to renounce what reason and human passion urged, for the sake of an ideal, the higher, vital needs of the human race.

When Mr. Prentiss had finished, Mrs. Wilson did not for a moment trust herself to speak. Her eyes were full of tears. She had knelt as close to Constance as she felt to be harmonious. It was a glorious hour also for her. The steadfastness of this woman of the people was not only a subtle personal tribute, but it had refreshed the tired arteries of her being. When her daughter had left her house, secure and cold in the pride of a revolting scheme of life, it had almost seemed that God mocked her. But now the glories of His grace were manifest.

"Constance," she said, "I will call for you to-morrow, to sit in my pew. It is Sunday, you know."

(To be continued.)

ODYSSEUS

By George Cabot Lodge

He strove with gods and men in equal mood
Of great endurance: not alone his hands
Wrought in wild seas and laboured in strange lands,
And not alone his patient strength withstood
The clashing cliffs and Circe's perilous sands;
Eager of some imperishable good
He drave new pathways thro' the trackless flood,
Foreguarded, fearless, free from Fate's commands.
How shall our faith discern the truth he sought?—
We too must watch and wander till our eyes,
Turned sky-ward from the topmost tower of thought,
Perchance shall find the star that marked his goal,
The watch-fire of transcendent liberties
Lighting the endless spaces of the soul.

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THE WAR OF 1812

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS, CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, AND HENRY REUTERDAHL

VII*

LAKE FRONTIER CAMPAIGN OF 1813—TO THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

WHEN Chauncey, on March 18th, penned the plan of operations analyzed in the last article, there were in York two vessels, the *Prince Regent* of 20 guns, the *Duke of Gloucester* 16, and two—by his information—on the stocks. On the 14th of April the ice in Sackett's Harbor broke up, though large floes still remained in the lake. On the 19th these also had disappeared. Eighteen hundred troops were embarked by the squadron, and on the 24th the expedition started, but was driven back by heavy weather. The next day it got away finally, and on the early morning of the 27th appeared off York. The troops were landed a little westward of the town, and proceeded to the attack, supported by the shipping. The enemy, who were inferior in number, retired; the small regular force making its escape, with the exception of about fifty who surrendered with the militia present. The American loss, Army and Navy, was a little over three hundred, among whom was General Pike, an excellent soldier, who commanded the landing and was mortally wounded by the explosion of a magazine. The *Duke of Gloucester* schooner was taken, but the *Prince Regent* had gone to Kingston three days before; doubtless availing herself of the weather which drove Chauncey back, to join her fleet as soon as released by the ice. By her escape the blow lost most of its effect; for York itself was indefensible, and was taken again without difficulty in the following July. A vessel approaching completion was caught on the stocks and burned, and a large quantity of military and naval stores were either destroyed or brought away by the victorious squadron. These losses were among the news that greeted Yeo's arrival; but, though severe, they were not irreparable, as Chauncey for the moment imagined. He wrote: "I believe that he has received a blow that he cannot recover, and if we succeed in our next enterprise, which I see no reason to doubt, we may consider the upper province as conquered." The mistake here was soon to be evident.

No time was wasted at York. The work of destruction, and of loading what was to be carried away, was completed in three days, and on May 1st the troops were reembarked, to sail for Fort George on the morrow. The wind, which had been fair and moderate from the eastward for some days, then came on to blow a gale which would make landing impossible off Niagara, and even navigation dangerous for the small vessels. This lasted through the 7th, Chauncey writing on that day that they were still riding with two anchors ahead and lower yards down. So crowded were the ships that only half the soldiers could be below at one time; hence they were exposed to the rain, and also to the freshwater waves, which made a fair breach over the schooners. Under such circumstances both troops and seamen sickened fast. On the 8th, the weather moderating, the squadron stood over to Fort Niagara, landed the troops for refreshment, and then returned to Sackett's; it being thought that the opportunity for surprise had been lost, and that no harm could come of a short further delay, during which also reënforcements might be expected.

Soon after his return Chauncey sent a flag of truce to Kingston. This made observations as to the condition of the enemy which began to dispel his fair illusions. His purpose to go in person to Niagara was postponed; and dispatching thither the squadron with troops, he remained at Sackett's to protect the yard and the ships

* A map of the Lake region illustrative of this article is to be found in the March number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE on page 346.

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building, in co-operation with the garrison. His solicitude was not misplaced. Niagara being a hundred and fifty miles from Sackett's, the fleet and army had been committed to a relatively distant operation, depending upon a main line of communication,—the lake,—on the flank and rear of which, and close to their own inadequately protected base of operations, was a hostile arsenal, Kingston, with a naval force quite able to compete with their own. The danger of such a situation is obvious to any military man, and even to a layman needs only to be indicated. Nevertheless, the enterprise was launched, and there was nothing for it but to proceed on the lines laid down.

Chauncey accordingly sailed on the 22d, reënforcements of troops for the defense of Sackett's having meantime arrived. He did not reach Niagara until May 25th. The next day was spent in reconnoissances, and other preparations for a landing on the lake shore, a short mile west of Fort George. On the 27th, at 9 A.M., the attack began, covered by the squadron. General Vincent, in command of the British frontier, moved out to meet his enemy with the entire force near Fort George, leaving only a small garrison of 130 men to hold the post itself. There was sharp fighting at the coast line; but Vincent's numbers were much inferior, and he was compelled steadily to give ground, until finally, seeing that the only alternatives were the destruction of his force or the abandonment of the position, he sent word to the garrison to spike the guns, destroy the ammunition, and then to join his column as it withdrew. He retreated along the Niagara River toward Queenston, and thence west to Beaver Dam, about sixteen miles from Fort George. At the same time word was sent to the officers commanding at Fort Erie and the intermediate post of Chippewa, to retire upon the same place, which had already been prepared in anticipation of such an emergency. The three divisions were thus in simultaneous movement, converging upon a common point of concentration, where they all assembled during the night. Their casualties during the day's fighting had been heavy, over four hundred killed and wounded; but no prisoners were lost in the retreat except the garrison of the fort, who were intercepted.

Dearborn, as before at York, had not landed with the troops; prevented, doubtless, by the infirmities of age increasing upon him. Two days later he wrote to the Department, "I had presumed that the enemy would confide in the strength of his position and venture an action, by which an opportunity would be afforded to cut off his retreat." This guileless expectation, that the net may be spread not in vain before the eyes of any bird, provoked beyond control such measure of equanimity as Armstrong possessed. Already probably suspecting that his correct design upon Kingston had been thwarted by false information, he retorted: "I cannot disguise from you the *surprise* occasioned by the *two escapes of a beaten enemy;* first on May 27th, and again on June 1st. Battles are not gained, when an inferior and broken enemy is not destroyed. Nothing is done, while anything that might have been done is omitted." Vincent was unkind enough to disappoint his opponent. The morning after the engagement he retired toward a position at the head of the lake, known then as Burlington Heights, where the town of Hamilton now stands. Upon his tenure here the course of operations turned twice in the course of the next six months.

While Vincent was in retreat upon Burlington, Captain Barclay arrived at his headquarters, on the way to take charge of the Lake Erie squadron; having had to coast the north shore of Ontario, on account of the American control of the water. The inopportuneness of the moment was prophetic of the numberless disappointments with which the naval officer would have to contend during the brief three months preceding his defeat by Perry. "The ordnance, ammunition, and other stores for the service on Lake Erie," wrote Prevost on July 20th, with reference to Barclay's deficiencies, "had been deposited at York for the purpose of being transported to Amherstburg, but unfortunately were either destroyed or fell into the enemy's hands when York was taken by them; and the subsequent interruption to the communication, by their occupation of Fort George, has rendered it extremely difficult to afford the supplies Captain Barclay requires, which, however, are in readiness to forward whenever circumstances will permit it to be done with safety." The road from Queenston to Fort Erie, around Ni-

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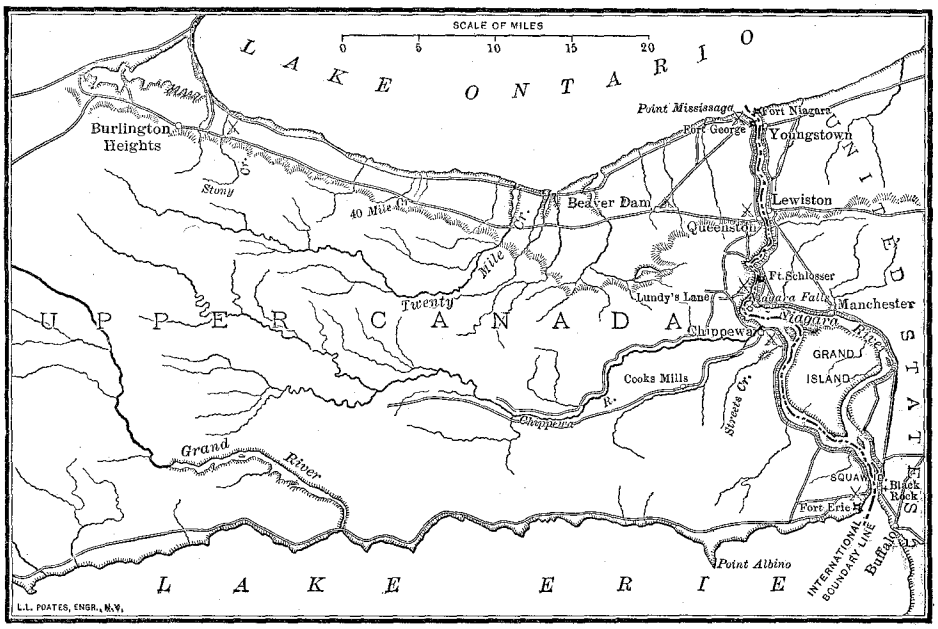

Map of Niagara Peninsula.

agara Falls, because the shortest, was the most used and the best line of transportation. To be thrown off it to that from Burlington to Long Point was a serious mishap to a force requiring much of heavy and bulky supplies. To add to these more vital embarrassments, the principal ship, the *Queen Charlotte*, which had been lying at Fort Erie, had been ordered by Vincent to leave there when the place was evacuated, and to go to Amherstburg, thus giving Barclay the prospect of a land journey of two hundred miles through the wilderness to reach his station. Fortunately for him, a vessel turned up at Long Point, enabling him to reach Amherstburg about the 7th of June.

The second step in Chauncey's programme had now been successfully taken, and the vessels at Black Rock were free to move. With an energy and foresight which in administration seldom forsook him, he had prepared beforehand to seize even a fleeting opportunity to get them out. Immediately upon the fall of York, "to put nothing to hazard, I directed Mr. Eckford to take thirty carpenters to Black Rock, where he has gone to put the vessels lying there in a perfect state of repair, ready to leave the river for Presqu' Isle the moment we are in possession of the opposite shore." Perry was also on hand, being actively engaged in the landing at Fort George; and the same evening, May 27th, he left for Black Rock to hasten the departure. The process involved great physical labor, the several vessels having to be dragged by oxen against the current of the Niagara, here setting heavily toward the falls. It was not until June 12th that they were all above the rapids, and even this could not have been accomplished but for soldiers furnished by Dearborn. The circumstance shows how hopeless the undertaking would have been, if the enemy had remained in Fort Erie. Nor was this the only peril in their path. Barclay, with commendable promptitude, had taken the lake in superior force very shortly after his arrival at Amherstburg, and about June 15th appeared off Erie (Presqu' Isle). Having reconnoitred the place, he cruised between it and Black Rock, to intercept the expected division; but the small vessels, coasting the beach, passed their adversary unseen in a fog, and on June 18th reached the port. As Chauncey had reported on the 29th of May that the two brigs building there were launched, affairs on that lake began to wear a promising aspect. The Lakes station as a whole was still, however, very short of men; and the commo-

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dore added that if none arrived before his approaching return to Sackett's, he would have to lay up the Ontario fleet to man that upon Erie.

To do this would have been to abandon to the enemy the very important link in the communications, upon which chiefly depended the reënforcement and supplies for both armies on the Niagara peninsula. The inherent viciousness of the plan upon which the American operations were proceeding was now quickly evident. At the very moment of the attack upon Fort George, a threatening but irresolute movement against Sackett's was undertaken by Prevost, with the co-operation of Yeo. Had the place fallen, Chauncey would have lost the ship then building, on which he was counting to control the water; he would have had nowhere to rest his foot except his own quarter-deck, and no means to repair his fleet or build the new vessels continually needed to maintain superiority. The case of Yeo dispossessed of Kingston would have been similar, but worse; for land transport in the United States was much better than in Canada. The issue of the war, as regarded the lakes and the northwestern territory, lay in those two places. Upon them depended offensive and defensive action.

At the time of the attack upon Sackett's only two vessels of the squadron were there, the senior officer of which, Lieutenant Chauncey, was in momentary command of the Navy Yard as well. The garrison consisted of four hundred regular troops, the arrival of whom a week before had enabled Chauncey to leave for Niagara. Dearborn had already written to Major-General Jacob Brown, of the New York militia, asking him to take command of the station; for which his local knowledge particularly fitted him, as he was a resident of some years' standing. He had moreover manifested marked military capacity on the St. Lawrence line, which was under his charge. Brown, whose instincts were soldierly, was reluctant to supersede Colonel Backus, the officer of regulars in command; but a letter from the latter received on the 27th, asking him to take charge, determined his compliance. When he arrived, five hundred militia had assembled.

The British expedition left Kingston with a fine fair wind on the early morning of May 27th—the same day that the Americans were landing at Fort George. The whole fleet accompanied the movement, having embarked troops numbering over seven hundred; chiefly regulars. At noon they were off Sackett's Harbor. Prevost and Yeo stood in to reconnoitre; but in the course of an hour the troops, who were already in the boats ready to pull to the beach, were ordered to re-embark, and the squadron stood out into the lake. The only result so far was the capture of twelve out of nineteen American barges, on their way from Oswego to the Harbor. Three were intercepted, their crews escaping to the woods. The other seven gained the port.

During the next thirty-six hours militia kept coming in, and Brown took command. Sackett's Harbor is an indentation on the south side of a broad bay, called Black River Bay, into which the Black River empties. The harbor opens eastward; that is, its back is toward the lake, from which it is distant a little over a mile; and its north side is formed by a long narrow point, called Navy Point, on which was the naval establishment. Where Black River Bay meets the lake, its south shore is prolonged to the west by a projection called Horse Island, connected with the land by a fordable neck. Brown expected the landing to be made upon this, and he decided to meet the attack at the water's edge of the mainland, as the enemy crossed the neck. There he disposed his five hundred militia, placing the regulars under Backus in a second line; a steadying point in case the first line of untrained men failed to stand firm. It was arranged that, if the enemy could not be resisted, Lieutenant Chauncey was to set fire to the naval stores and shipping, and cross with his crews to the south side of the harbor, east of a work called Fort Volunteer, where Brown proposed to make his final stand. From there, although an enemy at the yard could be molested, he could not certainly be prevented from carrying off stores or ships; hence the necessity for destruction.

The British landed upon Horse Island soon after daylight of the 29th, and from there advanced. They were met with a volley from the militia; but as had been foreseen by Brown, himself yet a militia officer, they then broke and fled. Their

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colonel behaved gallantly, and was killed in trying to rally his men; while Brown himself, collecting about a hundred of the fugitives, worked round with them to the left flank of the approaching British. These, moving through the woods, now encountered Backus and his regulars, who made upon them an impression of overwhelming numbers, to which the British official report bears a vivid testimony. The failure to carry the place is laid by this paper upon the light and adverse winds, which prevented the co-operation of the squadron's heavy guns, to reduce the batteries and blockhouse. Without this assistance, it was impracticable to carry by assault the works in which the Americans had taken refuge. "The troops were reluctantly ordered to leave a beaten enemy." Brown makes no mention of this retreat into the works, though it appears clear that the Americans fell gradually back to their support; but he justifies Prevost's withdrawal, bitterly criticised by writers of his own nation, in the words, "Had not General Prevost retreated most rapidly under the guns of his vessels, he would never have returned to Kingston."

In the midst of the action word was brought to Lieutenant Chauncey that the battle was lost, and that the yard must be fired. Brown, in his official report, expressly acquitted him of blame, with words of personal commendation which are difficult to reconcile with others written by him to Dearborn, unofficially, some weeks later. The two schooners in commission had retreated up Black River, but the prize *Duke of Gloucester*, and the ship approaching completion, were fired. Fortunately, the flames were extinguished before serious damage was done; but when Commodore Chauncey returned on June 1st, he found that among a large quantity of materials consumed were the stores and sails of the new ship. The loss of these he thought would delay the movements of the squadron three weeks; for without her Yeo's force was now superior.

The defense of Sackett's Harbor obtained immediately for Brown, who was just thirty-eight, the commission of brigadier-general in the army; for the new Secretary, Armstrong, was looking round anxiously for men to put in command, and was quick to seize upon one when he found him.

To Chauncey, on the other hand, the affair in its consequences and demonstration of actualities was a rude awakening, to which his correspondence during the succeeding six weeks bears witness by an evident waning of confidence not before to be noted. On the 4th of June, he tells the Secretary of the Navy that he has on Ontario, exclusive of the new ship not yet ready, fourteen vessels of every description, mounting sixty-two guns; whereas Yeo has seven, which, with six gunboats, carry one hundred and six. "If he leave Kingston I shall meet him. The result may be doubtful, but worth the trial." This resolution is not maintained. On the 11th he hears, with truth, that Yeo was seen at the head of the lake on the 7th, and that the Americans at Fort George had taken his squadron to be Chauncey's. By the same channel he learns of a disastrous engagement of the army there, which was likewise true. His impulse is to go out to meet the British squadron; but he reflects that the enemy may then again find an opportunity to descend upon Sackett's, and perhaps succeed in burning the new ship. Her size and armament will, he thinks, give him the decisive superiority. He therefore resolves to put nothing to hazard till she is finished.

The impression produced by the late attack is obvious, and this decision was probably correct; but Yeo too is building, and meantime he has possession of the lake. On the 3d of June he left Kingston with a squadron, two ships and four schooners, carrying some three hundred troops for Vincent. On the evening of the 7th, about six o'clock, he was sighted by the American army, which was then at Forty Mile Creek, so named from its distance from Niagara; a position to which it had retired after a severe reverse inflicted by the enemy thirty-six hours before. Vincent's retreat had been followed as far as Stony Creek, about ten miles west of Forty Mile Creek, and the same distance from Burlington Heights, where the British lay. The situation of the latter was in fact extremely perilous; for, though strongly placed, they were greatly outnumbered. In case of being driven from their lines, they must retreat on York by a long and difficult road; and upon the same bad communications they were dependent for supplies, unless their squadron kept control of the lake. Recognizing

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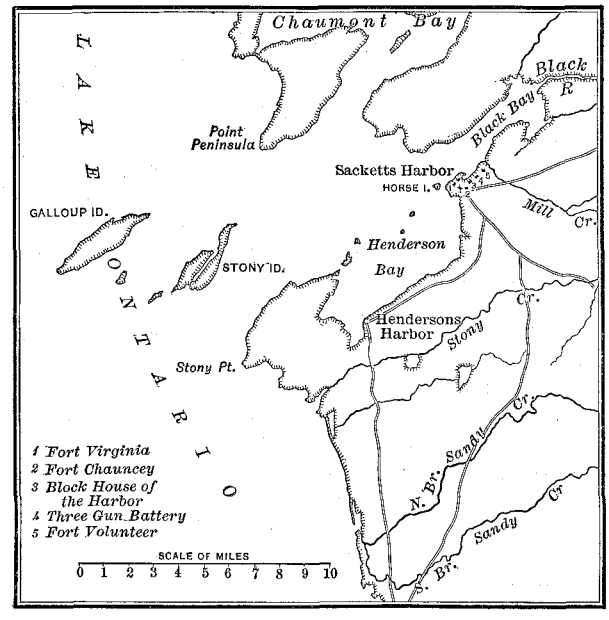
that desperate conditions call for desperate remedies, Vincent resolved to risk an attack with seven hundred men under Colonel Harvey, in whose suggestion the movement originated. These fell upon the American advance corps at two o'clock in the morning of June 6th. An hour of fighting ensued, with severe loss on both sides; then Harvey, considering sufficient effect produced, drew off his men before daylight revealed the smallness of their numbers.

There was in the affair nothing intrinsically decisive, scarcely more than a business of outposts; but by a singular coincidence both the American generals present were captured in the confusion. The officer who succeeded to the command, a colonel of cavalry, modestly distrustful of his own powers, could think of nothing more proper than to return to Forty Mile Creek, sending word to Fort George. Dearborn, still too weak to go to the front, dispatched thither General Morgan Lewis. On his way Lewis received from the commander-in-chief two brief messages, announcing the appearance of Yeo's fleet, and indicating apprehension that by means of it Vincent might come upon Fort George before the main army could fall back there. It was most improbable that the British general, with the command of the lake in dispute, would thus place himself again in the position from which he had with difficulty escaped ten days before; but Dearborn's fears for the safety of the forts prevailed, and he ordered a retreat. The movement began by noon of June 8th, and in a few days the army was back at Niagara River, having lost or abandoned a quantity of stores. The British followed to within ten miles of the fort, where they took up a position. They also reoccupied Beaver Dam; and a force of six hundred Americans sent to dislodge them, under Colonel Boerstler, was compelled to surrender on the 24th of June. Dearborn, who had already reported to the Department that he personally was "so reduced in strength as to be incapable of any command," attributed his embarrassments "to the temporary loss of command of the lake. The enemy has availed himself of the advantage and forwarded reënforcements and supplies." The effect of controlling the water cannot be contested; but the conditions at Stony Creek were such that it should have been possible to drive Vincent away from any hold on the south shore of Ontario; for, creditable as had been the enterprise of Colonel Harvey, it had accomplished no change in material conditions. Dearborn was soon afterward relieved. His officers, including Scott, joined in a letter of regret and esteem, prompted doubtless by sympathy for the sufferings and miscarriage of an aged officer who had served gallantly in his youth during the War of Independence.



Plan of Sackett's Harbor.

To Colonel Harvey's attack, on the morning of June 6th, British military critics have with justice assigned the turning of the tide in the affairs of Upper Canada. It is perfectly true that that well-judged movement, admirable in conception and execution, checked the progress of the American arms at a moment most favorable to them, and put an end to conditions of advantage which never there recurred. That this effect was produced, however, is attributable to the inefficiency of the American officers

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in command. If Harvey had divined this, from the previous operations, and made it a part of his calculations, it is so much more to his credit; the competency of the opponent is a chief factor to be considered in a military enterprise. It detracts nothing from Harvey's merit to say that there was no occasion for the American retreat, nor for the subsequent paralysis of effort, which ended in expulsion from the Niagara peninsula at the end of the year. "For some two months after this," wrote a very competent eye-witness, afterward General Scott, "the army of Niagara, never less than four thousand strong, stood fixed in a state of ignominy, under Boyd, within five miles of an unintrenched enemy, with never more than three thousand five hundred men." Scott seems not to have known that this inactivity was enjoined by the War Department till Chauncey could resume control of the lake. From this time, in fact, the Niagara army and its plans disappear from the active operations.

Yeo remained in undisputed control of the water. That the British at this time felt themselves the stronger in effective force, may be reasonably inferred from their continuing to keep the lake after Chauncey's new ship was out. She was launched June 12th, and named the *General Pike*, in honor of the officer killed at the taking of York. Her armament was to be twenty-six long 24-pounders, which under some circumstances would make her superior, not only to any single vessel, but to any combination of vessels then under the British flag. If it was still possible, by use of favoring conditions, to contend with the American fleet after the addition to it of this ship, by so much more was Yeo able to deal successfully with it before her coming. A comparison of the armaments of the opposing forces also demonstrates that, whatever Chauncey's duty might have been without such prospect, he was justified, having this decisive advantage within reach, in keeping his fleet housed waiting for its realization. The British new vessel, the *Wolfe*, with the *Royal George** and the *Melville*, carried a broadside weight of 962 pounds, to which the *Madison* and *Oneida* could oppose only 578; and the batteries of all five being mainly carronades, there are no qualifications to be made on the score of differing ranges. The American schooners, though much more numerous than the British, in no way compensated for this disparity, for reasons which will be given when the narrative of operations begins. Unknown to Chauncey, the vindication of his delay was to be found in Yeo's writing to the Admiralty, that he was trying to induce the enemy to come out before his new ship was ready.

Disappointed in this endeavor, the British commodore meantime employed his vessels in maintaining the communications of the British and harassing those of the Americans, thus observing the true relation of the lake to the hostilities. Mention has been made of the effect upon Dearborn; morally, in the apprehension created, actually, in the strength contributed to Vincent's army. "The enemy's fleet is constantly hovering on the coast and interrupting our supplies," wrote Lewis, during Dearborn's incapacity. Besides incidental mentions by American officers, Yeo himself reports the capture of two schooners and boats loaded with stores June 13th; and between that date and the 19th he landed parties at the Genesee River and Great Sodus, capturing or destroying a quantity of provisions. Transit between Oswego and Sackett's was also in constant danger of an unexpected interference by the British squadron. On the 20th of June it appeared off Oswego, with apparent disposition to attack; but Yeo, who in his exercise of chief command displayed a degree of caution remarkable in view of his deservedly high reputation for dash acquired in less responsible positions, did not pass beyond threat. All the same, the mere uncertainty exercised a powerful influence on the maintenance of intercourse. "If the schooners *Lark* and *Fly* are not now in Sackett's," wrote Lieutenant Woolsey from Oswego, "they must have been taken yesterday by the British boats. They were loaded with powder, shot, and hospital stores for the army." He has also cordage, powder, guns, cables, to send, and boats in which to ship them; but "under existing circumstances I dare not take upon myself to send them farther than to Sandy Creek, under strong guard. I think it would be unsafe to venture round Stony Point [a projecting headland twelve miles from Sackett's] without convoy or a good guard."

* Formerly the *Prince Regent*.

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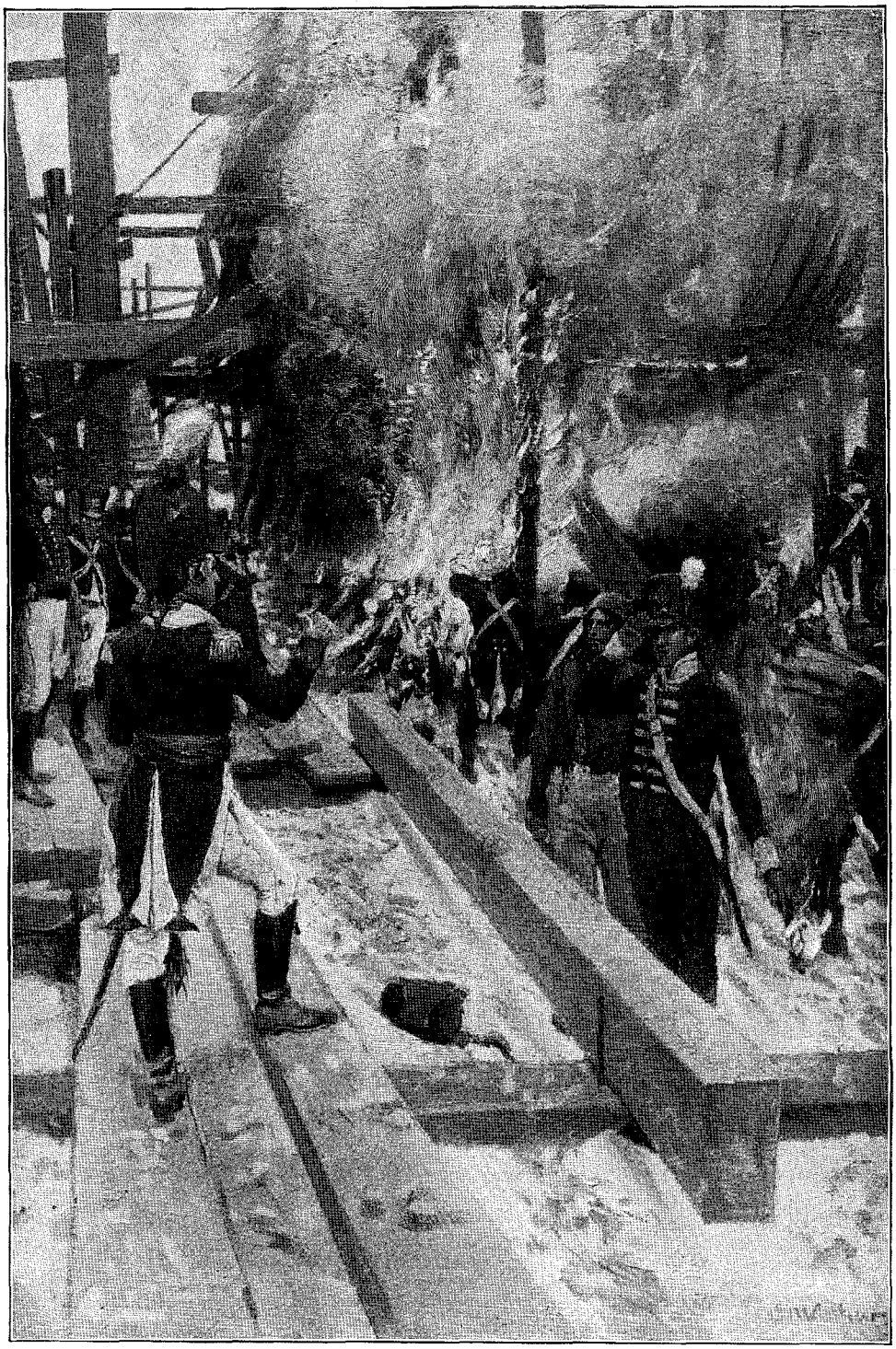

Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

The burning of a vessel on the stocks at York.

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On July 2d, having ranged the lake at will since June 1st, Yeo returned to Kingston, and Chauncey again began to hear rumors. "The fleet has taken on board two thousand men, and two thousand more are to embark in boats; an attack upon this place is the object. The plan is to make a desperate push at our fleet before the *General Pike* can be got ready. . . . His real object may be to land reënforcements near Fort George, to act with General Vincent against Dearborn. If this be his object, he will succeed in obliging our army to recross the Niagara River;" a serious commentary on the American plan of campaign. This fear, however, was excessive, for the reason that an effective American army on the Niagara had a land line of communication, bad but possible, alternative to the lake. The British had not. Moreover, the Niagara peninsula had for them a value, as a land link between Ontario and Erie, to which nothing corresponded on the United States side. Had Vincent been driven from Burlington Heights, not only would he have lost touch with the lake, and been forced back on York, but Ontario would for the British have been entirely cut off from Erie.

The *General Pike* was ready for service on July 20th, and the following evening Chauncey sailed. With this begins a period, extending over ten or twelve weeks, which has no parallel in the naval lake history of the war. It was unproductive of decisive results, and especially of the one particular result which is the object of all naval action—the destruction of the enemy's organized force and the establishment of one's own control of the water; nevertheless, the ensuing movements of Yeo and Chauncey constituted a naval campaign of considerable interest. Nothing resembling it occurred on either Lake Champlain or Erie, and no similar condition recurred on Ontario. The fleets were frequently in presence of each other, and three times came to blows. On Erie and on Champlain the opposing forces met but once, and then without any prolonged previous period of manœuvring. They fought immediately; the result in each case being an American victory, not only complete but decisive, which has kept their remembrance alive to this day in the national memory. On Ontario, after the close of the season of 1813, the struggle resolved itself into a race of ship-building; each party endeavoring to maintain superiority by the creation of ever-increasing numbers, instead of by crushing the enemy. Such a contest sufficiently befits a period of peace; it is, for instance, at this moment the condition of the great naval nations of the world, each of which is endeavoring to maintain its place in the naval scale by the constant production and development of material. In war, however, the object is to put an end to a condition of national tension and expense by destroying the enemy; and the failure of the commanders to effect this object calls for examination.

The indecisive result on Ontario was due to the peculiar composition of the two squadrons; to the absence of strong compelling conditions, such as made fighting imperative on Barclay upon Erie, and perhaps also on Downie upon Champlain; and finally, to the extreme wariness of the commanders, each of whom was deeply impressed with the importance of preserving his own fleet in order not to sacrifice control of the lake. Chauncey has depicted for us his frame of mind in instructions issued at this very moment—July 14th—to his subordinate, Perry. "The first object will be to destroy or cripple the enemy's fleet; but in all attempts upon the fleet you ought to use great caution, for the loss of a single vessel may decide the fate of the campaign." A practical commentary of singular irony was passed upon this utterance within two months; for by sacrificing a single ship Perry decided his own campaign in his own favor. Given the spirit of Chauncey's warning, and also two opponents with fleets so different in constitution that one is strong where the other is weak, and *vice versa*, and there is found the elements of wary and protracted fighting, with a strong chance that neither will be badly hurt; but also that neither will accomplish much. This is what happened on Ontario.

The relative powers of the two fleets need to be briefly explained; for they constituted, so to say, the hands in the game which each commander had to play. The British had six vessels, of varying sizes and rigs, but all built for war, and sailing fairly well together. They formed therefore a good manœuvring squadron. The Americans had three vessels built for war, and at the

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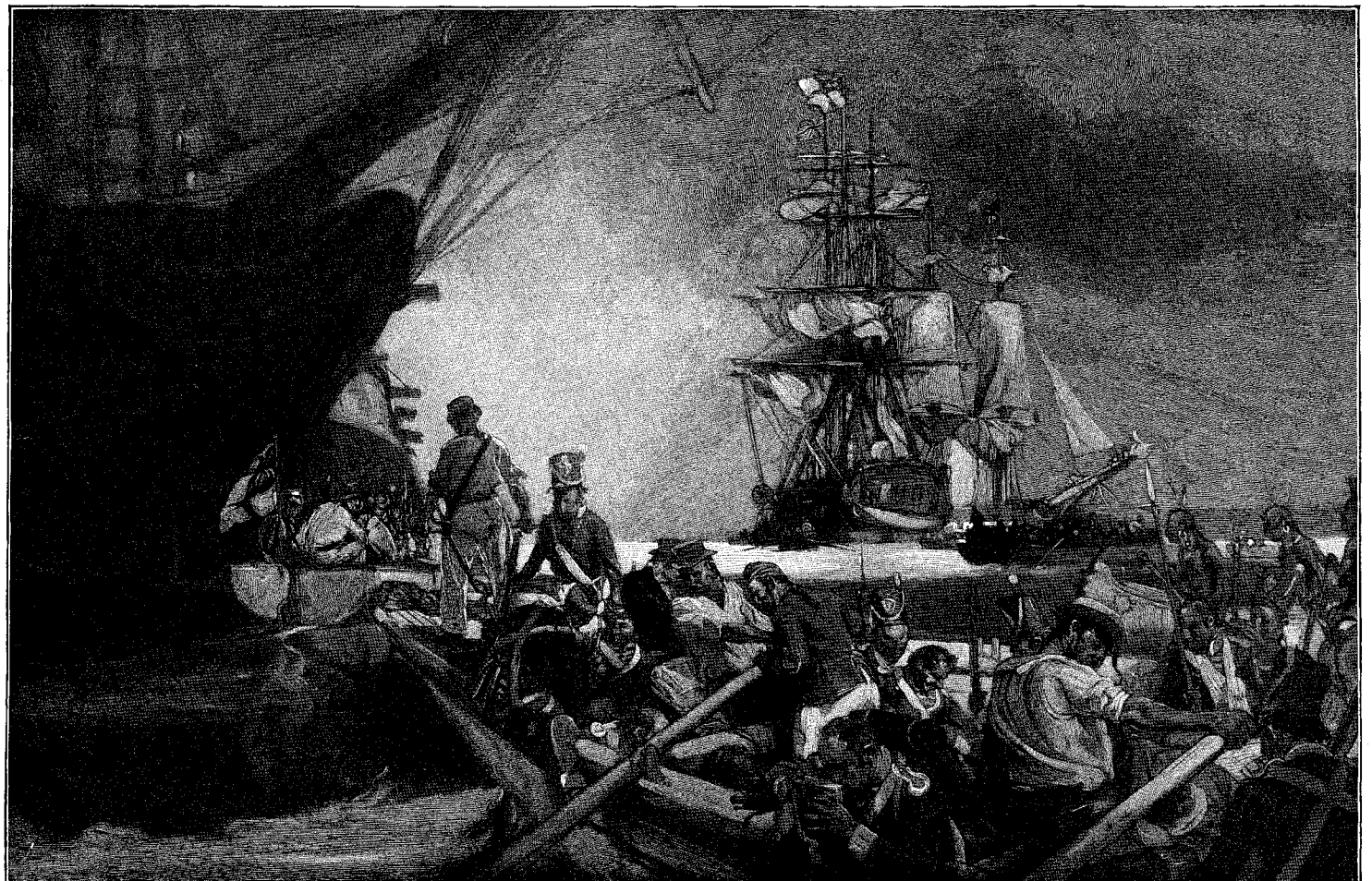

Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

The retreat of the British from Sackett's Harbor.

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beginning ten schooners also, not so designed, and not sailing well with the armaments they bore. Whatever the merits of this or that vessel, the squadron as a whole manœuvred badly, and its movements were impeded by the poorer sailors. The contrast in armaments likewise had a very decisive effect upon the conditions. There were in those days two principal classes of naval cannon—long guns, often called simply "guns", and carronades. The guns had long range with light weight of shot fired; the carronades had short range and heavy shot. Now in long guns the Americans were four times as strong as the British, while in carronades the British were twice as strong as the Americans. It follows that the American commodore should prefer long range to begin with; whereas the British would be careful not to approach within long range, unless with such a breeze as would carry him rapidly down to where his carronades would come into play.

There was another very decisive reason why such short range favored the British against the Americans. The schooners of the latter, not being built for war, carried their guns on a deck unprotected by bulwarks. The men, being exposed from the feet up, could be swept away by canister, which is a quantity of small iron balls packed in a case and fired from a cannon. When discharged, these separate and spread like buckshot, striking many in a group. They can maim or kill a man, but their range is short and penetrative power small. A bulwarked vessel was, so to say, armored against canister; for it makes no difference whether the protection is six inches of wood or ten of iron, provided it keeps out the projectile. The American schooners were in this respect wholly vulnerable.

Over-insistence upon details of advantage or disadvantage is often wearisome, and may be pushed to pettifogging; but these quoted are general and fundamental. To mention them is not to chaffer over details, but to state principles. There is one other that should be noted, although its value may be differently estimated. Of the great long-gun superiority of the Americans considerably more than one-half was in the unprotected schooners; distributed, that is, among several vessels not built for war, and not capable of acting well together, so as to concentrate their fire. There is no equality between ten guns in five such vessels and the same ten concentrated on one deck, under one captain. That this is not special pleading, to contravene the assertion of great American superiority on Ontario advanced by James, I may quote words of my own, written years ago with reference to a British officer: "An attempt was made to disparage Howe's conduct (in 1778), and to prove that his force was even superior to that of the French, by adding together the guns in all his ships, disregarding their classes, or by combining groups of his small vessels against D'Estaing's larger units. For this kind of professional arithmetic Howe felt and expressed just and utter contempt."* So Nelson wrote to the commander of a British cruising squadron, "Your intentions of attacking the *Aigle*" —a seventy-four—"with your three frigates are certainly very laudable, but I do not consider your force by any means equal to it." The new American ship, the *General Pike*, possessed this advantage of the seventy-four. One discharge of her broadside was substantially equal to that of the ten schooners, and all her guns were long; entirely out-ranging the batteries of her antagonists. Under some circumstances, —a good breeze and the windward position,—she was doubtless able to encounter and beat the whole British squadron on Ontario. But the American schooners were mere gunboats, called to act under conditions unfavorable to that class of vessel, the record of which for efficiency is under no circumstances satisfactory.

After leaving Sackett's, Chauncey showed himself off Kingston and then went up the lake, arriving off Niagara on the evening of July 27th. An abortive attempt, in conjunction with the army, was made upon a position of the enemy at Burlington Heights, then far in rear of his main line; but it being found too strong, the fleet, with the troops still on board, bore over to York and there retaliated the injury done by Yeo at Genesee and Sodus. There was no opposition; many stores were destroyed or brought away, some military buildings burned, and the vessels then returned to Niagara. They were lying there at daybreak of August 7th when the British appeared: two ships, two

* "History of the Royal Navy," edited by Sir W. L. Clowes Vol. III, p. 411.

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Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.

The fleets of Chauncey and Yeo manœuvring on Lake Champlain.

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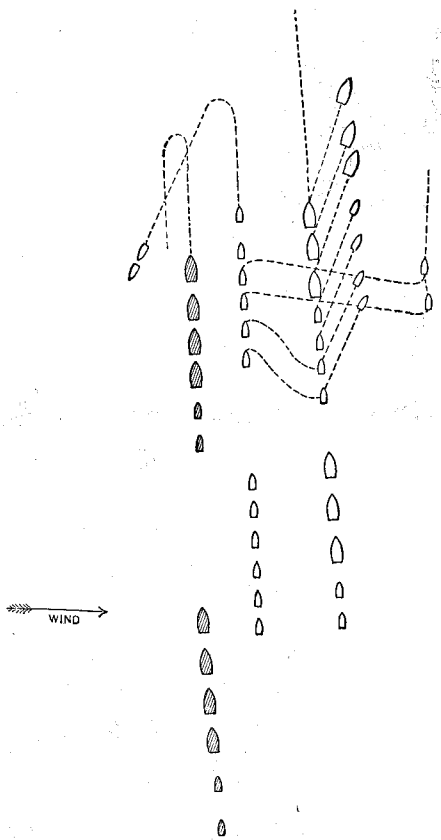
brigs, and two large schooners. Chauncey had substantially his whole force: two ships, the *Pike* and *Madison*, the brig *Oneida*, and ten schooners. He got under way shortly and put out into the lake. Various manœuvres followed, his principal object being to get to windward of the enemy; or, when the wind failed, to sweep—row—the schooners close enough for their long guns



Plan of Chauncey's engagement, August 10, 1813.

to reach; the only useful function they possessed. These efforts were unsuccessful, and night shut in with the two opponents in line, heading north, with the wind at west; the Americans to leeward and in rear of the British. At two in the morning, in a heavy squall, two schooners upset, with the loss of all on board, save sixteen souls. Chauncey reckoned these to be among his best, and, as they together mounted nineteen guns, he considered that "this accident gave the enemy decidedly the superiority"; another instance of faulty professional arithmetic, omitting from the account the concentration of power in the *General Pike*.

Yeo did not estimate conditions in the same way, and persisted in warily keeping the weather gage, watching for a chance to cut off schooners, or for other favoring opportunity; while Chauncey as diligently sought to gain the advantage of the wind, to force action with his heavy ships. Manœuvring continued all day of the 8th, 9th, and 10th. The winds, being light and shifting, favored now one, now the other; but in no case for long enough to insure a meeting which the American with good reason desired, and his antagonist with equal propriety would accept only under conditions that suited him. At nine in the evening of the 10th the American squadron was standing northwest, with the wind at southwest, when the British, which was then following to windward, wore and stood south. Chauncey made no change in direction, but kept his vessels in two lines; this being the order of battle by which, not being able to attack himself, he hoped to induce Yeo to engage incautiously. The six smallest schooners, of the eight now left to him, were put in the weather line; therefore toward the enemy, if he persisted in keeping to windward. The lee line, abreast of the other, and six hundred yards from it, was composed of the *Pike*, *Madison*, and *Oneida*, astern of which were the two heaviest schooners. The smaller vessels were displayed as a tempting bait, disposed, as it were, in such manner that the opponent might hope to lay hands on one or more, without coming too much under the *Pike's* heavy guns; for the other two ships, carrying chiefly carronades, might be neglected at the distance named. If such an attempt were made, the schooner's orders were to edge imperceptibly to leeward, enticing the enemy to follow in his eagerness; and when he was near enough they were to slip cleverly through the intervals in the lee line, leaving it to finish the business. The lure was perhaps a little too obvious, the enemy's innocent forgetfulness of the dangers to leeward too easily presumed; for a ship does not get out of the hold of a clear-headed captain as a mob of troops in hot pursuit may at times escape the control of their officers. In view, however, of Yeo's evident determination to keep his "fleet in being," by avoiding action except on his own terms,

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nothing better was open to Chauncey, unless fortune should favor him.

At half-past ten the British again wore, now standing northwest after the American squadron, the rear vessels of which opened fire at eleven. At quarter-past eleven the cannonade became general between the enemy and the weather line. Fifteen minutes later, the four rear schooners of the latter, which were overmatched when once within carronade range, bore up and ran to leeward; two taking position on the other side of the main division, and two astern of it. So far all went according to plan; but unhappily the leading two American schooners, instead of keeping away in obedience to orders, tacked—went about towards the enemy—keeping to windward. Chauncey, seeing the risk involved for them, but prepossessed with the idea of luring Yeo down by the appearance of flight set by the schooners, made what can scarcely be considered other than the mistake of keeping away himself, with the heavy ships; "filled the maintop-sail, and edged away two points, to lead the enemy down, not only to engage him to more advantage, but to lead him away from the *Growler* and *Julia*." Yeo, equally dominated by a preconceived purpose of not bringing his ships under the guns of the *Pike*, acted much as a squirrel would do with two nuts in sight; he went for the one safely distant from the danger he suspected. "He kept his wind," reported Chauncey, "until he had completely separated those two vessels from the rest of the squadron, exchanged a few shot with the *Pike* as he passed, without injury to us, and made sail after the two schooners." These surrendered some time after midnight to odds plainly irresistible.

The tacking of the two schooners was an act as ill-judged as it was insubordinate, for which Chauncey was in no wise responsible. His bearing up was certainly an error, which unfortunately lent itself to the statement, contemporaneously made by an American paper, that he retreated, leaving the two vessels to their fate. It was possible, therefore, for Sir James to word the transaction as he airily did: "At eleven, we came within gunshot of their line of schooners, which opened a heavy fire, their ships keeping off the wind to prevent our closing. At half-past twelve, this ship came within gunshot of the *Pike* and *Madison*, when they immediately bore up, fired their stern chase-guns, and made sail for Niagara, leaving two of their schooners astern, which we captured." This gives a more victorious and dashing air to the success than it quite deserves. As it stood, it was real enough, though trivial. To take two vessels from a superior fleet, within range of its commander-in-chief, is a handsome business, which should not need to be embellished by the implication that a greatly desired fight could not be had. To quote Marryatt, "It is very hard to come at the real truth of these sort of things, as I found out during the time that I was in His Majesty's service." Chauncey's version is perfectly probable. Seeing that the enemy would not follow, "tacked and stood after him. At twelve (midnight), finding that I must either separate from the rest of the squadron, or relinquish the hope of saving the two which had separated, I reluctantly gave up the pursuit." His reading of Yeo's conduct is plausible. "From what I have been able to discover of the movements of the enemy, he has no intention of engaging us, except he can get decidedly the advantage of wind and weather; and as his vessels in squadron sail better than our squadron, he can always avoid an action. . . . He thinks to cut off our small dull sailing schooners in detail." Here and always Chauncey's conduct reflects the caution prescribed in his instructions to Perry, rather than the resolute determination the latter showed to bring matters to an issue. On the other hand, it is to be remembered that, owing to the nearly equal facilities for ship-building—for replacing ships lost—possessed by Kingston and Sackett's, a decisive naval victory would not have the finality of result to be expected on Lake Erie. Contrary to the usual conditions of naval war, the two ports, not the fleets dependent on them, were the decisive elements of the Ontario campaign; and the ignoring of that truth was the fundamental, irremediable, American error.

Chauncey returned to Sackett's on August 13th, provisioned the squadron for five weeks, and sailed the same evening. On the 16th he was back off Niagara, and there again sighted the enemy; but a heavy westerly gale drove both squadrons to the lower end of the lake, where each entered its

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own harbor on the 19th. On the 29th the American put out again, having an additional newly built schooner, named the *Sylph*, large and fast, carrying three or four long 32-pounders. Chauncey reported that he had now nine vessels with ninety-one guns, but that the enemy was still superior. In number of guns, possibly; but it is difficult to accept the statement otherwise, except in the one very important particular of squadron-manœuvring power. This enabled Yeo to avoid action, except when it suited him to fight; or unless Chauncey was willing to engage first with part only of his squadron, following it with the rest. This advantage in manœuvring greatly increases the ability of the inferior to serve his own cause, but it does not constitute superiority. The delusion of measuring force by guns, irrespective of the ships that carry them, has been explained.

Yeo's intermediate movements do not appear, but on September 7th the antagonists again met off the Niagara River. From that day till the 12th the American fleet endeavored to force a general action, which the other steadily, and properly, refused. The persistent efforts of the one to close and of the other to avoid, led to a movement round the lake, ending by the British entering Amherst Bay, five miles west of Kingston. On one occasion, off the Genesee on September 11th, a westerly breeze carried the United States squadron within three-quarters of a mile of the enemy, before the latter felt it. A cannonade and pursuit of some hours followed, but without decisive result. There seems traceable throughout Chauncey's account a distinct indisposition to what is called technically "a general chase;" to press on with part of the squadron, trusting to the slower vessels coming up in time to complete the work of the faster. He was unwilling thus to let his fleet loose. "This ship," (the *General Pike*)," the *Madison*, and the *Sylph*, have each a schooner constantly in tow, yet the others cannot sail as fast as the enemy's squadron, which gives him decidedly the advantage, and puts it in his power to engage me when and how he chooses." In such a situation success can be had only by throwing the more rapid upon the enemy, as an advance guard engaging as they get within range, relying upon their effecting such detention that the others can arrive in time to their support. To this recourse, though in halting fashion, Chauncey finally came on what proved to be his last collision with Yeo, September 28th.

(To be continued.)

THE TWO TIDES

By Edith M. Thomas

CHILD, I beheld thee, one night, swept in by the Tide on this known shore of Being;
Naked thou wert, and unfain to be here, and thine eyes were averse to all seeing;
Bitter and small was thy first-uttered cry, and filled with unnamed desolation—
Thou, so encompassed by Love and by Joy in their marvelling proud salutation!

Child, in thy turn, thou shalt see me, rapt by the refluent Tide swiftly flowing;
All sound shall be stopped from these lips save only the last sigh of breath in outgoing;
The face thou shalt watch will grow strange, the word thou wouldst hear—it shall not be spoken!
Then shalt thou sweep the dim seas for a beacon, and storm the locked heavens for token!

O child, in that hour of the Ebb, left alone on the ignorant shore, crying, "Whither?"
I charge thee, Remember, naught didst thou know of the Tide that once brought thee hither,
Loath to thine heritage—thou, the darling of Life, whom the banquet invited;
So much, and no more dost thou know, what awaiteth the outbound pilgrim benighted,
What sovereignty royal—what dream beatific fulfilled in Youth's restoration—
What galaxy crowding in welcome—what guest-rites—what marvelling proud salutation!

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"DIVIDED"

THE STORY OF A POEM

By Clara E. Laughlin

I

SHE was a lonely little girl in a bleak farmhouse. Years ago her mother had come hither, flushed with romantic sacrifice, from the teaching of literature in a semi-rural academy to the practical facts of "help-meeting" on a farm. From the eminence of being appealed to from three counties to say who wrote "Beautiful Snow," and who was the greatest American poet, "and why," the little girl's mother had come to take up the love-life her poets told about, in a home whose treadmill demands broke her feeble spirit long, even, before they wore out her frail body. Love had not failed her, but it had failed to satisfy her. The poor little spirit that had fattened on the husks of neighborhood eminence and a hectic love of sentiment, starved on the ripe grain of motherhood and an honest love, and when the little girl was eight years old she found herself vaguely mourning her motherlessness. She missed her mother rather more sentimentally than actually, however, for the broken-spirited woman had given no companionship and little even of supervision to her child. But the child had an inherited sentimentality; she knew it was a pathetic thing to be motherless—everyone said so, the poetry books, the neighbors, even her big, kind, quiet father, who indulged her more than ever because she had "no mother now."

And so the little girl, whom her mother had named Aurora, for love of Aurora Leigh, went her lonely way across the fields to school when the weather permitted (a question which she alone decided), and when it didn't, sat curled up for long hours in some quiet corner absorbed with her dead mother's "Family Editions" of Longfellow and Whittier and Burns, and her well-worn copies of Felicia Hemans, Owen Meredith, and Jean Ingelow, wherein out of her untrained fancy read marvels of literalness and constructions that might well have wrought consternation in the authors.

Many of the poems mystified her unpleasantly, many of them she liked not at all, but of her many favorites one gave her, above all, the supreme satisfaction of continually piquing her interest. It answered all the purposes of the Sphinx to the lonely child, who was forever questioning it and never getting any answer.

It was the opening poem in a red-bound book by Jean Ingelow, and it was called "Divided." Perhaps its illustrations were its chief charm; the first of them represented a boy and girl of about Aurora's age playing in a meadow, for all the world like the south meadow of Aurora's father. The boy chased butterflies and the girl gathered posies. In the next picture they knelt, jubilant, beside a tiny silver thread of water trickling through the grass. Parting the grasses to determine its course, the laughing children, in picture three, "took hold of hands" across the baby brook, and started to run with it. In picture four the brooklet had become a brook, and the children, following their new treasure toward its mouth, had to loose their mutual clasp as they ran, one on either bank. In the picture following, the brook had widened still more and the boy and girl, now larger grown, waved gaily at each other from their opposite sides. By and by it became a river, and the flowering fields led the way to a town of masts and spires; they could no longer call across, but only signal, yet they kept on and on and on. At last the river, passing the town, widened to a great estuary, and on a shore whose opposite was not even dimly discernible, the girl, a woman grown, and weary, stood and waved a signal to the companion she could not see, and from whom no answering signal came to her.

Aurora agonized over the story. What did it all mean? Why did they "let go hands"? Or why, if after letting go they

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found the stream separating them, did they not go back a little space and either abandon the trail or follow it together? The joys of their companionship looked so beatific to the lonely child she marvelled herself heart-sick over their separation.

There was a brook in her father's south meadow, — a full-grown, trout-yielding brook, to be sure, and not an incipient trickle playing hide and seek among the grasses,—and Aurora looked to that meadow to yield her, some day, a boy companion. And most determined was Aurora if that boy were ever found, never to adventure with him where they could not hold hands across, never to lose him for lack of going over, as a woman should, to his side.

One day—such is, sometimes, the power of faith—one warm, bright June day in the summer when Aurora was ten, she wandered lonesomely down into the south meadow to think about the boy and all that he typified of companionship, and lo! there he was, fishing in her father's brook.

The very white bare feet that he dangled in the clear water were all that was needed to denote a being from remote parts—in other words, The Boy! Wrapped in delicious reflections of her own, Aurora stood so long silently contemplating the boy that he grew restive.

"Well," he snapped finally, with a suddenness and a testiness that nearly precipitated Aurora into the brook, "what you gawking at?"

Aurora evaded the question.

"You can't catch trout that way," she volunteered after an awkward silence. It was an ill beginning.

"What way?" demanded the boy, haughtily.

"The way you're doin'," rejoined Aurora, losing her first awe and waxing bold with the consciousness of superior knowledge.

"You dassent to put your feet in the water when you're fishin' fer trout! Why, you dassent even to leave your shadow be on the water, they're that timid and smart. You got to git out o' sight and not leave 'em see your line, even, and bait with a grasshopper, and be awful quiet."

It cost the boy a struggle to know how to receive this gratuitous advice, but two hours of patient dangling and flicking the water with his gaudy patent fly had prepared him to hearken to Aurora's wisdom with inner, but not outer, meekness. That she was right he more than mistrusted, but how to avoid saying so—that was the question.

The white feet, therefore, remained defiantly in the water, and the gaudy fly continued to keep wary trout at a distance, while between the two on opposite banks of the wee brook an ominous silence rested.

"Where do you live?" asked the boy at length, with as superior an air as he could manage.

Aurora indicated, with a backward jerk of her thumb.

"I live in New York," said the boy, without waiting to be asked. Aurora gasped, so audibly that the boy almost forgave her for her advice about the trout.

"Ever been there?" he asked, and the meekness of her faltering "No, oh, no!" put the boy again in good favor with himself, and in a proper masculine position of superiority.

He was Garrett Levering, he informed her, visiting his uncle, Amos Levering, for the school holidays, and went on to explain that he lived in a "brown-stone front" four stories high; and seeing that four stories conveyed little meaning to Aurora, who had never seen a house of more than one story and a half, he elucidated by saying that it was as high as the giant elm against whose lofty bole Aurora's little home-cot leaned, small as a toddling child against a great man's knees. This comparison was just a bit of an exaggeration, but the boy knew it no more than the girl—so really sky-high did his home loom in his proud memory alongside the low-roofed cottages of the country. The first impression of that great stone house reaching far into the sky, stayed with Aurora for many years and lent its majesty to the boy who emanated therefrom for her companionship.

That summer Aurora read no more poetry books; she had never divulged to Garrett her former interest in them, being a little sentimentally shy about THE poem which he was in part realizing for her, and, for the rest, feeling that A Psalm of Life, Snowbound, Miles Standish, even Bingen on the Rhine, were ill worth mentioning after the tales Garrett told her about Richard and Saladin, the Scottish Chiefs, and Robinson Crusoe.

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When, however, the first of September was at hand, and Garrett was about to go, with only a possibility of return the following June, the pall of separation, the shadow of dread of her former loneliness, lay heavy on the spirit of Aurora.

He left on a Sunday afternoon, and after the early dinner at his uncle's Garrett obtained permission to trudge, in his Sunday suit of black and his shining black shoes, the two miles of hot, dusty road to Aurora's house, to say good-by. Bantered by his uncle's family he set off, and received by Aurora's father with a good-natured but insinuating grin, he was bidden to "set out in the yard where it's cooler," and to take off his coat for comfort. This latter Garrett, with chilling dignity, declined to do, and Aurora's father was reminded how averse her mother had been to the practice, which sent him ruminating into the house, where, in the shelter of the kitchen porch, he weighed the chances of Aurora's getting "mixed up with a city feller," and suffering the rebuffs for her country rudeness that he had suffered for his in days gone by.

Left to themselves the children were a little constrained at first. Garrett was not specially depressed by the impending separation; he had the world-old masculine advantage of new activities ahead to anticipate, minimizing the reluctance he might have felt at leaving a pleasant summer behind. Aurora, however, woman-like, enjoyed no such advantage; change for her meant simply a staying behind in scenes long irksome through familiarity and now to be more bare of charm than ever by reason of the passing of companionship.

The shadow of the sky-high house waiting to receive him added to the tragedy of his leaving, made the conversational channels of other days seem quite inadequate to Aurora, and she strove, with real woman bravery, to turn the talk in the direction of his future interests and to keep it off the subject of her own distress.

Not until the moment came to say the actual good-by did Aurora summon courage enough to ask him if he thought he would come again next summer. He didn't know; maybe so, maybe not. But if she came to New York she must come and see him. Aurora thanked him, and voiced nothing of her bitter disbelief that she should ever go to New York.

When Garrett was actually gone, out of sight down the dusty road, Aurora went up to her little room in the half-story of her paintless home, and threw herself on her bed, and cried, and cried.

"Gosh!" said her father, who tip-toed to her door, and tip-toed away again.

When she got up it was six o'clock, the time Garrett was to take his train. And going to the little hanging shelf where she kept her neglected "poetry books," she took down her favorite, and for the first time in her starved little life, full of harsh practicalities, a symbolism flashed upon her inner sight. The literalness of her former renderings became foolishness to her in the twinkling of a tear-wet eye, and "I know," she said, shutting the book with a sob, "it wasn't a brook; he had to go away."

II

Garrett did not come next summer; he went to Europe, whence he wrote Aurora once or twice, boyish letters filled with statistics of things seen. Nor did he come the next summer, nor the next, nor the next; his father had bought a place at the seashore, and Garrett preferred going there each year, and renewing acquaintance with the companionable young people of the other cottages.

After five summers, however, the place rather palled on Garrett, just beginning to know the ennui of eighteen. In June of that year, therefore, when he was preparing to take his examinations for college, his father proposed to him that he go up to his uncle's and put in a long, quiet summer of hard work and simple living. Garrett agreed, and one afternoon was set down on the blistering board platform of the station at Overbrook, with a bicycle, a tennis set, an up-to-date fishing outfit, a guitar, a collie dog, a camera, a trunk of large dimensions, and a very nobby valise.

The next morning, after an hour of Horace, Garrett felt more attuned in spirit to "green fields and running brooks" than to "rendering" and syntax, so, putting away his books, he got up, thinking to hunt a favorable place to lay out his tennis

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court, and while he was looking he might be doing something with the camera.

It was hot, very hot, when he left the shade of Aunt Leila's garden and set foot on the dusty road, and something in the heat and the dust brought back to mind prim little perspiring Aurora as she had looked that Sunday afternoon, in her stiffly starched white dress and vivid pink bows. He had almost, if not altogether, forgotten Aurora of late.

Now, as the recollection of her flashed over him, it was not unpleasant to contemplate the effect of his great stature, his threatening mustache, his bull-dog pipe, his bicycle, his guitar, his camera, his tennis set and "Sportsman's Standard" on the gawky country girl. Garrett quite liked the idea of her surprise and awe. Perhaps he would take her picture, he promised himself, recalling sundry novels he had read in lazy hammocks on summer days, of artists who went sketching and painting in rural parts and stirred up "tumult of emotions" in the breasts of their nut-brown models. With all his holy zeal for books, Garrett was at the age when stirring up a tumult of emotions in the breast of anything young and feminine was no ill-favored thought.

Accordingly, he faced him in the direction of Aurora's home, and the two miles thereto seemed but a stride, so lightly buoyant were the thoughts of conquest that carried him along. How surprised she would be to see him! She would remember him, of course! Doubtless, it being early in the morning, she would be unprepared for company—more than probably confused at being caught about her homely tasks. But he would reassure her, Garrett promised himself. He would tell her how picturesque the peasant women of Europe were in their field dress, how infinitely preferable to the artist eye, to the modish women of the cities. (Garrett had just read this in a monthly magazine.)

Ought he to knock at the seldom-used front door, and give her time to "primp" ere she came to open? Or should he walk 'round to the side or back and surprise her? Politeness dictated the former course; dramatic instinct the latter, and dramatic instinct won.

To the side door, therefore, Garrett proceeded, and if anything one-half so splendid had ever been at Aurora's side door before Garrett knew little about the probabilities in a one-horse country town.

Before he had rounded the corner of the house the pungent smell of suds smote his nostrils. Aurora was washing! A jutting angle of the house hid the side door from view until one was quite upon it, and there, on a sort of platform made by the widening of the board walk, a lusty country girl stood rubbing coarse clothes with hands that looked capable of felling an ox. Garrett gave a gasp of surprise, but the keeping of "hired help" in these parts was, he knew, exceptional; therefore the young lady of the house this must be.

Lifting his cap with a courtly deference, he inquired if he had the honor of addressing Miss Aurora Russell.

"La!" said the lady addressed, and after an interval of frank examination," No; she ain't to hum."

"She still lives here, does she?" Garrett inquired, replacing his cap.

Yes, she lived there, but had gone out nearly an hour ago. No, the lady addressed could not say where she might be.

Thanking her, Garrett took his way down the plank walk, past the well and the barn, in the direction of the south meadow. Back of the house was the orchard, a scraggly little patch of poor-pedigreed apples and "picklin' pears," which never grew luscious and golden. In spite of its poverty, however, it was June-beautiful to-day, but Aurora was not there.

She was by the brook-side, in the south meadow, book in hand, and her book was Jean Ingelow's poems, bound in red.

Although she had a book in her hand Aurora was not reading—that is, not until she became aware, out of the corner of her eye, of an unwontedly nobby figure striding down in her direction from the orchard. Then her absorption in the poetess became prodigious; not even the shadow that fell across her book roused her until a gentle "Ahem!" made her start as if stung. She looked up, 'way up, and Garrett grinned.

"I guess you don't know me," he said. Aurora looked puzzled for a moment.

"Why, it's Garrett Levering!" she exclaimed, as if she could hardly believe her senses.

Yes, he assured her, it was Garrett, and if he was not mistaken, she was Aurora

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Russell who had once given him a lesson in fishing for trout. Having said so much Garrett was at a loss for a few seconds for further speech; he had forgotten to calculate on the girl's being pretty!

Aurora was better prepared; she had pictured him so much, and so idealizingly, that it would scarcely have surprised her to find his head three feet further into the clouds than it was, or his distinguished bearing three times augmented (if that could have been possible). Also Aurora had her due complement of feminine finesse. Garrett had come here to find her, had found her, and was no more able to dissimulate the fact than any man of eighteen, or twice eighteen. Aurora had come here to be found, had realized her expectations, but was woman-child enough to appear dumfounded by the unheralded apparition. And as guile is readier of tongue than simple honesty, Aurora advanced to command of the situation long before Garrett's frankly astonished gaze had done wandering from point to point of her, as if in pursuit of some least suggestion of the girl of six years agone.

It was not (although Garrett did not know this) that the girl was so pretty, but that she appealed so strongly to the imagination—which is a much more dangerous quality, of course, than any amount of mere prettiness. There was something in the unconscious grace of her supple young body that thrilled one like the swaying of tall grasses, and there was an unforgettable look in the serious brown eyes, a look that might record or portend almost anything. Garrett was more bewildered than merely admiring, and while he pondered, awkwardly and obviously, Aurora plied him with questions as to when he had come, how long he was to stay, and the like, just as if she had not been informing herself on these points by interrogating his uncle's family for an interminable fortnight.

When he found his sober senses somewhat, he inquired of Aurora politely what she was reading. Told it was poetry, he inquired whose. Told it was Jean Ingelow's, he inquired if Aurora liked it. Told that she did, he made request that she read him some passages, and then threw himself down alongside her as the painters in the novels always did by their nut-brown heroines.

Aurora considered HER poem for a brief moment, then turned shyly toward the back of the volume, as far away from it as possible, and read sedately "Seven Times," conscientiously through, from seven times one to seven times seven.

Sympathy lent modulation to her clear young voice, and Garrett, listening, caught far less of Miss Ingelow's intent than of the more salient fact that the girl who read was a poetry-lover—a kindred soul, in other words.

One poem from the book sufficed, for when the heart beats young it has recourse to poetry only to stimulate itself; old hearts read to forget—young hearts read to be reminded that the world is theirs.

Talking of poetry, Garrett asked Aurora if she liked Shelley—that dear idol of youth—and Aurora pleading ignorance of his poems, Garrett recited to her snatches of "The Skylark," "The Cloud," "To Jane with a Guitar," "Constantia Singing," and "The Sensitive Plant." Aurora's face flushed with delight in their beauty, but the poems that moved her to her young soul's depth, Garrett soon learned, were poems like "Evangeline," "Enoch Arden," and the Idylls of the King. Her perception of beauty was good, considering that it had been so wholly uneducated; but passionate appreciation of the human drama requires no preparation save a nature tuned to sympathy. In her starved little life Aurora had not turned, as so many lonely souls do, to Nature for companionship, but had sat through the procession of the years—bud and blossom and fruit and seed, requiem and resurrection, bird-song and soughing wind—indifferent to the drama of earth and wistful to be close to the human drama; unregardful, of course, of the human drama as it played itself at Overbrook—but that was to be expected of her youth.

From Shelley and her confession of fealty to Longfellow and Tennyson, it seemed but a step, to Garrett, to the declaration of his own poetic purposes, a confidential murmur of some of his achievements, even.

Aurora was entranced, though the poems recited to her by their author were so crammed with mythological allusions that she could scarcely catch their meaning.

It was high noon ere it seemed to the young people by the brook that they had

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fairly exchanged civilities, and Garrett, getting up to go, remembered his camera, and posed slim, sweet Aurora for a "snapshot." They made no tryst for further meetings, but each knew, as if the words had been spoken, that the little brook would witness many.

At dinner, Uncle Amos inquiring if he had spent a pleasant morning, Garrett replied that he had, and went so much further as to add that he had been looking for a good, level place to set up his tennis.

"And while I was looking, I stumbled on that little Aurora Russell I used to play with years ago when I was here."

"She's a real nice little thing," said his aunt, "but I mistrust how she's goin' to turn out—the way her father brings her up."

On Garrett's inquiry what that way might be, practical, hard-working Aunt Leila shook her head ominously.

"You know her ma was a school-teacher," she began, "and had a lot of high-falutin notions. Not that poetry and all that ain't all right for them that have time for it, but you can't run a farm and moon over poetry books at the same time; and 'Rory's ma wa'nt never no helpmeet to her pa; it's kind of a good thing she died, poor body, though it does seem hard to say it. Now this little gal's got her ma's ways all over, and her pa, Jake Russell, is that soft over the child, and that foolish about thinkin' mebbe farm life was too hard for her ma and wore her out before her time, that he don't make 'Rory do a thing; hires help to keep the house, and lets that young thing do as she pleases. Now what way is that to bring up a poor farm girl, I'd like to know?"

Garrett made no reply, but toward three o'clock he remarked that he believed he would take a book "out somewhere" and "study," and, Shelley in hand, took the direction of the brook, where he found Aurora, without a book this time, her slim brown hands clasped about her updrawn knees and a wondrous look of eager expectancy on her sweet young face.

Intimacy becomes a thing of moments under such conditions. Inside three days Aurora had confided to Garrett the story of THE poem, and her belief that the brook symbolized parting such as theirs of six years before, with the fluttering of letters first, then silence.

"But now I have you back again," said the little maid, naïvely. She made no secret of her joy in him.

And within a week Garrett had written three poems to her, had photographed her daily, and had made her the repository of all his dreams touching a poetic career.

And so the summer waxed to its zenith. Billy, the collie, was adopted into the concern, the guitar was kept strung for the playing of plaintive little melodies out under the trees on warm, moonlit July nights, the "Sportsman's Standard" came into use because, while one may not talk and catch trout, one may talk and fish for them; and moreover, in circumstances like these one may be very still and yet very happy.

In August the inevitable happened: they had a quarrel. Like most serious quarrels, it began in some absolutely unimportant trifle. They had agreed to meet by the brook on an August afternoon at three o'clock. It was a day of sullen heat; overhead a brazen sky, underfoot a baked, dry earth. At noon Aurora's father came in from the fields exhausted, seeing through a red mist and dizzy unto nausea.

To Aurora, who came to him in alarm, he said there was nothing to worry about, only on no account must she venture out of the house before sundown. Aurora had been an indulged child, but she had never learned disobedience therefrom, and three o'clock came and went and she kept no tryst by the brook.

The sun was no sooner down, however, than she sped to the meeting place, hopeful that Garrett might have been detained at home by his uncle's counsel, and perchance be at the brook now. But he wasn't, nor was he there next morning, nor that afternoon, and poor little Aurora's heart grew sicker and sicker as the hours dragged by and he did not come.

Perhaps he had been sunstruck, was her agonized thought. But a moment's reflection showed her that if anything had happened to Garrett the fact would have been neighborhood news long ere this.

Another day and another went by, and the girl went faithfully to the brook twice each day and waited and waited, going home each time to throw herself on her bed and cry, until a whole week went by and the misery in her face smote even her unobservant father with alarm.

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Meanwhile, over at the Levering farm a haughty boy nursed a grievance. It had been hot that afternoon, certainly! Who knew it better than he, who had toiled two miles in the blistering mid-afternoon sun to keep his tryst? She had but a few steps to come, down through the shady orchard, and yet she had kept him there waiting a whole hour and a half of oven heat, augmented by his impatience to read to her a sonnet he had composed to her that morning. He considered it the finest thing he had ever done in a poetic way; using a poet's license to cover the anachronism, he acclaimed Aurora as her

Whose name the Dawn hath borrowed to express
Acme of dewy freshness.

Hot, hurt, and very angry, Garrett returned home. His first impulse, to destroy the sonnet, was succeeded by the sober second thought that a fine poem was worth all the girls in existence. Suppose Keats had torn things up when Fanny Brawne irritated him! Perish the thought! But no, it was not such a bad thought after all, for did it not lead to the reflection how poets in all times have suffered at the caprice of vain, silly women, and thus, "cradled into poetry by wrong," have learned "in suffering what they teach in song."

This enduring indignities in great company kept Garrett interested and busy, poetically busy, for a week, at the end of which time he was confronted with an old, old need—the need of some one to read his passionate verses to.

He considered Aunt Leila for the honor, but recalled what she thought of poetry for all but the strictly leisure class; he thought of Uncle Amos, but knew him to be out of the question. Finally he thought of Aurora! To tell the truth, the idea of what posterity might think of his heart-broken verses did not move him to half the curiosity he felt to know what she would think of them, whose light caprice had called them into being.

After eight interminable days, therefore, he repaired to the brook, and there, as he had confidently expected, he found Aurora, pale and red-eyed, and so very, very humble that he forgave her at once, though he had not meant to. Also, when she cried he kissed her, which he had not meant to do either, and which, when it was done, so surprised and confused them both that they sat silent for a long while.

Presently Garrett noticed that Aurora had a book in her lap, the red-bound book of Jean Ingelow's poems she had had when he found her here in June, and on his speaking of it, Aurora opened up her heart about her poem.

"I never could understand it," she said, the tears shining in her brown eyes, "but now I do. It was a misunderstanding—a little, little thing at first, but neither of them would 'cross over' until it had grown so big they couldn't, and it was too late."

III

After Garrett left that summer a divine discontent stirred the spirit of Aurora. He had confided to her how little likely his people were to appreciate his determination to be a poet, and there came a noble dignity into his bearing when he spoke of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune that he expected to suffer in his ardent spirit, and the path of anguish that would doubtless be his path to fame.

"You must be my Mary Shelley, Aurora," he had told her. And with eyes very round with awe and sympathy Aurora promised that she would.

"Pa," she said to Jake Russell, the day after Garrett left, "I want to go to school."

"Why, 'Rory," was his surprised comment, "I thought y'd been *through* the school!"

"Oh, *that* school!" retorted Aurora contemptuously, "*that's* nothing! I mean to a real school where you get education. I want to go to a young ladies' seminary, pa, and learn about gods and goddessess and something called mythology."

"Well, now, 'Rory, I dunno but ye kin," said Jake Russell; "where'd y' like to go?"

And Aurora never knew what that drawling assent cost the man threatened with the renewal of an old tragedy.

To a young ladies' seminary in Elmira, therefore, Aurora went, and if the teachers wondered at her avidity for Latin verbs and Greek fables, it was because they did not know of a boy in his freshman year at a great New England college—a boy who wrote odes and elegiacs so full of classical

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allusions that it required the most downright "plugging" to interpret them.

It was their plan that Garrett should spend all his college vacations at Overbrook, but it is easier to plan, God knows, than to execute! One summer he had to spend tutoring in mathematics, and another summer he went camping in Canada with three fellows of his class; and the summer of his graduation, when he had promised her that nothing should keep him from spending with her his last real, long vacation before going to work, his father died, and it was out of the question that he desert his mother in the poignancy of her fresh grief, to idle away the sad, bright days in the companionship he longed for at Overbrook.

So, of all the time they had planned to spend together, there was only one summer when he could be with her; but it was enough to blow into a lively flame a sentiment that, in Garrett's case, letters had not kept from dwindling to a mere glow.

It was that summer they became engaged. When Aurora went back to school for her third and last year, there came to her from New York a slender wire of gold, and hanging from it a "bangle" in the shape of a heart set with tiny turquoises.

She used to fear, sometimes, as she looked at the little ring, lest Garrett in his so-different life be weaned away from her; but she might have spared herself (poor anxious little maid!) the tears of terror this thought occasioned. She was afraid of the "stylish girls" of his strange world, but she needn't have been! There was not one in all Garrett's acquaintance who had a tithe of Aurora's reverence. She was all compounded of a great wistfulness and a sympathy that was half brooding, wholly worshipful. Other girls exacted; Aurora paid tribute. And Garrett was a budding poet—so Aurora had no rival.

Jake Russell went to Elmira to see his daughter graduate, and when they were riding home to Overbrook, her school life behind her, he asked her, fondly, what she was going to do now with all her learning.

And Aurora looked up into his face with the serene look of one who has never been gainsaid, and replied:

"I'm going to marry Garrett as soon as he gets a start in his career. It was so I could help him that I studied so hard."

Jake Russell was not surprised—at least not greatly. He had expected as much, and nerved himself for it.

"What is his career?" he asked Aurora, politely.

"Poetry," Aurora answered fervently.

Jake Russell had never heard of Ibsen, else he might have bowed his head upon his hands and whispered "Ghosts!" Instead, after some seconds of silence, he laid a rough brown hand on Aurora's slim white one, and crushed it in an eloquent pressure.

"I hope you'll be almighty happy, little gal," was all he said.

Aurora never knew what her father suffered with her and for her in those two summers when Garrett could not come, and she strove so bravely to hide her intolerable loneliness.

After his graduation Garrett went to work in earnest—not in a dilettante way, as he might have but for the altered family circumstances consequent on his father's death, but as a man works who must not only make his mark, but his daily bread.

Naturally, the beckoning of the Muse and the dull demands of bread-winning were not always, nor often, in the same direction, and Garrett suffered no little bitterness thereby. His letters to Aurora were full of an impassioned sense of the complete, fundamental wrongness of things, and Aurora, who cared so little about the material as to be almost abnormal, yearned to share with her poor poet his attic and crust (which were fairly figurative, however), but deferred to Garrett's assurance that it would be impossible.

She taught the country school at Overbrook in those days of waiting, and really strove, as best she could, to do it more than perfunctorily—remembering the husks fed to her childish spirit here in the days that seemed so long ago.

But with her whole soul she longed for him—for the sound of his voice, the touches of his hands, the thrill of his presence. There were times when her great wistfulness for him was almost more than she could bear, and she would creep out to the south meadow and sit in the shade of the bushes by the brookside and shut her eyes tight and try to imagine him beside her. And when the effort failed her, as it was bound to (poor child!), she would lay her head on the grass and cry—silently, not bitterly nor rebelliously, but with a piteous loneliness.

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Meantime Garrett was succeeding. He had been an absurdly natural, ingenuous youth, and in due process of shaking up and settling down, he became something more than a dull, feeble-aspiring man. He had enthusiasm, and the world loves enthusiasm—if it can understand it. And he had a kind of superb self-confidence which, also, the world loves—if it be tactfully displayed. Stern necessity made him consent

> "For life,
> To work with one hand for the booksellers
> While working with the other for himself
> And Art."

And greatly to his surprise, it was not when he was working for himself and what he thought his art, that success came to him.

His first book gained him recognition among the few who discern keenly; his second gained for him a fame among the many who acclaim loudly. His third book made him a full-fledged celebrity.

Aurora, teaching and longing at Overbrook, received from him bundles of newspaper clippings in which his work was extolled, and gloried in them so that she tried not to remember that the letters enclosing them were oftentimes hurried and scant.

There was nothing niggardly in the letters she wrote Garrett. She never dreamed it, and he was not aware of it (so gradually had Aurora developed in his knowledge of her), but they were really wonderful letters—the outpouring of a woman's heart such as it is seldom a man's privilege to receive.

Poetry had never tilted futilely against practicality in Aurora's life. Such practicality as she knew was quite mechanical, and no more interfered with her poetry than breathing interferes with love. She lived in a world of the spirit, and her feet touched the homely, familiar earth unconsciously. She read, not widely but searchingly, not so much with intelligence as with passion, and she dreamed exceedingly, without bounds.

In Garrett's presence, on the few occasions when he was able to be with her for a hurried visit, she was constrained in the greatness of her joy. It was when he was away from her and she sat in her schoolroom, after the children were gone, or in her room at home under the eaves, and poured out her heart to him on paper, that she came nearest to satisfying him.

He would have missed her letters sorely; her bodily presence he had learned to do without. Thus it came about that, dependent as he was on her in a way, Garrett had never been impelled to make sacrifices to have her constantly by him.

It was sweet to think of the girl up in the country who loved him and revered him and followed his every move toward his goal with burning, eager interest. It was sweet to get her impassioned letters, full of unconscious beauty. It was sweet to dispatch her the first copy obtainable of each of his books, to inscribe them, "To her who has helped me most of all," and to know that she gloried more in that inscription than in any other the world could have written over against her name. All these were sweet, but his life was very full. One cannot serve two masters at any time, but least of all if one of them be Success.

There was never any hint of reproach in Aurora's letters, nor in her manner when he saw her, never any hint that the waiting was weary to her, that she felt her youth slipping by—the years when she should have come into her kingdom of home and wifehood and motherhood. She never upbraided him when he broke his engagements with her to keep others that seemed more demanding to a man whose face was set determinedly toward success.

And so the years went by, with incredible swiftness to the man in the hurly-burly of tense, nerve-straining life; with intolerable slowness to the woman in the farmhouse at Overbrook.

For two years Garrett Levering had not been to Overbrook. He was working as no slave ever worked, he told her—working on a book that was to be far and away superior to anything he had yet done. Every hour he could get from bread-winning went into the book. When it was finished they would celebrate in long days by the brook in the south meadow, he told her. When it was finished he would give himself a real vacation, would rest on his oars a spell and see how far the momentum of these straining strokes would carry him. She must excuse his hurried letters; he felt that every pen-stroke of which he was capable should go into the book. She must forgive him for forgetting to send her a birthday remembrance; he hadn't torn a page off his calendar pad in weeks.

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She excused, she forgave, she condoned neglect and overlooked the grinning grimaces of the monster Self-Absorption. And she counted the weeks until the approximate time he had set for the book's completion.

"In six weeks I'll come," he wrote her, and then, "You may expect me in about three weeks," and then,

"I don't know what you'll think of me, Aurora dear, but I've contracted for another book to be delivered not later than six months from now. I didn't mean to do it, didn't want to, really, but the offer came unsolicited, and it was so flattering I didn't feel I dared refuse. My hand is tired, my brain is tired, I want to see you and I cannot. But I must make a beginning. After that the rest will come, somehow."

That night Aurora lay long on the floor of her little room beneath the eaves, her head on her arms, which were stretched in an abandon half weariness, half wistfulness on the window sill.

Later, when the lights in all the houses in Overbrook had gone out, a lamp burned in the little room that had seen so much, as child and woman, of the travail of a woman's heart.

Still there was no reproach in the letter, only sorrow.

"You may remember," she wrote, "the poem of Jean Ingelow's I have often spoken of to you. I can't get it out of my mind to-night. I used to think it was a quarrel that divided them, but I don't think so now —people get over quarrels, even the worst. And I used to think it might be caste, social differences, an ever-widening inequality of means or mind, but I don't think so now; for if the books, which are all my world, speak the truth, love is greater than these. I think it was a career, dear. I think she helped him find it when they were both young and light-hearted and thought only of how they would journey into the great world by its winding flow, and never dreamed how, presently, it would divide them, and how always it would widen the breach between them from thenceforth. I don't know, now, why they don't go back when they see that they must let go each other's hands to follow further—or why one of them does not cross over. But I guess there's no going back along the way we've come; I guess it's the law of life that we have to keep on in the way our feet are set, and there's no crossing over. I guess that's a law of life too—each to his own side, with the stream between; first, kisses thrown across, then calls of mutual reassurance, then only signals of remembrance, then nothing—void, silence, the sunshine on the broad bosom of the river, cowslips giving place to cities on its brim, the current threading the mazes of commerce instead of the long, sweet grasses of the meadows, and by and by the ocean, the illimitable, the end—and not even the faint flutter of a far white handkerchief discernible when one puts out to sea. To-night, dear, as I knelt by the window of my little room and looked out, out, out, in fancy over the broad earth and then up at the kindly stars above, it seemed to me that the world is full of men and women who have suffered this great, universal anguish, this letting go of hands . . . and oh, dearest, your signals are already growing faint! I can no longer touch your hand across the little stream, I can hardly hear your old, familiar voice. The cowslips are far, far behind, the masts and spires of the city are looming in the distance; beyond them is the ocean! I know you'll be angry, I know you'll call me blind, foolish, selfish—but oh! I wish we'd never left the meadows; I wish we'd never let go hands; I wish there were no river, no city of masts and spires. . . . "

Shortly after noon the next day Jake Russell walked into the little office where Garrett Levering did his writing and laid a letter on the desk where sheets of Garrett's new book lay scattered.

"'Rory's sick," said the older man abruptly; "she was took in the night, and I found that letter addressed to you in her room. I've read it," he finished—and waited.

Garrett read the letter, then laid his head in his arms, folded on his desk, and wept. The hard lines about Jake Russell's mouth broke, and his lips twitched as he laid a rough hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Thank God fer givin' you this fair notice," he said. "Not many of us git it."

And late that night Garrett crept up to the little room under the eaves where Aurora lay, spent with the spirit's weariness, and bent over her and whispered, "Give me your hand to hold, my dear."

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THE POINT OF VIEW

"WHAT can be more encouraging," asks Stevenson, "than to find the friend who was welcome at one age still welcome at another?" Such satisfaction in a renewed friendship—a rare, and hence a precious experience, as Stevenson hints—is, speaking in the large, oftenest found in the case of college friendships; perhaps oftener also in the case of more recent generations of graduates than of those of the earlier time. Indeed, the unique development of the American college "commencement" has contributed in no small part, by the emphasis it has come to place on the return of the graduates as *the* feature of the academic festival, to fixing for life the associations of undergraduate days. The late ex-President Woolsey, in his address at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Yale, delivered now more than a half century ago, described the commencement of that date as having, in this regard, "no counterpart that I know of in the older institutions of Europe." The peculiar feature of graduate participation which differentiated the American commencement then, now dominates it. The other features have passed into eclipse with the "commencement orators," who are either crowded wholly off the stage or else lag superfluous upon it. The significance of the event, which is the ostensible occasion for holding a commencement, that another company of young men is to be "sent out into the world," would be almost lost sight of but for the baccalaureate sermon.

The Modern College Cult

The philosophy of the change is not far to seek. The college graduate of to-day is not in a class by himself. The caste of "the three learned professions," an archaic phrase, is no longer recognized. The distinction of an academic degree counts for but little in the diversified activities into which the graduate is now increasingly drafted, to meet a competition in which he can "make good" by individual capacity alone. With no limited choice in professional life expected of him, as of course on graduation, and with a very practical world, where the expert alone is listened to, caring little for promising immaturity until it has found itself, the graduating senior has ceased to be a personage, even at his own commencement. But, on the other hand, the traditions of the place still prevail to charm and attract those who in youth came under the spell, however radical the changes in the undergraduate life. These traditions were doubtless born of that fixed curriculum which for four years subjected all to the same conditions of study and discipline. They thus created a double loyalty, the more intense loyalty the English graduate of the public school feels for Eton or Harrow, joined to the less intense loyalty he feels, if also a university man, for Oxford or Cambridge. The development of the big "fitting school," and the making over of the college course on lines of a generous choice of studies, with small groups and occasional contacts in a vastly greater community substituted for the old closeness of association, must, it would be said *a priori*, strengthen the loyalty which the graduate feels for the school at the expense of the loyalty felt for the college.

Whatever may be true of the future, this menace is as yet unrealized. Schools change, but the college stays. Diversified studies, diversified interests, diversified sports, a richly diversified life, one lived in the atmosphere of the old traditions though almost in defiance of them, have tended, on the whole, to stimulate the spirit of college idealism. The very fact that wide separation of career waits the throng of youth who crowd through the gates at each return of commencement has created a clannishness of college men, a cult of

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college associations, as significant as unexpected. In the large cities, the university club and the fraternity club, each twenty years ago an experiment, are each to-day a commonplace. And in the largest cities the alumni association is constantly nursing an ambition, not always according to knowledge, to expand into a club where the younger graduates may find at once a congenial circle, and the older may, on occasion, renew the experiences peculiar each to his own college. On another side, the growing tendency to limit the law department of universities to college graduates recognizes, quite apart from the academic reasons for the proscription in insuring a certain quality of students, the fact that college men are gregarious and will choose that law school, by preference, other things being equal, where they will meet other college men exclusively.

The paradox, then, is that the widely diversified education of the modern college course, and the scattering of the college graduates in numberless diversified activities, is marked by the active cultivation of friendly association as college men and of the traditional college loyalty. Such cultivation is perhaps an unconscious protest against the narrowness of absorption in a specialty or vocation, the inevitable penalty of success in doing the individual's part of the world's work. The ordinary college friendship has certainly very little in common with Stevenson's thought of a friend once welcome and still welcome, for it is so often, as men get along in life, a friendship reminiscent rather than contemporary. It is a congeniality seeming to result "more from one or two large principles of thought than from any peculiar similarity of taste," to quote a now almost forgotten observer, Sir Arthur Helps. It is a "congeniality"—an excellent word—founded on a certain general sympathy in attitude, in point of view. It realizes Thackeray's injunction: "Cultivate, kindly reader, those friendships of your youth; it is only in that generous time that they are formed. How different the intimacies of after years are, and how much weaker the grasp of your own hand after it has been shaken about in commerce with the world, and has squeezed and dropped a thousand equally careless palms!"

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THE FIELD OF ART

CRITICISM

IN Mr. Taft's recently published contribution to the increasing body of literature concerned with American Art (I refer, of course, to his volume, "American Sculpture") there is the following passage, and I can well imagine that moving over it a few readers receive a very distinct jolt: "Mr. MacMonnies has been criticised for lack of spirituality, of depth; and beside certain of our sculptors this deficiency is evident enough; but it is almost as unreasonable to find fault with him for what he lacks as it is to reproach him for his facility, though even this has been done by lovers of conscientious and obvious toil. To learn to appreciate his sincere contribution is better business."

I must confess to an effort in refraining from immediately underscoring certain of those words. Restraint is due to the sense that these sentences obviously should be read lightly, as by nature a parenthesis, particularly as I quote them here not with the view of discussing Mr. MacMonnies, or Mr. Taft's opinion of that clever artist, or even of touching at all upon sculpture, but with the sole object of illustrating by a really authoritative and "up-to-date" example a certain notion now current as to the correct exercise of the critical power. Mr. Taft, I must hasten to add, is not by any means a notorious exemplar of his own teaching, for his book is in general an excellent essay in straight-forward criticism; but his expression is serviceable to me at this moment on account of its conspicuousness and completeness, and for the very reason that the idea is by no means peculiar to Mr. Taft—nor does he lay more than ordinary stress upon it. His notion that the function of criticism as applied to art should be restricted to appreciation, or chiefly to appreciation as the "better business," is exactly the one that is hardly to be avoided now-a-days in any company wherein artistical matters are topics of ordinary or professional conversation. It is not only that the artist—and by that much-hackneyed word I mean the serious worker of high and even of eminent attainment—resents any deprecatory criticism as an unnecessary and useless exercise of the critic's office, but even excellent critics themselves apparently have come to sympathize with the artist's disapproval of too wide a critical angle of view. I want to make it quite clear that Mr. Taft is but an example of the common case. Why speak of the deficiencies of a work of art that is generally good? Is it wise, even is it right, to discuss the smaller shortcomings of a meritorious production, evident though these shortcomings may be? Is there not, indeed, at least a trace of impertinence in the extreme effort of the critical faculty? "To learn to appreciate the artist's sincere contribution, is not that the better business?"

Here we have the objection in its gradations. It might be urged, certainly, that these views may be but a whiff of the critical spirit itself blowing from the opposite quarter, or possibly even an expression of a robust reactionary mood from the centres of artistic production. Either supposition, no doubt, might be considered, but unfortunately one hardly derives the impression that the one or the other is the fact one has to deal with from intercourse with artists themselves or with those that are in a position to expound their opinions. One senses rather not so much the return of criticism to the home roost as, to shift our simile a trifle sharply, a change in the artist's atmosphere, as though perchance the Muses had admitted the modern plumber and his steam heat and thereby had acquired a too strong liking for a high and a regulated temperature into which any opening of doors or windows to the free air inevitably intruded a draught. Indeed, in artistical circles to-day criticism has all the pathological effects of a draught. We witness the same buttoning of coats and uplifting of collars and moving of seats, and finally polite isolation of him who persistently occasions the offence. Why does Brown say such things? True? Of course it is all true, but——. Has the man no reticence?

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Is not silence the "better business"? Exactly! Why not maintain the temperature steadily at the comfortable 70 degrees? It is of no avail to declare the atmosphere intellectually stifling and spiritually enervating; no, nor even to hint of the importance of the critical integrity. Commend or be silent! And as the permitted alternative allows the critic the negative possession of his honesty, what more is desirable? Andrew Jackson could say that searching his heart he knew he was entirely free from all prejudice, but he hated a nigger; and the artist, while protesting his desire for truth, perceives nothing contradictory in a vehement distaste for the mildest deprecatory remarks. This, which may be termed the ceremonial view of criticism, is fast becoming a part of the code of the artist. It is of small account who speaks, so long as "be they Solomon's words or the words of Agur, the son of Jakeh, they are canonical." Under these circumstances it is quite clear that, no matter what this obscurantist spirit may concede for the moment to the missionary, the authority of the critic is doomed. The "better business" is bound finally to dominate, and judgment of a work of art must tend to become more and more an ambidextrous affair.

I am ready without hesitation to admit that this statement will not miss protest. Indeed, it was the expectation of opposition that induced me at the outset to subpœna Mr. Taft to court. "Mr. MacMonnies has been criticised . . . is it reasonable to find fault . . . to reproach him. . . ? To learn to appreciate his sincere contribution is better business." There is, I hold, a naïvely candid air about this, and the *enfant terrible* who blurts out the domestic secret could not be more completely convincing. Not for a moment be it understood Mr. Taft has been indiscreet. I venture to say that all who move critically these days among our artists recognize how wise it is to step with a light foot in another's house, and they, I am sure, will corroborate my assertion that Mr. Taft's words fairly represent the situation. It may be that the taste for the saccharine is not in all quarters quite so extreme as I put it, but in that case any difference of opinion will only be as to degree.

And even so, it may be urged, granting the necessary reasonable qualifications to all that is stated above, is not the artist's position in some degree tenable? People speak of criticism, continues the objector, as Emerson said people spoke in his day of transcendentalism "as a known and fixed element like salt or meal." One is bound, of course, in a discussion of this matter to hear it re-echoed that the business of criticism is to "see things as in themselves they really are." These and similar phrases, are they not of so fine an intellectuality that they pass too easily into cant? They are not only not "the simple produce of the common day," but they truly are, to use Bacon's word, of the nature of "transcendentals," never to be quite realized by any stretch of the thinking faculty. They remind one of Don Quixote's Beauty—"Had I once shown you that Beauty, what wonder would it be to acknowledge so notorious a truth? The importance of the thing lies in obliging you to believe it, confess it, swear it and maintain it without seeing her." Precisely as it has been said that there are some utterances so obscure that it would seem that they must contain some superior truth, so are there some statements so apparently clear, so deceitfully obvious, that they are rarely subjected to the test of the understanding. To speak of seeing things as in themselves they really are, and like dicta, are but metaphysical speeches that lend to criticism at least the fictitious air of a fine impartiality. But after all we see that our judgment does not operate in a vacuum, and to free our opinions from the sense of ourselves is as impossible as the somersault by means of the boot-straps. Public criticism—and it is public criticism our supposititious objector is speaking of—is essentially an exchange between at least two minds. It is related to an audience somewhere. It is easy enough to declare that criticism is not instruction, but it is much more difficult to prove that the schoolmaster is not inevitably present. And if criticism presupposes purpose, audience, instruction, and the ever-dangerous presence of the critic's personality, ought we to insist that criticism shall be a sort of fire-bell flinging its arousing notes promiscuously to the wind? Is criticism at all the worse if it proceed a little with the occasion? May its fine wine be carried wisely to any wayside inn? And what is all this but just Mr. Taft's "better business," or, to appeal over Mr. Taft's head to a higher opinion—that of Montaigne—can we not say that "truth must be able to bear the yoke of our necessity?" Even with the artist himself, all other things being equal, may we not expect

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the effect of judgment to be in proportion to its hospitality? It is absurd to expect the patient to possess a surgical indifference to his treatment. There are so few qualities that do not impinge upon some fault, and to-day, where the qualities are so easily missed by a raw and uninstructed public, is not the fostering of a generous appreciation of good work of far more worth to the artist and the layman alike than a too scrupulous insistence upon shortcomings? Even if "the thing as in itself it is" must be the preoccupation of the critic, may he not at the same time see other things as well?

This view of criticism as a sort of direct-acting utility, a commodity for immediate consumption, is, for the initiated, extant in many strenuous variations. There is, no doubt, a coarse practicality about it all, even the air of a good-natured working compromise. It is this, I believe, that frequently commends it to the layman, who I am sure is inclined to side with the artist, at least to the extent of regarding all thoroughgoing criticism as essentially unfair, as a sort of unwarranted attack upon property which the owner is legally unable to resent. The common instincts, to the credit of humanity, are generous, and popular criticism in the mass is unfortunately much more vicious in its strictures than in its praise. The vulgar identification of criticism with fault-finding is unconscious testimony to this fact; and indeed, is not too much even of the better class of critical work that finds its way into the public prints rankly vitiated the moment the line of commendation is crossed by the writer's evident relish for the smart phrase, the witty quip, or the flippant jibe? It is instinct, at best, not with genuine insight but with verbal ingenuity. The praise given may be unintellectual even to the limit of taste, but by its own nature it polices itself, whereas when "the criticism" comes in, to use the vernacular, it is too often as an exhibition of literary bad manners. How much this strengthens the general distaste for criticism and the argument against its full, free, disinterested exercise is not to be estimated offhand. It tends to obscure in the popular mind the whole case for criticism, and clouds to misapprehension the real issue, so far as the public takes any interest in it.

I hope I shall not be understood as implying that were criticism shorn of its mere smartness the layman would evince any greater intellectual concern about it. At best it is a case of many called, few chosen. Art, despite its omnipresent intrusion now-a-days, is still in a great measure an extraneous affair in the common life, a matter chiefly of superficial decoration and embellishment. It lends a distinction to existence, not value. It is not really an essential element, and in the very nature of things criticism cannot hope to rise above its source or transcend at any moment the value and vitality of its subject-matter. If this be correct, there must be something erroneous in the idea that criticism is entirely an affair with the public, which one hears expressed so often by the very persons who deplore most strongly Mr. Taft's "better business" and all the rest with it. The artist, we are assured, cares nothing about it. You cannot get his ear. Turn, therefore, so runs the exhortation, to the public and instruct it as to what it ought to think about the artist's work. As though the public ear were a whit more receptive! As though this were not merely a different phase of Mr. Taft's heresy and of those other errors of principle that lead up to the notions of compromise, judicious reticence, and expectation of direct returns upon the critical investment!

I have returned to Mr. Taft's words perhaps more frequently than was quite fair; let me therefore now quote from someone else in support of the point of view to which I believe we must finally hold. "Art lives upon discussion, upon experiment, upon curiosity, upon variety of attempt, upon exchange of views and the comparison of standpoints." It lives, I would like to add, upon much else, but not much else that criticism can deal with effectively. In other words, art is in some measure an intellectual business, and criticism is simply the expression of this intellectual business in operation. As soon as we become in any degree curious about a work of art, and begin to discuss it, exchange views regarding it, or compare standpoints, the critical faculty is at work. We are started upon an intellectual pursuit as full of adventure and magical surprise and delicious discovery as ever befell traveller in romantic lands. The botanist studying petals and sepals, stamens and stigma, comparing plant with plant, recording then his observations and grouping the plant world into species and genus, is no more concerned with the "better business" than is the critic. Neither is he, in the narrow class-room meaning of

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the word, any more of an instructor. The critic's is not an affair with anybody's ignorance. He is oriented neither toward the improvement of the artist nor the education of the public. His address is Minerva's Tower, which I would like to believe is in Perigord, in the atmosphere Montaigne breathed. I recognize how far, by more than geographical miles, this removal is from the existing "field of operations," but the more we inject any restricted purpose into criticism the more we limit it and deprive it of intellectuality. Its "better business" is to be absolutely free, absolutely curious, absolutely removed from practical results.

Nobody, I suppose, will imagine that in insisting upon the intellectual detachment of the critical function I am asserting that by nature it is entirely an affair of dry understanding. Taine confessed that he knew the arts only by the intellect; but this, if true in his case, is to miss much, for the critical spirit must be but the artistic spirit viewed from another side, if it is to be in any sense interpretative and more than a scientific business —a making of catalogues, an enumeration of dates, a classification or description of superficial data. Still less, of course, must I be understood as asserting that criticism is not fecund with practical results. The economic principle in life rarely fails in its service to humanity, and the critical function, by producing "the return again and yet again on one's own impressions," is no more likely to remain a mental sport without issue in daily affairs than is pure science or pure morality. The beauties of art are after all fixed, and the great thing is to get them expressed in and recognized through their variable forms. Herein lies the great service that criticism ultimately renders to the artist and to the public. It renders the soil fertile, the atmosphere benevolent. Lacking these favorable conditions, great art is impossible. The artist's individuality imposes itself so intensely upon our recognition that art is apt to be regarded as largely a personal impulse, whereas, fundamentally, in its most important aspect, it is a part of our intellectual and social life. If art is not borne along by the national current, precisely as is the case with commerce or science, religion or literature, it cannot go far toward the realization of supreme results. I have no great faith in the idea, so frequently expounded, that separates periods of great critical effort from periods of high creative production. I rather think the two are usually contemporaneous, and that the great art epochs were also times of the keenest critical effort. The error that begets the separation of the one from the other is due to a too exclusive recognition of criticism as documentary expression. One feels pretty sure, however, that the atmosphere of the Periclean Age or of the high-noon of the Renaissance was every bit as alive with the critical as with the creative spirit. All the better for the latter, one is impelled to say, if the former is in the agora, the forum, or the street. This is in very fact to launch our galley on the stream of national life! And if criticism is to assist this process, it must possess a wider horizon than the "better business." If unfortunately it is called upon to exercise its function somewhat isolated from its great companion, its first affair is to arouse the sleeper, get it on the march again, and at the same time awaken the public from the dull sensualism of the commonplace—for alone, criticism is but a paper judiciary. And to this end the critic, in dealing with whatever may be at hand, must at first, like the surveyor, try firmly to establish his points, his bases for the future measurements of unknown distances. In his utterances he must omit nothing material to the elucidation of any particular point of view, and while seeking to establish the characteristic in any work of art, remember that his chief concern is not with the particular example, but with the universal case—all that we mean by artistic integrity, hospitality, progress. The "better business" will not help us far in this direction. Much more to the purpose would it be with a work of art to insist, as old Burton reports Alexander the physician would have done by lapis lazuli, that it be "fifty times washed before it be used."

HARRY W. DESMOND.

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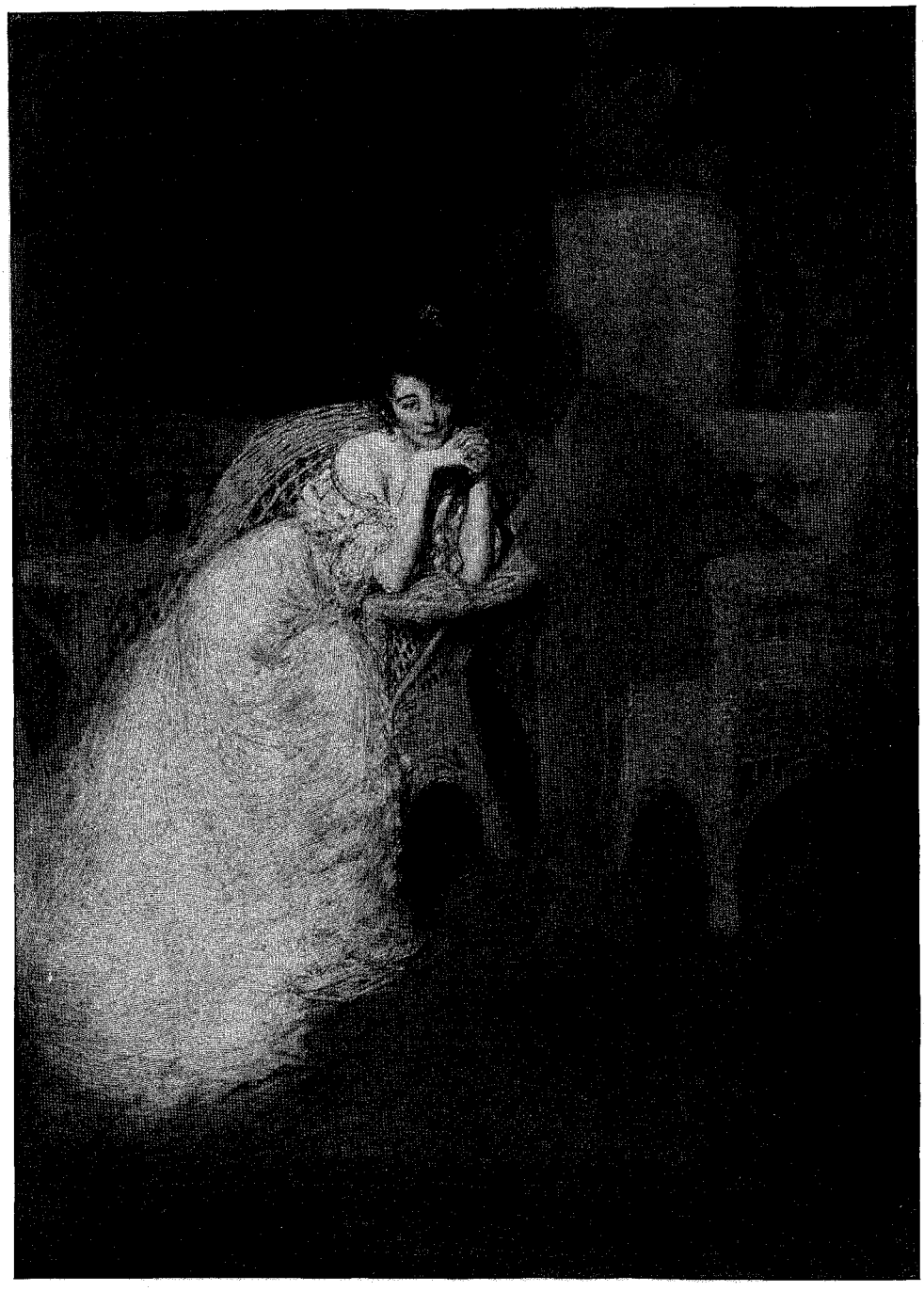

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs.

"AND WHAT SHALL I SAY TO HIM? WHAT SHALL I SAY?"

—"Diagnosis."

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